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The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,  
 And the nut that hang frae the hazel-tree;  
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be  
 But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',  
 And lang may she seek in the greenwood shaw;  
 Lang the laird of Duneira blame,  
 And lang, lang greet, ere Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,  
 When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,  
 When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,  
 When the beadsman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung  
 Late, late in a gloamin', when a' was still,  
 When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,  
 The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,  
 The reek of the cot hung o'er the plain  
 Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;  
 When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,  
 Late, late in the gloamin', Kilmeny cam' hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?  
 Lang hae we sought haith holt and dean,  
 By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,  
 Yet ye are hale some and fair to see  
 Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen?  
 That bonny snood of the birk sae green?  
 And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?  
 Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,  
 But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;  
 As still was her look, and as still was her ee,  
 As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,  
 Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea;  
 For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,  
 And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare,  
 Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,  
 Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.  
 But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,  
 And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,  
 When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,  
 And a land where sin had never been—  
 A land of love and a laud of light,  
 Withouten sun, or moon, or night;  
 Where the river swa'd a living stream,

Hogg bore the disappointment nobly. It disturbed not his serenity. In 1832 and 1833, no new book of his appeared, but he was a large contributor to *Magazines and Annuals*. In 1834, Mr. Fraser, of London, brought out a volume of his *Lay Sermons*, which sold largely. He determined then to collect his unpublished prose stories and publish them, in three volumes, as "*The Montrose Tales*." Cochrane, who had resumed business, was again his publisher. The work appeared in April, 1835, but Cochrane failed a second time.

In the autumn of 1835, James Hogg had an attack of jaundice, which ended in an affection of the liver, and, after a month's illness, he breathed his last, at Altrive, on November 21, 1835.

His last *pseudo* appearance in *Noctes* was in February, 1835, and his conversation, as there reported, is brilliant with wit and eloquence. His dream of pre-existence, as a Lion, is one of the finest pieces of modern composition.

Hogg has stated, in one of his many autobiographies, (in which he said, "I like to write about myself: in fact, there are few things which I like better; it is so delightful to call up old reminiscences,") that he had received *five* letters from Lord Byron, all of which had been lost, and were unpublished, of course. One of these is before me, announcing the birth of Byron's daughter, and is dated March 1st, 1816—only a few weeks before the writer's final retreat from England. As, however, I am writing the *Life of Hogg*, and not of Byron, it will be more germane to my present purpose to give an original letter from Hogg, written only seven weeks before his death.

It is addressed to myself, in reply to a letter requesting him to contribute to one of the *American Magazines* in which I then interested myself.

ALTRIVE LAKE, September 5th, 1833.

*My Dear Sir:*

I find my literary correspondence with the United States so completely uncertain, that I have resolved to drop it altogether. I learned from many sources, that my brethren beyond the Atlantic were sincere friends and admirers of mine, and I tried to prop several of their infant periodicals; but I never yet could learn if any of my pieces reached their destination, and I am convinced the half of them never did. But, on the other hand, there are nine or ten vols. of mine, which have been out of print these twenty years. We have a new set of readers altogether, since that period. Why may not your friends copy a tale out of these, every month, and just say, "By The Ettrick Shepherd," without saying how acquired! Every one of them will pass for originals. I can only at this instant mention a few of those exploded works:—"Dramas," two vols., anon. "The Three Perils of Man," three vols. "The Three Perils of Woman," three vols. "The Confessions of a Justified Sinner," anon. I should think that these might be had from libraries, and many more, both of poetry and prose.

I am, dear sir, yours most respectfully,

JAMES HOGG.

TO DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

contributes to the adornment o' naked places, and, generally speakin', to the beautifyin' o' the earth. Sir Henry has dune that—in his degree—and may, therefore, in æ sense or licht, be ranked among the poets. Nae man loves trees as he does, without poetry in his soul—his skill in transplantin' is equal to his skill in translation; and I'm tauld he's a capital Latin scholar—witness his English Sawlust; and I wush he had been at Mount Benger when I carried aff that bonnie virgin birk frae her birthplace—in that case, she had been alive at this day, we' bees and burdies amang her branches.

*Tickler.* I should like to be at a bear-hunt. My friend Lloyd describes it capitally, in those most entertaining volumes, "Northern Sports,"—or what do you call them—published t'other day by Colburn.

*Shepherd.* It's a shame to kill a bear, except, indeed, for his creesh and skin. He's an affectionate creature amang his kith and kin—in the bosom o' his ain family, sagawcious and playsome—no sae rough in his mind as in his manners—a good husband, a good son, and a good father.

*Tickler.* Did you receive Lardner's Pocket Encyclopædia, James?\*

*Shepherd.* Aye—I did sae. Was't you that sent it out? Thank ye sir, it's chokefu' o' maist instructive and enterteenin' matter. Cheap?

*Tickler.* Very. And Bowring's Poetry of the Magyars?

*Shepherd.* Them too? Mr. Bowering is a benefactor, sir. National poetry shows a people's heart. History's often cauldrie;† but sangs and ballants are aye warm wi' passion. Ilka national patriotism has its ain peculiar and characteristic feturs, just like ilka national face. A Hun's no a Scot, nor a Dutchman a Spaniard. Yet can they a' feel ane anither's national sangs, could they read ane anither's language. But that they canna do; and therefore a man wi' the gift o' tongues, like Mr. Bowering,‡ extends, by his translations, knowledge o' the range o' the infinite varieties o' our common humanities, and enables us to break doon our prejudices and our bigotries, in the conviction that all the nations o' the earth hae the same sympathies as ourselves, racy as our own, and smellin' o' the soil in which they grow, be it water'd by the Rhine, the Ebro, the Maese, or ony ither outlandish river.

\* This was one of the imitations (Murray's Family Library was another) of Constable's Miscellany—the first attempt at cheap literature in Great Britain. It was edited by Dr. Dionysius Lardner, the individual who is presented, in Warren's "Ten Thousand-a-Year," as Doctor Diabolus Gander. For this series, Scott, Moore, and Macintosh respectively wrote histories of Scotland, Ireland, and England. Among the contributors also were Sir John Herschell, Connop Thirlwall (now Bishop of St. David's), Southey, Montgomery, Mrs. Shelley, the younger Roscoe, and many other writers of established reputation. The earlier volumes sold well, but the character of the series became deteriorated, cheaper publications arose, and the Cabinet Cyclopædia expired, of inanition, after lingering on for some years.—M.

† *Cauldrie*, chilly.—M.

‡ Bowring was merely a literary man until 1828, when the British Government sent him to the Low Countries, to examine into the manner of keeping the public accounts. In 1831, he

*Tickler.* What say ye, James, to the vote t'other day in Parliament about the Jews?

*Shepherd.* I hae nae objections to see a couple o' Jews in Parliament. Wull the members be made to shave, think ye, sir? Ould cloes! Ould cloes! A' that the Hoose'il want then, for picturesque as weel as political effect, will be a few blacks—here and there a Negro.

*North.* Gentlemen, no politics.

*Shepherd.* Be't sae. Mr. North, what for do you never review books about religion?

*North.* Few good enough to deserve it. I purpose, however, articles very soon, on Dr. M'Crie's Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain, (also his History of similar events in Italy,) and Inglis's admirable View of the Evidences of Christianity; Mr. Douglas' of Cavers' delightful volume, the Truths of Religion—The Natural History of Enthusiasm, a very able disquisition—Le Bas' Sermons, eloquent, original, and powerful—Dr. Morehead's ingenious and philosophical Dialogues—

*Shepherd.* I love that man—

*North.* So do I, James, and so do all that know him personally—his talents—his genius—and better than both, his truly Christian character—mild and pure—

*Shepherd.* And also bricht.

*North.* Yes, bricht.

“In wit a man—simplicity a child.”

*Shepherd.* What sort o' volls, sir, are the Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, published by Curry in Dublin?

*North.* Admirable. Truly, intensely, Irish. The whole book has the brogue—never were the outrageous whimsicalities of that strange, wild, imaginative people, so characteristically displayed; nor, in the midst of all the fun, frolic, and folly, is there any dearth of poetry, pathos, and passion. The author's a jewel, and he will be reviewed next number.\*

went on a like mission to France. In 1831, he was employed to examine the tariff of England and France, with a view to their relaxation. From 1834 to 1838, he was in various foreign countries inculcating the principles of Free Trade. He sat in Parliament (after two unsuccessful efforts in 1832 and 1835), for a Scotch and finally for an English borough. He was an ultra-liberal in politics, and edited the Westminster Review under Jeremy Bentham, whose works he collected, writing his life also. He is best known by his translations from the poetry of various nations. He left school at 14, literally having “little Latin and less Greek,” but in two years from that time had mastered French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. He was continually acquiring foreign languages, and has taught himself (so as to speak and write them), the Slavonic dialects, in Russian, Servian, Polish, Bohemian, Bulgarian, Slovakian, and Illyrian; the Scandinavian, in Icelandic, Swedish, and Danish; Teutonic, Anglo-Saxon, High Dutch, Low Dutch, Frisian, and Allemannish; Esthonian, Lettish, and Finnish; Hungarian, Biscayan, French, Provencal, and Gascon; Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Catalonian, Valencian, and Gallician. He has written in favor of a Decimal Coinage in England. In 1849, he was appointed to a Consulate in Canton, and was afterwards promoted to Hong-Kong. Returning to England in 1853, he was made Governor of Hong-Kong, and (in February, 1854) was knighted, thereby becoming Sir John Bowring. He was born in 1792.—M.

\* He was not reviewed. The author was William Carleton, born in 1798, son of an Irish peasant, educated as a “poor scholar,” intended for the Roman Catholic priesthood; becoming a

*Shepherd.* The Eerishers are marchin' in literature, *pawri pashu*, wi' us and the Southrons. What's stirrin' in the Theatre?

*North.* T. P. Cooke, THE SEAMAN, is to take his benefit one o' these nights—

*Shepherd.* Let's a' gang in a body, to show our pride and glory in the British navy, of which he is the best, the only ideal representative,\* that ever rolled with sea-born motion across the stage. Nae caricaturist he—but Jack himsel'. He intensifies to the heart and the imagination the word—TAR.

*North.* So, in a different style, does Baker of the Caledonian Theatre.

*Shepherd.* Bass is a speerited manager.

*North.* He is; and there I heard a few weeks ago, one of the strongest, and most scientific singers that now chants on the boards—Edmunds. His Black-Eyed Susan is delicious. He is but a lad—but promises to be a Braham.

*Shepherd.* Is it possible that Mr. Murray is gaun to alloo Miss Jarman to return to Covent Garden †?

*North.* Impossible! A fixed star. The sweet creature must remain in our Scottish sky—nor is there now on any stage a more delightful actress. Her genius on the stage is not greater than her worth in private life.

*Tickler.* An accomplished creature—simple and modest in mind and manners—yet lively—and awake to all harmless mirth and merriment—a temper which is the sure sign and constant accompaniment of purity and innocence. We must not lose the Jarman.

*North.* Nor her sister Louisa—a charming singer, and skilful teacher of singing—quite the lady—and in all respects most estimable.

*Shepherd.* Saw ye ever Miss Smithson ‡?

*North.* Yes—in Jane Shore. She enacted that character finely and powerfully,—is an actress not only of great talent, but of genius—a very lovely woman—and, like Miss Jarman, altogether a lady in private life.†

*Shepherd.* I'm glad to hear ye say sae—for you're the best judge o' actin' in a' Scotland.

*North.* Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh!

Protestant, and visiting Dublin with his "Traits and Stories," in which the Irish peasantry are described to the life. His success with these determined him to follow literature as a profession, and his works of fiction, always on Irish subjects, stand at the head of their class. He has a pension of £200 a-year from the country. Those who have seen Sir Walter Scott and William Carleton, will agree with me, that in stature, make, features, and (above all) the peculiar loftiness of brow, there is a strong personal resemblance.—M.

\* T. P. Cooke has long been celebrated for his personation of seamen. His Long Tom Coffin was never equalled. Baker was a mere imitator. Edmunds did not fulfil his early promise. John Braham (who made his last appearance as vocalist, at the age of 74) made his *débüt* on the stage, in 1787, when he was only ten years old! Few, therefore, have had a longer professional reign.—M.

† Miss Jarman, an excellent actress in her youth, was an especial favourite at the Edinburgh Theatre.

‡ Miss Smithson, who was very successful at the English Theatre in Paris, shortly before the Revolution of 1830, married Hector Berlioz, the composer, and died early in 1854.

*Shepherd.* What's the maitter—my dear sir—what's the maitter ?

*North.* Racking rheumatism.

*Shepherd.* It's a cruel complaint. I had it great pairt o' the wunter—first in my head—then in my—

*North.* Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !

*Shepherd.* I'll gie ye a simple and infallible receipt for't, sir, if you hae courage to ack on't. The morn's mornin' take a dose o' drōgs,—then get Mr. Nibbe—Mr. Mapplestone's successor—to cup you atween the shouthers—he's maist expert wi' his box o' lancets ; then tak the shoor-bath—no, that's an anachronism—tak it the first thing in the mornin' afore the drogs ;—then get an auld woman—be sure she's an auld ane, sir—no Mrs. Gentle—to nip your arms, and legs, and back, wi' her finger and her thumb—to nip you severely, sir, and you mauna mind the sairness—for at least twa hours ; then get in twa cawdies\* and gar them beat a' the same pairts wi' swutches as if they were dustin' carpets—say for twenty minutes ;—then get the above auld woman again to rub and scrub your naked body, frae head to heel, wi' ane o' the hard brushes that John polishes the tables wi'—say for half an hour ; then a change o' instrument or weapon—for hard brush coorse towel—and ten minutes o' dichtin' ; then—the receipt's drawin' to a close—gar the gardener flog you a' ower, and smairtly, wi' a succession o' fresh bunches o' nettles, that'll burn your skin as red's red currans—and mak ye dance, aiblins, up and doon the floor withouten mindin' the want o' music ;—then cover your limbs and trunk wi' a peculiar pasteey plaister that you can get at Duncan and Ogilvie's,—the princes o' apothecaries,—then on wi' your leathern and your flannel waistcoats, and your nicht-shirt, and in atween twa feather beds in a room wi' a roosin' fire ; if the barometer out o' doors in the shade is at auchty sae muckle the better ; and if your rheumatism stauns *that*, there's nae houp for you on this side o' the grave, and you maun e'en lay your account wi' bein' for life a lameter.†

*North.* To-morrow, James, I will assuredly try your receipt. Will you step down to the Lodge, and help to administer the medicine ?

*Shepherd.* Wi' a' my heart. But I'm wearyin' to hear Mr. De Quinshy taukin.' Tak up some coffee, my dear sir. I wish you may na burst yoursel' wi' swallowin' sic coontless cups o' coffee. But what's this I was gaun to ask ye—ou aye—what's your idea o' education ?

*Opium-Eater.* The over-anxiety of improvement, Mr. Hogg, introduces into education much perilous and injurious innovation. An anxiety for particular objects of minute regard often urges on the understanding of those who do not understand properly the single and great ends which alone make education important ; and they are not

\* *Cawdies*,—caddies ; Edinburgh messengers, who are described in one of the notes to "The Tent" in Vol. I.—M.

† *Lameter*,—a lame man or woman.—M.

aware that the prosecution of those pursuits injures and weakens the mind itself, diverting its powers from their proper aim, and disturbing their silent and spontaneous growth.

*Shepherd.* I like that weel—silent and spontaneous growth—like a bit blade o' grass, or a bit flower, or a bit buddie no the size o' my nail unfaulding itsel' to the dew and sunshine into a leaf as braid's my haun—or a bit burdie, the beginnin' o' ae week a blin' ba' o' puddock hair, at the beginning o' the neist a mottled and spangled urchin hot-chin restlessly in the nest, and ere three weeks are ower, glistin' wi' short, uncertain, up-and-down flichts in and out among the pear-blossoms o' a glorious orchard—sic an orchard, for example, as in spring makes the bonny town o' Jeddart a pictur o' paradise in its prime. Silent and spontaneous growth—a wise expression!

*Opium-Eater.* The primary objects of education are few and great; nobleness of character, honourable and generous affections, a pure and high morality, a free, bold, and strong, yet a temperate and well-governed intellectual spirit.

*Shepherd.* Hoo many miss these great ends a'thegither! Perhaps frae bein' a' huddled thegither under a general system.

*Opium-Eater.* Just so, Mr. Hogg. The means which nature has provided for attaining the great ends of education are indefinitely various. To each she has assigned individual character. According to that character must be his virtue, his happiness, his knowledge. The feelings and affections, which are different to different minds; desires which reign powerfully in one heart and are unknown to another; faculties of intelligence infinitely diversified, springing up into glad activity, and by their unseen native impulses,—all these make to each, in his own mind, a various allotment of love, joy, and power,—a moral and intellectual being, individual and his own. In the work of education, then, we look on one who has not only a common nature which he shares with us, but a separate nature which divides him from us. Though we may understand an infancy—and that is not easy—which reflects to us the miniature of our own mind, it is difficult indeed to understand that of any mind which is unlike our own, which in intellect, in imagination, and love, has faculties and affections with which our own mind does not acquaint us. This is a circumstance which peculiarly exposes us to the danger of thwarting the providence and bounty of nature, and of overruling, in our rude, unskilful ignorance, the processes she is carrying on in her wisdom for the happiness, the virtue, and the power of the human soul she is rearing up for life.

*Shepherd.* Oh! but you're wise, sir, Mr. De Quinshy—oh! but you're unco wise!

*Opium-Eater.* Look at a child on its mother's breast.

*Tickler.* Hem!

*Opium-Eater.* The impulses, and movements, and quick impressions

tral lands o' Africa, where lions gang ragin' mad for water, when cheated out o' blood, canna be worse—dreamed I in a species o' delirium—than this dungeon'd desert. Oh! but a drap o' dew would hae seem'd then pregnant wi' salvation!—a shower out o' the windows o' heaven, like the direct gift o' God. Rain! rain! rain! what a world o' life in *that* sma' word! But the atmosphere look'd as if it would never melt mair, entrenched against a' liquidity by brazen barriers burnin' in the sun. Spittle I had nane—and when in desperation I sooked the heather, 'twas frush and fusionless, as if wither'd by lichtenin', and a' sap had left the vegetable creation. What'n a cursed fule was I—for in rage I fear I swore inwardly (heev'n forgie me,) that I didna at the last change-house put into my pouch a bottle o' whisky! I fan' my pulse—and it was thin—thin—thin—sma'—sma'—sma'—noo nane ava'—and then a flutter that tel't tales o' the exhausted heart. I grat.\* Then shame came to my relief—shame even in that utter solitude. Somewhere or ither in the muir I knew there was a loch, and I took out my map. But the infernal idiwit that had planned it had na alloo'd a yellow circle o' aboon six inches square for a' Perthshire. What's become o' a' the birds—thocht I—and the bees—and the butterflees'—and the dragons?—a' waddin' their bills and their proboscises in far-off rills, and rivers, and lochs! O blessed wild-dyucks, plouterin' in the water, strickenin' theirsells up, and flappin' their flashin' plumage in the pearly freshness! A great big speeder, wi' a bag-belly, was runnin' up my leg, and I crushed it in my fierceness—the first insect I ever wantonly murdered syne I was a wean. I kenna whether at last I swarfed or slept—but for certain sure I had a dream. I dreamt that I was at hame—and that a tub o' whey was staunin on the kitchen dresser. I dook'd my head intil't, and sooked it dry to the wood. Yet it slookened not my thrust, but aggravated a thousan' fault the torment o' my greed. A thunder-plump or water-spout brak amang the hills—and in an instant a' the burns were on spate;† the Yarrow roarin' red, and foaming as it were mad,—and I thoct I cou'd hae drucken up a' its linns. 'Twas a brain fever ye see, sirs, that had stricken me—a sair stroke—and I was conscious again o' lyin' broad awake in the desert, wi' my face up to the cruel sky. I was the verra personification o' thrust! and felt that I was ane o' the damned dry, doom'd for his sins to leeve beyond the reign o' the element to a' eternity. Suddenly, like a man shot in battle, I bounded up into the air—and ran off in the convulsive energy o' dyin' natur—till doon I fell—and felt that I was about indeed to expire. A sweet saft celestial greenness cooled my cheek as I lay, and my burnin' een—and then a gleam o' something like a mighty diamond—a gleam that seemed to comprehend within itself the haill universe—shone in upon and through my being—I

\* *Grat*,—cried; from the verb to *greet*.

† *Spate*,—flood.—M.



and tens o' thoosans o' times in wedded life, a' ower the face o' this meeserable and sinfu' earth.

*North.* Bliss and Despair are the Lares of every house.

*Shepherd.* Oh! wae's me! and pity me the day! hoo many broken-hearted wives and widows are seen sichin' and sabbin' in poortith cauld, and wearin' awa' in consumptions, brought on them by the cruel sins o' their husbands!

*North.* When the spring-grove is ringing with rapture, we think not of the many wounded birds dying, emaciated of famine, in the darkness of the forests.

*Shepherd.* Not a few sic widows do I mysell ken, wham brutal, and profligate, and savage husbands hae brought to the brink o' the grave—as good, as bonny, as innocent—and oh! far, far mair forgivin' than Lady Byron! There they sit in their obscure and rarely-visited dwellings: for Sympathy—sweet spirit as she is—doth often keep aloof frae uncomplaining sorrow—merely because she is uncomplaining—though Sympathy, instructed by self-sufferin', kens weel that the deepest, the maist hopeless meesery is the least given to complaint.\*

*North.* In speechless silence, long cherished, and unviolated as a holy possession, the passion of Grief feeds on materials ceaselessly applied by the ready hands of that officious minister—Memory,—till at last the heart in which it dwells, if deprived of such food, would verily die of inanition!

*Shepherd.* There sitteth Sorrow, sir—or keeps daunerin' about the braes a' roun' her mournfu' hamestead, dimly lichted, and cauldly warmed by a bit peat or wood fire—for fuel is often dear, dear—and to leave, it's necessary first to hae food;—daunerin' about, ghaist-like, in the sunshine, unfelt by her desolate feet—faint and sick, aiblin, through verra hunger—and obliged, on her way to the well for a can o' water—her only drink—to sit doon on a knowe and say a prayer!

*North.* The Lord's Prayer!

*Shepherd.* Aye, the Lord's Prayer. Yet she's decently, yea tidily dressed, puir cretur, in sair-worn widow's claes—ae single suit for Saturday and Sabbath—her hair untimeously gray, is neatly braided aneath her crape-cap, acroos a forehead placid, although it wrinkled be;—and sometimes on the evening, when a' is still and solitary in the fields, and a' rural labor has disappeared awa' into houses, you may see her stealin' by hersell, or leadin' ae wee orphan in her haun, and wi' anither at her breast, to the corner o' the kirkyard, whare the lover o' her youth, and the husband o' her prime is buried. Nae ugly hemlock—nae ugly nettles there—but green grass and crimson flowers—a' peacefu' and beautifu' as if 'twere some holy martyr's grave!

*North.* A consolatory image even of the last stage of human suffering.

\* "The silent martyrs whom the world ne'er knows."—M.

*Shepherd.* Yet was he—a brute—a ruffian—a monster. When drunk, hoo he raged, and cursed, and swore! Aften did she dread that in his fits o' unhuman passion, he wou'd hae murdered the bairn at her breast; for she had seen him dash their only callant—a wean o' eight years auld—on the floor, till the bluid gushed frae his ears, and then the madman flung himself doon on the swarfed body o' his first-born, and howled out for the gallows. Limmers haunted his doors, and he theirs—and it was hers to lie—no to sleep—in a cauld forsaken bed—ance the bed o' peace, affection, and perfect happiness. Nane saw the deed—but it wouldna conceal, even frae averted een, for her face was owre delicate to hide the curse o' an unhallowed haun—aften had he struck her, and ance when she was pregnant wi' that verra orphan now smiling on her breast, too young yet to wonder at these tears, crowin' in the sun-shine, and reachin' out its wee fingers—aften, aften covered wi' kisses—to touch the gowans glowing gloriously upon its indistinct but delichtsome vision, owre its father's grave!

*North. Ut Pictura Poesis.*

*Shepherd.* Abuse his memory! Na—na, were it to save her frae sinkin' a' at ance overhead into a quagmire. She tries to smile amang the neighbours, and speaks o' her callant's likeness to its father. Nor, when the conversation turns on bygone times, the days o' auld lang-syne, does she fear sometimes to let his name escape her white lips—"My Robert,"—"Sic a ane owed that service to my gudeman,"—"The bairn's no that ill-faured, but he'll never be like his father,"—and ither sic sayings, uttered in a calm, laigh, sweet voice, and a face free o' a' trouble—nay, I ance remember how her pale coontenance reddened on a sudden wi' a flash o' pride, when a silly auld gossiping crone alluded to their kirking, and the widow's een brightened through their tears, to hear tell again hoo the bridegroom, sittin' that Sabbath in his front seat in the laft beside his bonny bride, had na his marrow for strength, stature, and every quality that becomes the beauty o' a man, in a' the congregation, nor yet in a' the parishes o' the haill county. That, sir, I say, whether richt or wrang, was—forgiveness.

*North.* It was, James,

"Familiar matter of to-day,  
What has been, and will be again;"

Quoth the Beadsman of Rydal.

*Shepherd.* Is a ledly o' quality, the widow o' a lord, mair to be pitied than a simple cottager, the widow o' a shepherd! Maun poets weep and wail—and denounce and prophesy, about the ane, wi' the glow o' righteous indignation round their laurelled brows, illuminin' the flow o' tears frae their een,

"Which sacred pity doth engender,"—

Calling heaven and earth to witness to her wrongs, and launchin' their anathemas on the heads o' a' that wou'd, however tenderly, doubt the perfectibility o' a' her motives, and swither about hymnin' her as an angel superior to all frailty and all error, while they leave the like o' me, a puir simple shepherd, to sing the sacred praises o' the sufferers in shielins, far, far, far awa' amang the dim obscure hills, frae—Fashionable Life! For what cares Nature in her ain solitudes for—Fashion? What cares Grief? What cares Madness? What cares Sin? What cares Death? No ae straw o' the truckle-bed on which at last the broken—no, not the broken—but the heart-worn-out-and-wasted widow expires amang her orphans.

*North.* Lady Byron deserves sympathy—and it will not be withholden from her—but freely, lavishly given. But there are other widows as woful in this world of woe, as you have so affectingly pictured them, James; and let not men of virtue and genius seem to sympathize with her sorrows, so passionately as to awaken suspicions of their sincerity, so exclusively as to force thoughtful people to think, against their will and their wishes, that they are either ignorant or forgetful of the lot of humanity, as it is seen and heard, weeping and wailing—in low as in high places—over all the earth.

*Shepherd.* I canna think, if a' the world overheard us, that a single person could fin' faut wi' our sentiments. But, being sincere, I'm easy.

*North.* Lord Byron sinned—Lady Byron suffered. But has her conduct—on its own showing—been in all respects defensible?—without a flaw? Grant that it was—still think how it must have appeared to Byron, whatever was his guilt. She thought him mad—and behaved to him, during his supposed insanity, advisedly, and from pity and fear of his disease, with apparent affection. “My dear Duck!” How was it possible for him to comprehend the sudden cessation of all such endearing epithets—and to believe that they were all deceptive—delusive—false—hollow—a mere medical prescription? The shock must have been hideous to a man of such violent passions—to any guilty man. No wonder he raged—and stormed—wonder rather that he became not mad—or more madly wicked. Yet very soon after that blow—say that it was not undeserved—we hear him vindicating Lady Byron from some mistaken but not unnatural notions of Mr. Moore, and not merely confessing his own sins, but earnestly declaring that she was a being altogether agreeable, innocent, and bright.

*Shepherd.* Poor fallow!—bad as I fear he was—thae words will aye come across the memory o' every Christian man or woman, when Christianity tells them at the same time to abhor and take warning by his vices.

*North.* Lady Byron did wisely in not making a full disclosure at

first to her parents of all her husband's sins. It would have been most painful—how painful we may not even be able to conjecture. But since duty demanded a disclosure, that disclosure ought, in spite of all repugnance, to have been complete to a single syllable. How weak—and worse than weak—at such a juncture—on which hung her whole fate—to ask legal advice on an imperfect document! Give the delicacy of a virtuous woman its due; but at such a crisis,<sup>1</sup> when the question was, whether her conscience was to be free from the oath of oaths, delicacy should have died, and nature was privileged to show unashamed—if such there were—the records of uttermost pollution.

*Shepherd.* And what think ye, sir, that a' this pollution could hae been that sae electrified Dr. Lushington?<sup>\*</sup>

*North.* Bad—bad—bad, James. Nameless, it is horrible,—named, it might leave Byron's memory yet within the range of pity and forgiveness—and where they are, their sister affections will not be far—though, like weeping seraphs, standing aloof, and veiling their wings.

*Shepherd.* She should indeed hae been silent—till the grave had closed on her sorrows as on his sins.

*North.* Even now she should speak—or some one else for her—say her father or her mother (are they alive?) and a few words will suffice. Worse the condition of the dead man's name cannot be—far, far better it might—I believe it would be—were all the truth, somehow or other, declared—and declared it must be, not for Byron's sake only, but for the sake of humanity itself—and then a mitigated sentence—or eternal silence.

*Shepherd.* And what think ye o' the twa Tummasses?

*North.* I love and admire them both—their character as well as their genius. I care not a straw for either. They are great poets—I am no poet at all——

*Shepherd.* That's a lee—you see. Your prose is as gude ony day, and better than a' their poetry.

*North.* Stuff. They are, to use Mr. Campbell's expressions about Mr. Moore, men of "popularity and importance." I possess but little of either—though the old man is willing to do his best, and sometimes——

*Shepherd.* Hits the richt nail on the head wi' a sledge-hammer, like auld Vulcan Burniwind fashionin' swurds, spears, and helmits, for Achilles.

*North.* Mr. Moore's biographical book I admired—and I said so to my little world—in two somewhat lengthy articles, which many ap-

<sup>\*</sup> Dr. Lushington, an eminent lawyer, now (1854) Judge of the Consistory and the Admiralty Courts of England, was consulted by Lady Byron, and, on her *ex parte* statement, declared it impossible for her to live with her husband again. What her shewing was is a secret, and therefore goes for nothing, as well as the opinion upon it.—M.



ends so dewdraplike, wi' the wee bit blue pearlins o' the kitty-wren. Damn Wullie Laidlaw for stealin' them æ Sabbath when we was a' at the kirk! Yet I'll try to forgie him for sake o' "Lucy's Flittin'," and because, notwithstanding that cruel crime, he's turned out a gude husband, a gude father, and a gude freen'.

*Tickler.* We used, at school, James, to boil and eat them.

*Shepherd.* Gin ye did, then wouldna I, for ony consideration, in a future state be your sowle.

*Tickler.* Where's the difference?

*Shepherd.* What! atween you and me! Yours was a base fleshly hunger, or hatred, or hard-heartedness, or scathe and scorn o' the quakin' griefs o' the bit bonny shriekin' burdies around the tuft o' moss, a' that was left o' their herried nests; but mine was the sacred hunger and thirst o' divine silver and gold gleamin' among the diamonds drapt by mornin' on the hedgeraws, and rashes, and the broom, and the whins—love o' the lovely—desire conquerin' but no killin' pity—and joy o' blessed possession that left at times a tear on my cheek for the bereavement o' the heart-broken warblers o' the woods. Yet brak' I not mony o' their hearts, after a'; for if the nest had five eggs, I generally took but twa; though I confess that on going back again to brae, bank, bush, or tree, I was glad when the nest was deserted, the eggs cauld, and the birds awa' to some ither place. After a' I was never cruel, sirs; that's no a sin o' mine,—and whenever, either then or since, I hae gien pain to ony leevin' cretur, in nae lang time after, o' the twa parties, mine has been the maist achin' heart. As for pyets and hoody-craws, and the like, I used to herry them without compunction, and flingin' up stanes, to shoot them wi' a gun, as they were flasterin' out o' the nest.

*Opium-Eater.* Some one of my ancestors—for, even with the deepest sense of my own unworthiness, I cannot believe that my own sins—as a cause—have been adequate to the production of such an effect—must have perpetrated some enormous—some monstrous crime, punished in me, his descendant, by utter blindness to all bird's nests.

*Shepherd.* Maist likely. The De Quinsshys came owre wi' the Conqueror, and were great criminals. But did you ever look for them, sir?

*Opium-Eater.* From the year 1811—the year in which the Marrs and Williamsons were murdered\*—till the year 1821, in which Bonaparte the little—vulgarly called Napoleon the Great—died of a cancer in his stomach—

*Shepherd.* A hereditary disease—accordin' to the doctors.†

*Opium-Eater.* —did I exclusively occupy myself during the

\* Mysterious murders in London, the guilty doers of which were never discovered.—M.

† Napoleon's death was caused by cancer of the stomach, the same complaint, it is said, which had been fatal to his father. His body was opened by the English physicians, in the presence of Antommarchi, (his own medical attendant, sent to him from Italy by his family), and the above was their report. No doubt his bodily ailments had been aggravated by the mental torments inflicted on him by the tyranny of Sir Hudson Lowe, his jailor.—M.

spring-months, from night till morning, in searching for the habitations of these interesting creatures.

*Shepherd.* Frae nicht till mornin'! That comes o' reversin' the order o' natur. You might see a rookery or a heronry by moonlicht—but no a wren's nest aneath the portal o' some cave lookin' out upon a sleepless waterfa' dinnin' to the stars. Mr. De Quinshy, you and me leeves in twa different warlds—and yet it's wonnerfu' hoo we understaun ane anither sae weel's we do—quite a phenomena. When I'm soopin' you're breakfastin'—when I'm lyin' doon, after your coffee you're risin' up—as I'm coverin' my head wi' the blankets you're puttin' on your breeks—as my een are steekin' like sunflowers aneath the moon, yours are glowin' like twa gas-lamps, and while your mind is masterin' poleetical economy and metaphesics, in a desperate fecht wi' Ricawrdo and Kant,\* I'm heard by the nicht-wanderin' fairies snorin' trumpet-nosed through the Land o' Nod.

*Opium-Eater.* Though the revolutions of the heavenly bodies have, I admit, a certain natural connexion with the ongoin's of—

*Shepherd.* Wait awee—nane o' your astrology till after sooper. It canna be true, sir, what folk say about the influence o' the moon on character. I never thocht ye the least mad. Indeed, the only sawte I hae to fin' wi' you is, that you're ower wise. Yet we speak what, in the lang run, wou'd appear to be ae common language—I sometimes understaun you no that verra indistinctly—and when we tackle in our talk to the great interests o' humanity, we're philosophers o' the same school, sir, and see the inner warld by the self-same central licht. We're incomprehensible creturs, are we men—that's beyond a doot;—and let

\* It is somewhat amusing to find Ricardo and Kant thus coupled. David Ricardo (born a Jew, but becoming Christian on his marriage) had accumulated a large fortune, as a member of the London Stock-Exchange, before he commenced authorship. The perusal of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* made him a political economist, and his connexion with the Bank of England, of which he was a Director, drew his attention to the currency question, and led him to commence a series of letters in the *Morning Chronicle* (then the London organ of the Whigs) on the causes of the depreciated value of bank-notes as compared with the metallic currency. These letters, which appeared in 1810, were collected into a pamphlet and elicited much controversy, which ended in the appointment of a Parliamentary Bullion Committee, whose report confirmed his own views. He produced other works on currency and finance, and his *Principles of Political Economy and Taxation* placed him high among writers of a certain class. He held Malthus's views concerning population. He was some years in Parliament, rarely speaking except on questions of finance and commerce, and then listened to with attention as an authority. He died in 1823.—Immanuel Kant, a native of Prussia, became Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Konigsberg when he was 46 years old, but had published his *Universal Natural History and Theory of the Heavens*, fifteen years earlier—in this he is said to have anticipated several of the subsequent discoveries of Sir William Herschel, particularly the planet which bears his name. Not until 1781, when he was 57 years old, did he produce his *Critical Inquiry into the Nature of Pure Reason*. In 1783 appeared the second part, called *Prolegomena for future Metaphysics*. He died in 1804, having lived to see his critical philosophy popular in his native Germany. Nearly all his extensive writings are metaphysical, and his system as enounced by himself, has been described as "more remarkable for the obscurity of the phraseology and the subtlety of its reasoning, than for any practical good in morals."—Kant had never been more than 7 German (32 ordinary) miles out of his native Konigsberg. In society he was chatty and anecdotal. In stature small; in features handsome. He was not merely lean but dry. He was fond of the pleasures of the table—thinking, no doubt, with Johnson, that the good things of life were not intended for blackheads only.—Between Kant and Ricardo there is no similitude:—one was ever in the clouds, the other was content to rest upon the earth.—M.

us be born and bred as we may—black, white, red, or a deep bricht burnished copper—in spite o' the division o' tongues, there's nae division o' hearts, for it's the same bluid that gangs circulatin' through our mortal tenements, carrying along on its side the same freightage o' feelins and thochts, emotions, affections, and passions—though, like the ships o' different nations, they a' hoist their ain colours, and prood prood are they o' their leopards, or their crescent-moons, or their stars, or their stripes o' buntin';—but see! when it blaws great guns, hoo they a' fling owerboard their storm-anchors, and when their cables part, hoo they a' seek the shelterin' lee o' the same mighty break-water, a belief in the being and attributes of the One Living God. But was ye never out in the daytime, sir?

*Opium-Eater.* Frequently.

*Shepherd.* But then it's sae lang sin' syne, that in memory the sunlicht maun seem amaist like the moonlicht,—sic, indeed, even wi' us that rise wi' the laverock, and lie doon wi' the lintie, is the saftenin'—the shadin'—the darkenin' power o' the past, o' time the prime minister o' life, wha, in spite o' a' opposition, carries a' his measures by a silent vote, and aften, wi' a weary wecht o' taxes, bows a' the wide warld doon to the verra dust.

*Opium-Eater.* In the South my familiars have been the nightingales, in the North the owls. Both are merry birds—the one singing, and the other shouting, in moods of midnight mirth:—nor in my deepest, darkest fits of meditation or of melancholy, did the one or the other ever want my sympathies,—whether piping at the root of the hedgerow, or hooting from the trunk of the sycamore—else all still both on earth and in heaven.

*Shepherd.* Ye maun hae seen mony a beautifu' and mony a sublime sicht, sir, in the region, lost to folk like us, wha try to keep ourself awauk a' day, and asleep a' nicht—and your sowle, sir, maun hae acquired something o' the serene and solemn character o' the sunleft skies. And true it is, Mr. De Quinshy, that ye hae the voice o' a nicht-wanderin' man—laigh and loun—pitched on the key o' a wimplin' burn speakin' to itself in the silence, aneath the moon and stars.

*Tickler.* 'Tis pleasant, James, to hear all us four talking at one time. Your bass, my counter, Mr. De Quincey's tenor, and North's treble—

*North.* Treble, indeed!

*Tickler.* Aye, childish treble—

*Shepherd.* Come, nae quarrellin' yet. That's a quotation frae Shakspeare, and there's nae insult in a mere quotation. I never cou'd admire Wullie's Seven Ages. They're puir, and professional.

\* It is noticed in William Stewart Rose's Letters from the North of Italy, that nightingales sing by day in that part of the country which he describes. Formerly cages containing nightingales used to be hung outside the shops in the Merceria, at Venice, and old travellers relate how the birds used to sing in the day-time, so that, although in an island in the sea, the auditors might almost think they were far away, in a wood in the country.—M.



*Opium-Eater.* Professional, but not poor, Mr. Hogg. Shakspeare intended not in those pictures to show the most secret spirit of the seasons of life. In one sense they are superficial,—but the sympathies touched thereby may be most profound—for the familiar, when given by a master's hand, awakens the unfamiliar—yea, the grotesque gives birth to the grand—the simple to the sublime—and plain and easy as are the steps of that stair, made of earth's common stone, without any balustrades of cunning or gorgeous carving—yet do they finally conduct us, as we ascend, to the portico, and then into the penetralia, of a solemn temple—even the temple of life. For is not that an oracular line,

“Sans eyes, sans nose, sans teeth, sans every thing!”

*Shepherd.* Faith, I believe it is. I was gaun to gie ye prose picturs o' the Seven Ages o' my ain pentin'—but I'll keep them for anither Noctes. And noo, sir, wull ye be sae gude as help yoursell to a glass o' Calcavalla—or is't Caracalla?—and then launch awa', as Allan Cunningham says, wi' “a wet sheet and a flowin' sail,” into the sea o' metaphesics.

*Opium-Eater.* It is incumbent on every human soul, Mr. Hogg, to bear within itself a fountain of will. This, Fichté called its *I*—the *ego* of each individual. This should be active and full of all power, endless in the production of desires—only coerced and ruled by knowledge and apprehensions of right and wrong, and sundry tendernesses.

*Shepherd.* I hear a response to that, sir, in my ain sowle—but no that very distinck.

*Opium-Eater.* To the forming mind which is yet uninstructed and blind, the discovery by sympathy of the judgments over it, is useful to instruct, to give it knowledge of itself, of them, and of the constitution of things.

*Shepherd.* Didna Adam Smith\* say something like that, sir?

*North.* Yes, James, but not precisely so.

*Opium-Eater.* But when the mind is formed, then it ought to use that sympathy only as a means of tenderness—I mean that sympathy which discovers to it the operation of other minds. That sympathy ought to be in subjection to its self-moving principles and powers. Yes, Mr. Hogg, Adam Smith is right in thinking that a great part of actual morality is from this operation of sympathy. There are numbers of people to whom it is almost a recognised and stated law or truth, that the approbation and condemnation of society is the reason for doing and not doing. But hear me, sir. The tendency of the Christian

\* In his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, a work which has been so overshadowed by his *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, as to be almost wholly unnoticed now. Adam Smith, who was Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy in Glasgow University, was founder of the modern science of political economy. He died in 1790.

religion is to produce that *I*—the *ego*—and draw out of itself—that is, the individuality—all the rules of action. Therefore, it is the perfect law of liberty. In other words,—at the same time that it is perfect liberty it is perfect law. The Jewish law is wholly external—that is, not that it ends and is completed in things external, but its power is from without, and from without it binds. The other binds from within. Indeed, it does not so much bind as reign.

*Shepherd.* A fine and good distinction.

*Opium-Eater.* Now all people who are bound from without, are Jews of this earth. They are held, regulated, constricted, and constructed,—edified, that is, built up, of a quantity of intercatenated ideas given to them, which they had no part in making, in and by which they desire and trust to live. But life is not there, except that life is every where. The number of them was great among old-fashioned people, who lived, moved, breathed, and had their being among a set of hereditary rules, many of them good, many indifferent, and many ridiculous—but, on the whole, destroying the individuality, the *I*—and lying like a perpetual, although unfelt weight on the will.

*Shepherd.* Strictly speakin', no free-augents.

*Opium-Eater.* Now, my dear James, poetry is of the earth, a spirit analogous to Christianity. It is free, yet under full law, producing out of itself both action and guidance, both "law and impulse." Poetry is in willing harmony with the world, a vast law voluntarily embraced, hence, evermore and to the last, spontaneous. The essence of Christianity again, is, that the human being becomes without a will, and yet has the strongest will. It is self in the utmost degree triumphant, by means of the utter annihilation of self. For the Christian seeks absolute conformity of his will to the will of God, whatever that may be, and however promulgated. He desires, and is capable of, no other happiness. It would be misery to him to imagine himself divided from that will. The conforming to that will is, then, in the utmost degree, inmost utter spontaneity, perfect liberty, and yet absolute law. But in this state, his own will, which, towards God, is nothing but the resignation of all will, is towards all human beings utter and irresistible. He can speak and act; he can do whatever is to be done; he can rule the spirits of men; he can go conquering nations in the power of the Word, and the sword of the Spirit. Therefore, so he is at once self-triumphant and self-annihilated. He is self-annihilated, for he has given himself up; he feels himself not—is nothing—mere conformity—passiveness—manifestations of an agency. He feels only the presence, the spirit, the power in which he lives. He lives in God. At the same time he is self-triumphant. For what is self, but the innermost and very nature of the being, the "*intima et ipseissima essentia*?" All that is subsequent and accidental is not self; but this Christian love, as it advances, throws off, expels more and more, every thing that is sub-

sequent and accidental, bringing out into activity, consciousness, and power, that nature which was given with being to the soul. Moreover, this state of surrendered, happy love, searches that nature with pleasures nothing short of ecstasy. So that the ultimate extinction of self becomes its unspeakable happiness; and self, annihilated, exalted in glory, and bathed in bliss, is self-triumphant, and death is immortality.

*Shepherd.* O man! if them that's kickin' up sic a row the noo about the doctrine o' the Christian religion, had looked intill the depths o' their ain natur wi' your een, they had a' been as mum as mice keekin' roun' the end o' a pew, in place of scrauchin' like pyets on the leada, or a hoody wi' a sair throat.

*Opium-Eater.* I know not to what you allude, Mr. Hogg, for I live out of what is called the religious world.

*Shepherd.* A loud, noisy, vulgar, bawling, brawling, wranglin', branglin', routin' and roarin' world—maist unfittin' indeed for the likes o' you, sir, wha, under the shadows o' woods and mountains, at mid-night, communes wi' your ain heart and is still.

*Opium-Eater.* No religious controversy in modern days, sir, ever seemed to me to reach back into those recesses in my spirit where the sources lie from which well out the bitter or the sweet waters—the sins and the miseries—the holinesses and the happinesses, of our incomprehensible being!

*Shepherd.* And if they ever do, hoo drumly the stream!

*Opium-Eater.* Better even a mere sentimental religion, which, though shallow, is pure, than those audacious doctrines broached by pride-in-humility, who, blind as the bat, essays the flight of the eagle, and ignorant of the lowest natures, yet claims acquaintance with the decrees of the Most High.

*Shepherd.* Aye—better far a sentimental, a poetical religion, as you say, sir—though that's far frae bein' the true thing either—for o' a' three blessings o' man, the last is the best—love, poetry, and religion. What'n a book micht be written, I've aften thocht—and aiblins may hae said—on thae three words!

*Opium-Eater.* Yes, my dear James—Beauty, the soul of Poetry, is indeed divine—but there is that which is diviner still—and that is DUTY.

Flowers laugh before her on their beds,  
And fragrance in her footing treads;  
She doth preserve the stars from wrong,  
And the eternal heavens through her are fresh and strong.

*Shepherd.* Wha said that?

*Opium-Eater.* Who? Wordsworth. And the Edinburgh Review—laughed.

*Shepherd.* He has made it, sin syne, laugh out o' the wrang side o' its mouth. He soars.

*North.* Human life is always, in its highest moral exhibitions, sublime rather than beautiful—and the sublimity is not that of the imagination, but of the soul.

*Shepherd.* That's very fine, sir; I wish you would say it owre again—do.

*North.* The setting or the rising sun, being mere matter, are in themselves, James, nothing, unless they are clothed in light by the imagination, unless the east and the west are irradiated by poetry. But the spirit that is within us, is an existence, in itself vast and imperishable, and we see and know its nature—its essence then best, when we regard it with the steadiest, most solemn, and impassioned gaze—not veiling it in earthly imagery, and adorning it with the garments of sense, and then worshipping its imagined grandeur and beauty with such emotions as we creatures of the clay, children of the dust, have been wont to cherish towards transitory shadows—the fleeting phantoms of our own raising—but stripping it rather bare of all vain and idle, however bright and endearing colours, poured over it by the yearnings, and longings, and passions of an earthly love—and trying to behold it in its true form and lineaments, not afraid that even when it stands forth in its own proper lights and proportions, Virtue will ever seem less than angelical and divine—although her countenance may be somewhat sad, her eyes alternately raised to heaven in hope, and cast down in fear to the earth—her voice, it may be tremulous—or mute, as she stands before her Creator, her Saviour, and her Judge,—her beauty visible, perhaps, to the intelligences, to the bright ardours round the throne—but all unknown to herself, for she is humble, awestruck, and sore afraid. And so, too, were all the countless multitudes of human beings, who have in this life—so evanescent—put their trust perhaps too much in her—although her name was Virtue,—for still she was but human—and there is a strong taint—a dire corruption in all most bright and beautiful—that was once but an apparition of this earth.

*Shepherd.* Mr. De Quinshy, do na ye admire that?

*Opium-Eater.* I do.

*North.* It will, I believe, be found, that in the highest moral judgement of the characters of men, the feeling or emotion of beauty will not exist at all—but that it will have melted away and disappeared in a state of mind more suitable to the solemn; the sacred subject. A human being has done his duty, and gone to his reward. "God grant, in his infinite mercy, that I may do mine, and escape from darkness into eternal light!" That is, or ought to be—the first feeling, or thought of self—so suddenly interfused with the moral judgement on our dead brother, that is as one and the same feeling and thought—too awful—too dreadful to be beautiful,—for the soul is with gloom overshadowed—and the only light that breaks through it, is light straight from Heaven,—light ineffable, and that must not be profaned by an earthly

name, whose very meaning evanishes with the earth, and is merged into another state of being—when we can only say,

“Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.”

*Opium-Eater.* And so, sir, in like manner, many descriptions may be given, and ought to be given, of suffering virtue, in which the sense or feeling of beauty is strong—for the love of virtue is thus excited and encouraged by daylight. But carry on the representation of the trials of virtue to the last extremity—defeated or triumphant, failing or victorious—and then the moral mind—the conscience—will not be satisfied with the beautiful—nay, will be impatient of it—will turn from it austere away—and will be satisfied and elevated by the calm, clear perception, that the poor, frail, erring, and sinful creature, lying perhaps on its forsaken bed of straw, has striven, with all its heart and all its soul, to do the will of its heavenly Father—and dares to hope that, by the atonement, it may see the face of God. In such a scene as this, the spirit of the looker-on is gathered up into one thought—and that is a mystery—of its own origin and of its own destiny—and all other thoughts would be felt repugnant to that awestruck mood, nor would they coalesce with feelings breathed on it from the promised land lying in light unvisited beyond death and the grave.

*North.* You pause—and therefore, I say, that such states of mind as these cannot be of long endurance. For they belong only to the most awful hours and events of this life. They pass away, either entirely, to rise up again with renovated force, on occasions that demand them, or they blend with inferior states, solemnizing and sanctifying them; and then to such states the term beautiful may, I think, be correctly and well applied. For the mere human natural affections of love, and delight, and pity, and admiration,—these all blend with our moral judgments and emotions—and the picture of the entire state of mind, if naturally and truly drawn, may be, nay, ought to be, bright with the lights of poetry. To such pictures we apply the term beautiful;—they find their place among the moral literature of a people, and when studied, under the sanction and guidance of thoughts higher still, they cannot fail to be friendly to virtue.

*Opium-Eater.* May I speak, sir!—That the highest moral judgment, however, is something in itself, apart from all such emotions, excellent and useful as they are, and how amiable and endearing I need not say, is proved by this—that there are many men of such virtue as awes us, and seems to us beyond and above our reach, who have nevertheless seemed to have felt at all, or but very faintly, the emotion of the beauty of virtue. The Word of God they know must be obeyed—to obey it they set themselves with all their collected might. To avert the wrath—to gain the love of God, was all their aim, day and night—and that was to be done but by bringing their will into accordance

with, and subjection to, the will of God. The struggle was against sin—and for righteousness—shall a soul be saved or lost? And no other emotion could be permitted to blend with thoughts due to God alone, from his creature striving to obey his laws, and hearing ever and anon a “still small voice” whispering in his ear that the reward of obedience, the punishment of disobedience must be beyond all comprehension,—and necessarily (the soul itself being immortal) enduring through all eternity.

*Shepherd.* If you will alloo a simple shepherd to speak on sic a theme—

*North.* Yes, my dearest James, you can, if you choose, speak on it better than either of us.

*Shepherd.* Weel, then, that is the view o’ virtue that seems maist consistent wi’ the revelation o’ its true nature by Christianity. I na there, sirs, a perpetual struggle—a ceevil war—in ilka man’s heart! This we ken, whenever we have an opportunity o’ discerning what is gaun on in the hearts o’ ithers—this we ken, whenever we set ourselves to tak a steady gaze intill the secrets of our ain. We are, then, moved—aye, appalled, by much that we behold; and wherever there is sin, there, be assured, wi’ be sorrow. But are na we aften cheered, and consoled, too, by much that we behold? And wherever there is goodness, our ain heart, as weel’s them o’ the spectators, burns within us! Aye—it burns within us. We feel—we see, that we or our brethren are partly as God would wish—as we must be afore we can hope to see his face in mercy. I’ve often thocht intill mysell that that feeling is ane that we may *desecrate* (is that the richt word?) by ranking it amang them that appertains to our senses and our imagination, rather than to the religious soul.

*North.* Mr. De Quincey?

*Opium-Eater.* Listen. An extraordinary man indeed, sir!

*Shepherd.* No me; there’s naething extraordinar’ about me, mair than about a thousand ither Scottish shepherds. But ca’ not, I say, the face o’ that father beautifu’, wha stands beside the bier o’ his only son, and wi’ his ain withered hands helps to let doon the body into the grave—though all its lines, deep as they are, are peacefu’ and untroubled, and the gray uncovered head maist reverend and affecting in the sunshine that falls at the same time on the coffin of him who was last week the sole stay o’ his auld age! But if you could venture in thocht to be wi’ that auld man when he is on his knees before God, in his lanely room, blessing him for a’ his mercies, even for having taken awa’ the light o’ his eyes, extinguished it in a moment, and left a’ the house in darkness—you would not then, if you saw into his inner spirit, venture to ca’ the calm that slept there—beautifu’! Na, na, na! In it you would feel assurance o’ the immortality o’ the soul—o’ the transitoriness o’ mere human sorrows—o’ the vanity o’ a’ passion that clings

to the clay—o' the power which the spirit possesses in richt o' its origin to see God's eternal justice in the midst o' sic utter bereavement as might well shake its faith in the invisible—o' a life where there is nae decaying frame to weep over and to bewail; and sae thinkin'—and sae feeling—ye would behold in that old man kneelin' in your unkent presence, an eemage o' human nature by its intensest sufferings raised and reconciled to that feenal state o' obedience, acquiescence, and resignation to the will o' the Supreme, which is virtue, morality, piety, in ae word—RELIGION. Aye, the feenal consummation o' mortality putting on immortality, o' the Soul shedding the slough o' its earthly affections, and reappearing amaist in its pristine innocence, nae unfit inhabitant o' heaven.

*Opium-Eater.* Say not that a thousand Scottish shepherds could so speak, my dear sir.

*Shepherd.* Aye, and far better, too. But hearken till me. When that state o' mind passed away fra us, and we becam willing to find relief, as it were, frae thochts so far aboon the level o' them that must be our daily thochts, then we nicht, and then probably we would, begin to speak, sir, o' the beauty o' the auld man's resignation, and in poetry or painting, the picture might be pronounced beautifu', for then our souls would hae subsided, and the deeper, the mair solemu, and the mair awfu' o' our emotions would o' themselves hae retired to rest within the recesses o' the heart, alang wi' maist o' the maist mysterious o' our moral and religious convictions.—(*Dog barks.*)—Heavens! I cou'd hae thocht that was Brontë!

*North.* No bark like his, James, now belongs to the world of sound.

*Shepherd.* Purple black was he all over,—except the star on his breast—as the raven's wing. Strength and sagacity emboldened his bounding beauty, and a fierceness lay deep down within the quiet lustre o' his een that tauld ye, even when he laid his head upon your knees, and smiled up to your face like a verra intellectual and moral creetur,—as he was,—that had he been angered, he cou'd hae torn in pieces a lion.

*North.* Not a child of three years old and upwards, in the neighbourhood of the Lodge, that had not hung by his mane, and played with his fangs, and been affectionately worried by him on the flowery greensward.

*Shepherd.* Just like a stalwart father gambollin' wi' his lauchin' bairns! And yet there was a heart that cou'd bring itsell to pushion Brontë! When the atheist flung him the arsenic ba', the deevil was at his elbow.

*North.* And would that my fist were now at his jugular!

*Shepherd.* What a nieve\* o' irn!—Unclinch't, sir, for it's fearsome.

*North.* Had the murder been perpetrated by ten detected Gilmerton carters, I would have smashed them like crockery!

\* *Nieve*, a fist.—M.

*Shepherd.* *En masse* or *seriatim*, till the cart-ruts ran wi' their felon bluid, and a race o' slit noses gaed staggerin' through the stoure, and then like a heap o' bashed and birzed paddocks wallopped intill the ditch.

*North.* 'Twas a murder worthy of Hare, or Burke, or the bloodiest of their most cruel and cowardly abettors.

*Shepherd.* I agree wi' you, sir;—but dinna look so white, and sae black, and sae red in the face, and then sae mottled, as if you had the measles; for see, sir, how the evening sunshine is sleeping' on his grave!

*North.* No yew-tree, James, ever grew so fast before. Mrs. Gentle herself planted it at his head.\* My own eyes were somewhat dim, but as for hers—God love them!—they streamed like April skies—and nowhere else in all the garden are the daisies so bright as on that small mound. That wreath, so curiously wrought into the very form of flowery letters, seems to fantasy, like a funeral inscription—his very name—Bronte.

*Shepherd.* Murder's murder, whether the thing pushioned hae fowre legs or only twa—for the crime is curdled into crime in the blackness o' the sinner's heart, and the revengefu' shedder even of bestial blood would, were the same demon to mutter into his ears, and shut his eyes to the gallows, poison the well in which the cottage-girl dips the pitcher that breaks the reflection of her bonny face in that liquid heaven. But hark! wi' that knock on the table you hae frightened the mavis! Aften do I wonder whether or no birds, and beasts, and insecks, hae immortal sowles!

*Opium-Eater.* What God makes, why should he annihilate? Quench our own pride in the awful consciousness of our fall, and will any other response come from that oracle within us—Conscience—than that we have no claim on God for immortality, more than the beasts which want indeed “discourse of reason,” but which live in love, and by love, and breathe forth the manifestations of their being through the same corruptible clay which makes the whole earth one mysterious burial place, unfathomable to the deepest soundings of our souls!

*Shepherd.* True, Mr. De Quinshy—true, true. Pride's at the bottom o' a' our blindness, and a' our wickedness, and a' our madness; for if we did indeed and of verity, a' the nights and a' the days o' our life, sleepin' and waukin', in delight or in despair, aye remember, and never for a single moment forget, that we are a'—worms—Milton, and Spenser, and Newton—gods as they were on earth—and that they were gods, did not the flowers and the stars declare, and a' the twa blended warlds o' poetry and science, lyin' as it were like the skies o' heaven reflected in the waters o' the earth, in ane anither's arms!

\* Mrs. Gentle was an *eidolon*; the supposed object of Christopher North's affection, partly platonic and partly of warmer character.—M.



Aye, Shakspeare himself a worm—and Imogen, and Desdemona, and Ophelia, a' but the eemages o' worms—and Macbeth, and Lear, and Hamlet! Where would be then our pride and the self-idolatry o' our pride, and all the vain-glorifications o' our imagined magnificence? Dashed doon into the worm-holes o' our birthplace, among all crawlin' and slimy things—and afraid in our lurking places to face the divine purity o' the far far-aff and eternal heavens in their infinitude! Puir Bronte's dead and buried—and sae in a few years will a' us fowre be! Had we naething but our boasted reason to trust in, the dusk would become the dark—and the dark the mirk, mirk, mirk;—but we have the Bible, and lo! a golden lamp illumining the short midnight that blackens between the mortal twilight and the immortal dawn.

*North, (blowing a boatswain's whistle.)* Gentlemen—look here! (*A noble young Newfoundland comes bounding into the harbour.*)

*Shepherd.* Mercy me! mercy me! The verra dowg himself! The dowg wi' the starlike breast!

*North.* Allow me, my friends, to introduce you to O'Bronte.

*Shepherd.* Aye—I'll shake paws wi' you, my gran' fallow; and though it's as true among dowgs as men, that he's a clever chiel that kens his ain father, yet as sure as wee Jamie's mine ain, are you auld Bronte's son. You've gotten the verra same identical shake o' the paw—the verra same identical wag o' the tail. (See, as Burns says, hoo it “hangs ower his hurdies wi' a swirl.”) Your chowks the same—like him too, as Shakspeare says, “dew-lapped like Thessawlian bills.” The same braid, smooth, triangular lugs, hanging doon aneath your chafts; and the same still, serene, smilin', and sagacious een. Bark! man—bark! let us hear you bark. Aye, that's the verra key that Bronte barked on whenever “his blood was up and heart beat high;” and I'se warrant that in anither year or less, in a street-row, like your sire you'll clear the causeway o' a clud o' curs, and carry the terror o' your name frae the Auld to the New Flesh-market; though, tak' my advice, ma dear O'Bronte, and, except when circumstances imperiously demand war, be thou—thou jewel of a Jowler—a lover of peace!

*Opium-Eater.* I am desirous, Mr. Hogg, of cultivating the acquaintance—nay, I hope of forming the friendship—of that noble animal. Will you permit him to—

*Shepherd.* Gaung your wa's, O'Bronte, and speak till the English Opium-Eater. Ma faith! You hae nae need o' droogs to raise your animal speerits, or hichten your imagination. What'n intensity o' life! But whare's he been syne he was puppied, Mr. North?

*North.* On board a whaler. No education like a trip to Davis's Straits.

*Shepherd.* He'll hae speeld, I'se warrant him, mony an iceberg—and worried mony a seal—aiblins a walrus, or sea-lion. But are ye no feared o' his rinnin' awa' to sea?

*North.* The spirit of his sire, James, has entered into him, and he would lie, till he was a skeleton, upon my grave.

*Shepherd.* It canna be denied, sir, that you hae an unaccountable power o' attachin' to you, no only dowgs, but men, women, and children. I've never dooted but that you maun hae some magical poother, that you blaw in amang their hair—na, intill their verra lugs and een—imperceptible fine as the motes i' the sun—and then there's nae resistance, but the sternest Whig saftens afore you, the roots o' the Radical relax, and a' distinctions o' age, sex, and pairty—the last the stubbornest and dourest o' a'—fade awa' intill undistinguishable confusion—and them that's no in the secret o' your glamoury, fears that the end o' the world's at haun', and that there'll sune be nae mair use for goods and chattels in the Millennium.

*Tickler.* As I am a Christian——

*Shepherd.* You a Christian!

*Tickler.* ——Mr. De Quincey has given O'Bronte a box of opium.

*Shepherd.* What? Has the dowg swallowed the spale-box o' pills? We maun gar him throw it up.

*North.* Just like that subscriber, who alone out of the present population of the globe, has thrown up—THE MAGAZINE.

*Shepherd.* Haw—haw—capital wut! Syne he cou'dna digeest it, he has reason to be thankfu' that the dooble nummer\* didna stick in his weasen, and mak him a corp. What wou'd hae becum o' him, had they explodet like twa bomb-shells?

*Opium-Eater.* The most monstrous and ignominious ignorance reigns among all the physicians of Europe, respecting the powers and properties of the poppy.

*Shepherd.* I wush in this case, sir, that the poppy mayna pruve ower poorfu' for the puppy, and that the dowg's no a dead man. Wull ye take your Bible-oath that he bolted the box?

*Opium-Eater.* Mr. Hogg, I never could see any sufficient reason why, in a civilized and Christian country, an oath should be administered even to a witness in a court of justice. Without any formula, truth is felt to be sacred—nor will any words weigh——

*Shepherd.* You're for upsettin' the haill frame o' ceevil society, sir, and bringin' back on this kintra' a' the horrors of the French Revolution. The power o' an oath lies no in the reason, but in the imagination. Reason tells that simple affirmation or denial should be aneuch atween man and man. But reason canna bin', or, if she do, passion snaps the chain. For ilka passion, sir, even a passion for a bead or a button, is as strong as Sampson burstin the wythies. But imagination can bin', for she ca's on her flamin' ministers—the fears;—they palsy

\* On three several occasions, there was issued a double number, or rather two distinct numbers of *Blackwood*. It is singular that, in each instance, the sale of the two numbers exceeded the usual demand for the ordinary single issue. In October, 1828, when there was this double issue, each *Review* had a *Noctes* of its own!—M.

strike the arm that would disobey the pledged lips—and thus oaths are dreadful as Erebus and the gates o' hell. But see what ye hae done, sir,—only look at O'Bronte.

*(O'Bronte sallies from the Arbour—goes driving heels over head through among the flower-beds, tearing up pinks and carnations with his mouth and paws, and finally, makes repeated attempts to climb up a tree.)*

*Opium-Eater.* No such case is recorded in the medical books—and very important conclusions may be drawn from an accurate observation of the phenomena now exhibited by a distinguished member of the canine species,\* under such a dose of opium as would probably send Mr. Coleridge himself to—

*Shepherd.* —his lang hame—or Mr. De Quinshy either—though I should be loth to lose sic a poet as the ane, and sic a philosopher as the ither—or sic a dowg as O'Bronte. But look at his speelin' up the apple-tree like the auld serpent! He's thinkin' himsell, in the delusion o' the droog, a wull-cat or a bear, and has clean forgotten his origin. Deil tak me gin I ever saw the match o' that! He's gotten up; and 's lyin' a' his length on the branch, as if he were streekin' himsell out to sleep on the ledge o' a brigg! What thocht's gotten intill his head noo? He's for herryin' the goldfinch's nest among the verra tapmost blossoms! Aye, my lad! that was a thud!

*(O'Bronte, who has fallen from the pippin, recovers his feet—storms the Arbour—upsets the table, with all the bottles, glasses, and plates, and then, dashing through the glass front-door of the Lodge, disappears, with a crash, into the interior.)*

*Opium-Eater.* Miraculous!

*Shepherd.* A hairy hurricane! What think ye, sir, o' the SCOTTISH OPIUM EATER?

*Opium-Eater.* I hope it is not hydrophobia.

\* Coleridge, from an early age, was a slave to opium. The evidence of this is ample, and so stated in Cottle's Reminiscences. At a moderate estimate, Coleridge expended £200 a year on this baneful drug. The result was that, however active his mind, his faculties were deficient in concentration, and, during the last five-and-twenty years, he did little more than talk. With his learning, genius, and high poetic powers, he might have been one of the Classics of his age. As it is, his prose and verse constitute little more than a great Book of Beginnings. His German translations, Biographical papers, Aids to Reflection, and some of his poems show what he might have done. The lyric called *Genevieve* is unsurpassed in delicate yet passionate emotional expression. He has himself stated, in a preface to his poems, that where they appear unintelligible, "the deficiency is in the reader." Yet, on his *Ancient Mariner*, he wrote this epigram, addressed to himself:—

Your poem must eternal be,  
Dear Sir! it cannot fail;  
For, 'tis incomprehensible,  
And without head or tail.

It was pleasant to hear Coleridge recite one of his own poems. He used to sit with his eyes half shut, his body gently waving to and fro, his hand humouring the verses, and his voice uttering them in a sort of sing-song, which, however, was not monotonous—the fault of Wordsworth's recitation, by the way. His conversation was a long and dreamy monologue, branching off into any quantity of subjects. Coleridge died in 1834, aged sixty-four.—M

*Tickler.* He manifestly imagines himself at the whaling, and is off with the harpooners.

*Shepherd.* A vision o' blubber's in his sowle. Oh! that he cou'd gie the world his Confessions!

*Opium-Eater.* Mr. Hogg, how am I to understand that insinuation, sir?

*Shepherd.* Ony way you like. But, did ever ony body see a philosopher sae passionatè? Be cool—be cool.

*Tickler.* See, see, see!

(*O'Bronte,*

Like a glory from afar,  
Like a re-appearing star,

*comes spanging back into the cool of the evening, with Cyprus, NORTH's unique male tortoise-shell cat, in his mouth, followed by John and Betty, broom-and-spit-armed, with other domestics in the distance.)*

*North.* Drop Cyprus, you villain! Drop Cyprus, you villain! I say, you villain, drop Cyprus—or I will brain you with my crutch!

(*O'Bronte turns a deaf ear to all remonstrances, and continues his cat-carrying career through flower, fruit, and kitchen-gardens—the crutch having sped after him in vain, and upset a bee-hive.)*

*Tickler.* Demme—I'm off.

(*Makes himself scarce.*)

*North.* Was that thunder?

*Shepherd.* Bees—bees—bees! intil the arbour—intil the arbour—oh! that it had a door wi' a hinge, and a bolt in the inside! Hoo the swarm's ragin' wud! The hummin' heavens is ower het to haud them—and if ae leader chances to cast his ee hither, we are lost For let but ane set the example, and in a moment there'll be a charge o' begnots.

*Opium-Eater.* In the second book of his Georgics, Virgil, at once poet and naturalist—and indeed the two characters are, I believe, uniformly united—beautifully treats of the economy of bees—and I remember one passage—

*Shepherd.* They're after Tickler—they're after Tickler—like a cloud o' Cossacks or Polish Lancers—a' them that's no settlin' on the crutch. And see—see a division—the left o' the army—is bearin' doon on O'Bronte. He'll soon liberate Ceeprus.

*Tickler.* (*sub tegmine fagi.*) Murder—murder—murder!

*Shepherd.* Aye, you may roar—that's nae flea-bitin'—nor midge-bitin' neither—na, it's waur than wasps—for waspe's stings hae nae barbs, but bees's hae—and when they strike them in, they canna rug them out again withouten leavin' ahint their entrails—sae they curl theirsells up upon the wound, be it on haun, neck, or face, and, demon-

like, spend their vitality in the sting, till the venom gangs dirlin' to your verra heart. But do ye ken I'm amaisht sorry for Mr. Tickler—for he'll be murdered outright by the insecks—although he in a mainner deserved it for rinnin' awa', and no sharin' the common danger wi' the rest at the mouth of the harbour. If he escapes wi' his life, we maun ca' a court-martial, and has him brock for coowardice. Safe us—he' comin here, wi' the hail bike about his head! Let us rin—let us rin! Let us rin for our lives!

(*The SHEPHERD is off and away.*)

*North.* What! and be broke for cowardice? Let us die at our post like men!

*Opium-Eater.* I have heard Mr. Wordsworth deliver an opinion, respecting the courage, or rather the cowardice, of poets, which at the time seemed to me to be unwarranted by any of the accredited phenomena of the poetical character. It was to this effect: that every passion of the poet being of "imagination all compact," fear would in all probability, on sudden and unforeseen emergencies, gain an undue ascendancy in his being over all the other unaroused active powers;—(and here suffer me to put you on your guard against believing, that by the use of such terms as active powers, I mean to class myself, as a metaphysical moralist, in the Scottish school,—that is, the school more especially of Reid and Stewart\*—whose ignorance of the will—the sole province of moral philosophy—I hold to be equally shameful and conspicuous:) so that, except in cases where that fear was withstood by the force of sympathy, the poet so assailed would, ten to one, (such was the homely expression of the bard anxious to *clench it*,) take to almost immediate flight. This doctrine, as I have said, appeared to me, at that time, not to be founded on a sufficiently copious and comprehensive induction;—but I had very soon after its oral delivery by the illustrious author of the *Excursion*, an opportunity of subjecting it to the test act: for, as Mr. Wordsworth and myself were walking through a field of considerable—nay, great extent of acres—discussing the patriotism of the Spaniards,† and more particularly the heroic defence of

\* Dr. Thomas Reid, born in 1709, succeeded Adam Smith as Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow in 1764, and died in 1796. His principal works are *An Inquiry into the Human Mind* and *Essays on the Intellectual and Active Powers of Man*. He was the first writer in Scotland who attacked the scepticism of Hume, and endeavoured to refute the ideal theory which was then prevalent.—Dugald Stewart, one of the ablest of modern philosophical writers, became Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University in 1785, but did not appear as an author until 1792, when he published the first volume of his *Philosophy of the Human Mind*; the second appeared in 1813. Numerous other works followed, including *Outlines of Moral Philosophy* and *Philosophical Essays*. Among his pupils were the present Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Palmerston, Lord Dudley, and Lord Brougham. His great aim, in his writings, was to vindicate the principle of human knowledge against the attacks of modern sceptics, and to lay a solid foundation for a rational system of logic.—M.

† A subject in which Wordsworth might naturally feel interested, as his only prose work (published in 1809), intended to urge a vigorous prosecution of the war in Spain, was concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal to each other.—M.

"Iberian burghers, when the sword they drew  
In Zaragoza, naked to the gales  
Of fiercely-breathing war."

a bull—of a red colour (and that there must be something essentially and inherently vehement in red, or rather the natural idea of red, was interestingly proved by that answer of the blind man to an inquirer more distinguished probably for his curiosity than his acuteness—"that it was like the sound of a trumpet") bore down suddenly upon our discourse, breaking, as you may well suppose, the thread thereof, and dissipating, for a while, the many high dreams (dreams indeed!) which we had been delighting to predict of the future fates and fortunes of the Peninsula. The bard's words, immediately before the intrusion of Taurus, were, "that death was a bugbear," and that the universal Spanish nation would "work out their own salvation." One bellow—and we were both hatless on the other side of the ditch. "If they do," said I, "I hope it will not be after our fashion, with fear and trembling." But I rather suspect, Mr. North, that I am this moment stung by one of those insects, behind the ear, and in among the roots of the hair, nor do I think that the creature has yet disengaged—or rather disentangled itself from the nape—for I feel it struggling about the not—I trust—immedicable wound—the bee being scarcely distinguishable, while I place my finger on the spot, from the swelling round the puncture made by its sting, which, judging from the pain, must have been surcharged with—nay, steeped in venom. The pain is indeed most acute—and approaches to anguish—I had almost said, agony.

*North.* Bruise the bee "even on the wound himself has made." 'Tis the only specific. Any alleviation of agony?

*Opium-Eater.* A shade. The analysis of such pain as I am now suffering—or say rather enduring—

(*TICKLER and the SHEPHERD, after having in vain sought shelter among the shrubs, come flying demented towards the arbour.*)

*Tickler and Shepherd.* Murder! murder! murder!

*North.*

"Arcades ambo,  
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati!

*Opium-Eater.* Each encircled, as to his forehead, with a living crown—a murmuring bee-diadem worthy of Aristæus.\*

*North.* Gentlemen, if you mingle yourselves with us, I will shoot you both dead upon the spot with this fowling-piece.

\* Aristæus, son of Apollo and Cyrene, who is said to have introduced the use of bees (hence he was called *Melissæus*), for which he was deified. In love with, and pursuing Eurydice, the young bride of Orpheus, along the side of a river, a snake bit her and caused her death. For this he was deprived of his bees: after nine days, however, new swarms were produced, in the bodies of some cattle which he had slain. He was son-in-law of Cadmus and father of Actæon.—M.

*Shepherd.* What'n a foolin'-piece? Oh! sir, but you're cruel!

(*TICKLER lies down, rolls himself on a plat.*)

*North.* Destruction to a bed of onion-seed! James! into the tool-house.

*Shepherd.* I hae tried it thrice—but John and Betty hae barred themselves in against the swarm—oh! dear me—I'm exhowsted—sae let me lie down and dee beside Mr. Tickler!

(*The SHEPHERD lies down beside Mr. TICKLER.*)

*Opium-Eater.* If any proof were wanting that I am more near-sighted than ever, it would be that I do not see in all the air, or round the luminous temples of Messrs. Tickler and Hogg, one single bee in motion or at rest.

*North.* They have all deserted their stations, and made a simultaneous attack on O'Bronte. Now, Cyprus, run for your life!

*Shepherd.* (*raising his head.*) Hoo he's devoorin' them by hunders! Look, Tickler.

*Tickler.* My eyes, James, are bunged up—and I am flesh-blind.

*Shepherd.* Noo they're yokin' to Ceeprus! His tail's as thick wi' pain and rage as my arm. Hear till him caterwaulin like a haill roof-fu'! Mastars, he'll gang mad, and O'Bronte 'll gang mad, and we'll a' gang mad thegither, and the garden 'll be ae great madhouse, and we'll tear ane anither to pieces, and eat ane anither up stoop and roop, and a' that'll be left o' us in the mornin' 'll be some bloody tramplin' up and doon the beds, and that'll be a catastrophe waur—if possible—than that o' Sir Walter's Ayrshire Tragedy\*—and Mr. Murray 'll melo-dramateeze us in a piece ca'd the "Bluidy Battle o' the Bees;" and pit, boxes, and gallery 'll be crooded to suffocation for a hunder nichts at haill price, to behold swoopin' along the stage, the LAST o' THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ!!!

*Opium-Eater.* Then indeed will the "gaiety of nations be eclipsed,"† sun, moon, and stars may resign their commission in the sky, and old Nox reascend, never more to be dislodged from the usurpation of the effaced, obliterated, and extinguished universe.

*Shepherd.* Nae need o' exaggeration. But sure eneuch, I wudna', for another year, in that case, insure the life o' the Solar System. (*Rising up.*) Where's a' the bees?

*North.* The hive is almost exterminated. You and Tickler have slain your dozens and your tens of dozens—O'Bronte has swallowed some scores—Cyprus made no bones of his allowance—and Mr. De Quincey put to death—one. So much for the killed. The wounded you may see crawling in all directions, dazed and dusty; knitting their hind legs together, and impotently attempting to unfurl their no longer

\* Auchindrane, or the Ayrshire Tragedy, founded on circumstances which occurred in 1811, was one of Scott's most effective dramatic compositions, and was published early in 1830.—M

† This is what Johnson said when Garrick left the stage.—M.

gauzy wings. As to the missing, driven by fear from house and home, they will continue for days to be picked up by the birds, while expiring on their backs on the tops of thistles and binweeds—and of the living, perhaps a couple of hundreds may be on the combs, conferring on state affairs, and—

*Shepherd.* Mournin' for their queen. Sit up, Tickler.

(*TICKLER rises, and shakes himself.*)

What'n a face!

*North.* 'Pon my soul, my dear Timothy, you must be bled forthwith—for in this hot weather inflammation and fever—

*Shepherd.* Wull soon end in Mortification—then Coma—and then Death. We maun lance and leech him, Mr. North, for we canna afford, wi' a' his failin's, to lose Southside.

*Tickler.* Lend me your arm, Kit—

*North.* Take my crutch, my poor dear fellow. How are you now?

*Shepherd.* Hoo are you noo? Hoo are you noo?

*Opium-Eater.* Mr. Tickler, I would fain hope, sir, that notwithstanding the assault of these infuriated insects, which in numbers without number numberless, on the upsetting—

*Tickler.* Oh! Oh!—Whoh! whoh!—Whuh! whuh!

*Shepherd.* That comes o' wearin' nankeen pantaloons without drawers, and thin French silk stockin's wi' open gushets, and nae neck-cloth, like Lord Byron. I fin' corduroys and tap-boots impervious to a' mainner o' insects, bees, wasps, hornets, ants, midges, clegs, and warst o' a'—the gad. By the time the bite reaches the skin, the venom's drawn oot by ever so many plies o' leather, linen, and wurset—and the spat's ony kitly. But (*putting his hand to his face*) what's this? Am I wearin' a mask?—a fawse face wi' a muckle nose? Tell me, Mr. North, tell me, Mr. De Quinshy, on the honours o' twa gentlemen as you are, am I the noo as ugly as Mr. Tickler?

*North.* 'Twould be hard to decide, James, which face deserves the palm; yet—let me see—let me see—I think—I think, if there be indeed some slight shade of—what say you, Mr. De Quincey?

*Opium-Eater.* I beg leave, without meaning any disrespect to either party, to decline delivering any opinion on a subject of so much delicacy.

*Tickler and Shepherd* (*guffawing.*) What'n a face! what'n a face! O! what'n a face!

*Opium-Eater.* Gentlemen, here is a small pocket-mirror, which, ever since the year—

*Shepherd.* Dinna be sae chronological, sir, when a body's sufferin'. Gie's the glass, (*looks in,*) and that's me! Blue, black, ochre, gambroshe, purple, pink, and—*green!* Bottle-nosed—wi' een like a piggie's! The owther o' the Queen's Wake! I maun hae my pictur ta'en by John Watson Gordon, set in diamonds, and presented to the Empress o' Russia, or some other croon'd head. I wunner what wee



Jamie wad think. It is a phenomena o' a fizzionamy. An' hoo sall I get out the stings?

*North.* We must apply a searching poultice.

*Shepherd.* O' raw veal?

*Tickler,* (taking the mirror out of the SHEPHERD's hand.) Aye!

*North.* 'Twould be dangerous, Timothy, with that face, to sport Narcissus.

"Sure such a pair were never seen,  
So aptly form'd to meet by nature!"

Ha! O'Bronte?

(*O'Bronte enters the Arbour, still under the influence of opium.*)

What is your opinion of these faces?

*O'Bronte.* Bow—wow—wow—wow—bow—wow—wow—wow!

*Shepherd.* He takes us for Eskymaws.

*North.* Say rather seals, or sea-lions.

*O'Bronte.* Bow—wow—wow—wow—bow—wow—wow—wow!

*Shepherd.* Laugh'd at by a dowg! Wha are ye?

(*JOHN and BETTY enter the Arbour with basins and towels, and a phial of leeches.*)

*North.* Let me manage the worms. Lively as fleas.

(*MR. NORTH, with tender dexterity, applies six leeches to the SHEPHERD's face.*)

*Shepherd.* Preens—preens—preens—preens!\*

*North.* Now, Tickler.

(*Attempts, unsuccessfully, to perform the same kind office to TICKLER.*)

Your sauguineous system, Timothy, is corrupt. They won't fasten.

*Shepherd.* Wunna they sook him? I fin' mine hangin' could frae temple to chaft, and swallowin—there's ane o' them played plowp intill the baishin.

*North.* Betty—the salt.

*Shepherd.* Strip them, Leezy. There's anither.

*North.* Steady, my dear Timothy, steady; aye! there he does it, a prime worm, of himself a host. Sir John Leech.

*Shepherd.* You're no feared for bluid, Mr. De Quinsy?

*Opium-Eater.* A little so—of my own.

*Shepherd.* I wuss Mr. Wordsworth's auld leech-gatherer was here to gie us his opinion on thae worms. It's a gran' soobject for a poem—Leech-Gatherin'! I think I see the body gaun intill the pool, kneedeep in mud, and bringin' them out stickin' till his taes. There's whiles mair genius in the choice o' a soobject than in the execution. I wunner Mr. Wordsworth never thocht o' composin' a poem in the Spenserian stanza, or Miltonic blank, on a "Beggair sitting on a stane by

\* Preens.—pins.—M.

the roadside crackin' lice in the head o' her bairn?" What's in a name?

"A louse

By any other name would bite as sharp;"

and he micht ca't—for he's fond o' soundin' words,—see the *Excursion passim*—"The Plague o' Lice," and the mother o' the brat would personify the ministering angel. Poetry would shed a halo round its pow—consecrate the haunted hair, and beautify the very vermin.

*Opium-Eater.* I observe that a state of extreme languor has succeeded excitement, and that O'Bronte has now fallen asleep. Hark! a compressed whine, accompanied by a slight general convulsion of the whole muscular system, indicates that the creature is in the dream-world.

*Shepherd.* In dookin'! or fechtin'—or makin' up to a—

*North.* Remove the apparatus.

(JOHN and BETTY carry away the basins, pitchers, phial, towels, &c., &c.)

*Shepherd.* Hoo's my face noo?

*North.* Quite captivating, James. That dim discoloration sets off the brilliancy of your eyes to great advantage; and I am not sure if the bridge of your nose as it now stands be not a great improvement.

*Shepherd.* Weel, weel, let's say nae mair about it. That's richt, Mr. Tickler, to hang your silk handkerchy ower your face, like a nun takin' the veil. Where were we at?

*North.* We were discussing the commercial spirit, James, which is now the ruling—the reigning spirit of our age and country.

*Shepherd.* The fable o' the bees was an episode.

*North.* Will you be so good, Tickler, as repeat to Mr. Hogg, who, I believe, was not attending to you at the time, what you said about—Credit.

*Tickler.* I conceive, Mr. Hogg, that within these last thirty years, the facilities of credit in all the transactions of trade have been carried to a ruinous extent. Credit has been granted from one house of trade to another upon a much less jealous estimate of their respectability than heretofore; and farther, it has been the general spirit of all houses to avail themselves to a far greater extent than formerly of their own power of commanding credit, so as greatly to enlarge the proportion of their actual transactions to their actual capital. It has been the effect of the same spirit, that numberless traders in those inferior departments of trade, in which the circulation of their own documents of debt as money was dreamt of, have extensively put them forth; and it has been the last excess of the system, that vouchers of transactions, which had never taken place, have been put into circulation, to no inconsiderable extent, as documents of real debt.

*Opium-Eater.* Ay, Mr. Tickler, and to crown the system, and consummate the work, those houses which are to the commercial world the especial managers of credit, and the organs, I may say, of circulation to the documents of credit, in part acting upon, and in part yielding to, the same spirit, have created, or carried to an extent before unknown, the creation of a species of documents of their own—namely, of debt created, either by the deposit in their hands of such vouchers as you have spoken of, (in which case it might be said they enlarge the operations of credit by substituting their own high responsibility for the doubtful or obscure credit of the vouchers made over to them;) or, though in their nature essentially vouchers of debt, they have been granted upon no debt whatever, but as money upon securities more or less scrupulously taken:—in which case, it may be said, that these houses, so far as they ascertained well their security, and were themselves responsible, availed themselves of a commercial form to give the utmost extent to legitimate credit:—but, as far as they acted upon insufficient security, or beyond their own responsibility, that they gave their names to authenticate to the public by false vouchers an unreal and illusory credit.

*North.* Here then, sir, is an indisputable instance of credit acting with injurious force in accelerating the operations of commerce. And methinks, Mr. De Quincey, I see in those violent extinctions of credit, and the ruinous consequences they spread around them, the symptoms of a general and fearful disease. I see in the application of such terms as avidity, vehemence of activity, passion—if they are just—to the commercial transactions of a great people, indications of some most disordered condition among them; and above all, I recognise in the change of habits, manners, and character, throughout all the people of the land, which these years have witnessed, an acceleration of commercial activity far beyond what the welfare of society demands—disordering and menacing disorders.

*Tickler.* It is all very bad, sir. See how the fluctuations of commerce, which carry life to one part of a country, and leave distress in another, will be more frequent and extreme, as the activity of commerce increases.

*Opium-Eater.* Yea: all the powers of nature proceed by change; that change includes destruction and production:—but in slow change, the destruction is silent decay; in rapid change, it is a desolation.

*Shepherd.* Said ye, sir, that the prosperity o' commerce includes in it a sort o' destruction?

*Opium-Eater.* I did. Its improvements are founded on injury; for the improvement is the raising of some above those over whom the improvement is made. Thus we know that many of the great improvements in our manufactures, though they have advanced the

prosperity of the country, have spread much injury where they were first introduced; in many places of old-established trade which have made great advancement, many of the old houses have quite sunk; and the outcry of the people, and the remonstrances of the wealthier classes to the authorities of the country against improvement in other places, are all evidence of the inherent tendency of commercial advancement to depress while it raises; and therefore furnish grounds for an opinion that rapid commercial prosperity will be at all times throwing down great numbers into utter indigence and misery, overwhelming by the suddenness of their calamity those who in slower change might have foreseen and escaped one after the other from impending poverty.

*North.* And then, sir, these parts of trade thus suspended, have themselves, perhaps, been rapidly increasing; so that it falls upon a portion of the people in a state of rapid increase, who meet it with a greater shock—on large families—and families, too, from long habits of indulgence, severer sufferers in distress, and less able to extricate themselves from it.

*Tickler.* Besides, in a country urging on like ours so impetuously in commercial enterprise, there is another consideration. Is there not a sort of sacrifice of the labouring people to the insatiable appetite for wealth of their employers? A most inordinate demand for labour has thus been created; for, observe, gents, that I consider not this present juncture of affairs at all—but what is the commercial spirit of the age and country? Thus sex and age have been swept into the work with no discrimination. Thus the wife and mother of the family has been called from her own place of duty, to be made an instrument of work,—girls of the tenderest age have been called into the manufactory, and grow up to the age of wives and mothers, with no knowledge of their duties, as instruments of work; and boys that should become the men of the community, immersed from their early years in anxious employments, and oppressed with interminable labour, rise up a deteriorated race—susceptible of the appetites of men, but bereft of that vigorous spirit which ought to mark the manhood of a people; and which, if it contains the violence of passion, contains also its generosity; contains too the principle of stubborn endurance, and of hardy contention with any severer fortune. And how hung upon that trade, and trembling with every breath that shakes it, is a family which only subsists, while father, and wife, and children, are all racked with employment! What sort of population will that country possess, to meet the vicissitudes of trade itself—and those far greater vicissitudes which the political changes of the world throw into it?

*Opium-Eater.* Say,—what is the bulwark of a people—the foundation of its greatness and the substance of its power! The virtue of the people; their courage, their independence, the severe fortitude

*Opium-Eater.* You paint in words, my admirable Shepherd, Nature in all her moods and aspects—

*Shepherd.* Few poets are fonder o' the face o' Natur than mysell, sirs; yet a man shouldna let ony thing like the chief pairt o' his happiness in this warld be at the mercy o' its Beauty—the slave o' the ear and ee—which that man must be wha habitually draws his veetal bliss frae the bonny colours or souns o' the mere earth. The human sowle ought to be at last totally independent o' the ooter creation, except for meat, drink, house, and claes. I say at last; for at first, and for a lang, lang time, we maun hang, like sookin' babbies, at the breast o' mother Natur, or gang stacherin' at her knees while she is actin' in the capacity and character o' a great big, muckle dry nurse.

*Tickler.* Skelping your doup, James, with storm, sleet, snow, and rain, and, by one and the same benign but severe process, invigorating at once head, heart, and hurdies.

*Shepherd.* Fie, fie—that's coorse! What I mean's this. A man, wha aiblins thinks himsell a poet, and wha we shall alloo has poetical propensities, has, by the goodness o' Providence, been set down in a house on a gentle eminence, commandin' a beautifu' bend o' the blue braided sky overhead, hills and mountains piling theirsells in regular gradation up, up, up—and far, far, far-aff and awa,' till you kenna whilk are their rosy summits, and whilk the rosy clouds—and, beyond a foreground o' woods, groves, halls, and cottages, exquisitely interspersed wi' fields and meadows, which, in the dimmest days, still seem spots of sunshine,—a loch! or, supposin' the scene in England, a lake, a day's journey round about, always blue or bricht, or if at ony time black, yet then streaked gloriously wi' bars o' sunburst, sae that in the midst o' the foamy gloom o' Purgatory are seen serenely rising the Isles o' Paradise—

*North.* Poussin!

*Shepherd.* —Deil mean him to be cheerfu', and crouse, and talkative, and eloquent on the poetical and the picturesque—and, to croon a', proud as Lucifer! But only observe, sirs, the cross delusion into which the cretur has cowped over head and ears, sae lang syne that there's nae chance o' his recovery in this life. He absolutely, sirs, thinks that glorious scene—*Himself*; Loch Lomond or Windermere—*Himself*;—forgettin', that if either o' them were struck out o' being the beauty o' the earth would be shorn of its beams—or at least all England and all Scotland—Cockneydom excluded—be desolate; whereas you ken, sir, that were the bit triflin' cretur himsell killed by a cherry-stane stickin' in the throat o' him, or a sour-cider colic, in nine days he wou'd be nae mair missed in his ain parish—I had amaist saic on his ain estate—than a defunck cock-sparrow.

*Tickler.* And what, pray, James, is your drift?

*Shepherd.* My drift! Truthwards on the sea of philosophy. The

delusion's the same wi' a kinds o' wealth—bonds, bills, bankstoc, or what not,—the man mistakes them for himsell; but the looker-on is free frae that delusion—and sees that in truth he is as poor as Lazarus. Therefore, rug the ane awa' frae Loch Lomond or Windermere, I say, and orib, cabin, and confine him in a back parlour in some dingy town, commanding a view o' a score o' smoky chumleys, and then look into his eyes, and listen unto his voice for his poetry. He is seen and heard to be a Sump. Rug, in like manner, the man o' money frae his bags,—let the feet o' some great Panic trample out his Ploom, as you or me wou'd squas a sour Ploom-damass wi' the heel o' our shae, and in sowle as in body behold a—Powper! But bring the Poet frae his dwelling amang the licht o' risin' and settin' suns, and amang the darkness o' thunderous clouds, sae grim that they seem to threaten earthquake,—frae amang the pearlins, and jewels, and diamonds o' mornin', wha adorns the bleakest heath she loves wi' gossamery dew-drops, finer, and fairer, and richer far than all the gems that ever swarthy miners dug out o' the subterranean galleries o' Golconda or Peru,—frae amang the meridian magnificence o' lights and shadows, smiling like angels, or a-frown like demons, shiftin' or stationary on the many-coloured mountain's breast, till the earth seems the sea—frae amang the one-star-y-crowned gloaming pensive wi' the woodlark's sang, or mair than pensive, profoundly melancholy, wi' the far-aff croonin' o' the cushat hidden somewhere or ither in the heart o' some auld wood,—frae amang the moonlicht that, after it has steeped a' the heavens, has a still serene flood o' lustre to pour down on the taps o' trees, and ancient ruins, and lakes that seem to burn wi' fire, and a' ower the dreamy slumber o' the toil-forgettin' Earth!

*Opium-Eater.* Exquisite!

*Tickler.* It beats cock-fighting.

*North.* Go on, James—keep moving.

*Shepherd.* Clap him in a garret in Grub Street, and yet shall he, like a fixed star, hang on the bosom o' infinitude, or like a planet pursue his flight, in music, round the Sun.

*Omnes.* Hurra—hurra—hurra! The Shepherd for ever! Hurra—hurra—hurra!

*Shepherd.* Sear his een wi' red-het plates o' irn, or pierce their iris wi' fire-tipped skewers, and soon as the agony has grown dull in his brain nerves, he will see the Panorama o' Natur still, Mont Blanc and his eagles, Palmyra in the desert, the river o' Amazons, and the sail-swept Ocean wi' all his isles!

*Opium-Eater.* Author of Kilmeny! that is IMAGINATION; To the sump (an admirable word), every thing is nothing—to the man of genius, nothing is every thing.

*Shepherd.* Eh?

*Opium-Eater.* See how genius throws all that arises within itself,

out of itself, making that which in respect of the reality is subjective, in respect of the effect or apprehension, objective.

*Shepherd.* Eh?

*Opium-Eater.* The joy and the love spring in itself, and remain in itself; but it flings them forth into the object, scattering light as from the golden urn. That joy and that love, now poured upon the object, appears to genius as a property or nature residing therein, which property or nature, gloriously self-deceived by the divinity it bears, it thenceforth acknowledges as—Beauty. In the same way, or a similar, the mind has before given colour to the grass, and light to the sun. Only, that in the attribution of these merely physical properties, it appears to do no more than remove that which is present to it in the eye, to a greater distance from it, out of the eye. Whereas in beauty, you find a union of your soul with the object—that is Love. Develope love infinitely, and you develope beauty.

*Shepherd.* I believe that, sir, to be indeed God's truth.

*Opium-Eater.* Both beauty and sublimity—you may remember we touched on these subjects at the last Noctes, and indeed an hour ago—appear to be visible in visible objects. When we begin to think, we cannot believe that they are otherwise; and we abhor the metaphysical attempt to take the qualities out of the objects, to make them alien to the eye. Why! Because that attempt dissolves the world. It makes that wherein our love, our soul has rested as on rock-strung reality, unreal—mere figured air.

*Shepherd.* It would seem, indeed, my dear sir, that our verra life is ta'en frae us by sic speculations.

*Opium-Eater.* Be it so. The great question is, will we know, or will we have ignorant bliss? Know we must. We very soon become convinced by divers reflections, that our first natural and inevitable idea is not strictly true, that the Beauty and the Sublimity are not so imbedded and inherent in the objects as they once appeared to be. We must give up more and more, and shall find no rest till we recognise that they are totally of the mind. Then, indeed, we obtain a support—a life—of a different and more sufficient kind than that which was at first taken away, in the clear consciousness of the creative and illimitable power of the mind. We can rest well in either extreme—but between them rest is there none.

*Shepherd.* What for do you no write poetry, Mr. De Quishy—seein' that ye are a poet? But you're prouder o' bein' a pheelosopher.

*Opium-Eater.* There are two principal ways, Mr. Hogg, in which every object can be considered—two chief aspects under which they present themselves to us—the philosophical and the poetical—as they are to reason, as they *seem* to imagination.

*Shepherd.* Can you, sir, make that great distinction good?

VOL. IV.—7

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*Shepherd.* Mr. Boyd o' Innerleithen's issued proposals and prospectus o' a bit anglin' buicky to be ca'd "Tweed and its Tributary Streams." You maun gie't a lift, sir.

*North.* I will, James. A good title; and my old landlord is a good angler, and a good man.

*Shepherd.* That's towological, and an anticlaimacks. For wha ever heard o' a gude angler being a bad or indifferent man! I hae nae objection, sir, noo that there's nee argument, to say that you're a good angler yoursell, and sae is the Professor.

*North.* James, these civilities touch. Your hand. In me the passion of the sport is dead—or say rather dull; yet have I gentle enjoyments still in the "Angler's silent trade." But heavens! my dear James! how in youth—and prime of manhood too—I used to gallop to the glens, like a deer, over a hundred heathery hills, to devour the dark-rolling river, or the blue breezy loch! How leaped my heart to hear the thunder of the nearing waterfall! and lo! yonder flows at last, the long dim shallow rippling hazel-banked line of music among the broomy braes, all astir with back-fins over its surface; and now, that the *feed is on*, teeming with swift-shooting, bright-bounding, and silver-shining scaly life, most beauteous to behold, at every soft alighting of the deceptive lure, captivating and irresistible even among a shower of leaf-born flies aswarm in the air from the mountain-woods!

*Shepherd.* Aye, sir, in your younger days you maun hae been a verra deevil.

*North.* No, James—

"Nae maiden lays her scathe to me."

Poetry purified my passions; and, worshipping the Ideal, my spirit triumphed over mere flesh and blood, and was preserved in innocence by the Beautiful.

*Shepherd.* That's your ain account o' yourself, sir. But your enemies tell anither tale——

*North.* And what do my enemies, in their utter ignorance, know of me? But to my friends, my character lies outspread, visible from bound to bound, just like a stretch of Highland prospect on the Longest Day, when, from morning to night, the few marbled clouds have all lain steadfast on the sky, and the air is clear, as if mist were but a thought of Fancy's dream.

*Shepherd.* What creel-fu's you maun hae killed!

*North.* A hundred and thirty in one day in Loch-awe, James, as I hope to be saved—not one of them under——

*Shepherd.* A dizzen pun',—and twa thirds o' them abune't. Athegither a ton. If you are gaun to use the lang bow, sir, pu' the string

The Big Boar then his body husks  
 Wi' bristles, and his snout wi' tusks.  
 And scornin' mair to feed on husks  
 Fearsomely his pig-tail whusks!  
 Trummlin' to be torn lith and limb,  
 The Leddy Mawga looks at him;  
 The Gracefu' gazin' on the Grim,  
 Wi' dewy een in smiles that swim,  
 On misty nights like starnies dim,  
 And sings a sang that's like a hymn,  
 Frae ane o' heaven's ain seraphim!  
 Then a' at aince, the Big Boar grows  
 Intil a man wi' bauld brent brows,  
 A Shepherd singing sweet verse vowa,  
 Wha in his plaid the Leddy rowa!  
 People! sure 'tis strange to see  
 The twa seated on that settee—  
 Where the Cross-Bearer used to be,  
 Conspicuous far owre land and sea,  
 The steadfast pole-star o' the free!  
 Set him up to rug him doon!  
 What think ye o't, my bonny moon!  
 Shinin' abune the heech Auld Touna,  
 To see a lord in mortal swoon,  
 Aneath a limmer and a loun!  
 Set him up to rug him doon!  
 But be it late or be it soon,  
 The timmer turns to siller spoon,  
 The leather brogue to velvet shoon.  
 Sure sign the times are out o' tune,  
 When an August dry as June,  
 (Foretold by him who reads the lune,  
 In seasons a', bricht, black or broon,  
 That Gaelic seer, baith blythe and boon,  
 Though deaf as ony auld deer-houn,  
 At Forty-Five, in gran' Saloon,  
 Shall see a Shepherd wear a croon,  
 Thus endeth the prophetic crune!

*Tickler.* Copies must be sent to Coleridge, Irving, Frere, Cuninghame, Faber, Stone, and all the other great interpreters of prophecy—that we may sleep in peace. Oh! North grows pale,

“Uneasy sit the brows that wear a crown.”

*North.* “Lights—lights—lights!”

*J. Ballantyne.* “You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting with most admired disorder!”

*Opium-Eater.* ’Tis a Saloon of singularly simple elegance—nay, grandeur. Except in some of Piranesi’s dreamy designs, I remember to have seen nothing, in the whole range of architecture, within the same bounds, so magnificent. Said I the same bounds! Yet, I feel

*Tickler.* Nothing comes so near my imagination of the day of judgment, as a "sudden syncope and solemn pause" at an after-dinner table—when the company look as if they knew not whether they had lost or won—when the glib cannot even stammer—the stammerers become tongue-tied—and the tongue-tied stare as if they had been born dumb. The silence finally gets so intense, that it is absolutely louder than thunder.

*Shepherd.* That's a maist insane solecism, Mr. Tickler. That a negative quantity should hae the power o' the square rule o' an infinite series o' incalculable nummers!

*Opium-Eater.* I admire the rare intrepidity of the man, of whom, on such an awful occasion, the liberated and grateful company would say, with Coleridge, could they speak, "He is the first that dared to burst into that silent sea."

*Modern Pythagorean.\** The idea that such silence is louder than thunder—so far from being, my beloved Shepherd, an insane solecism—(an expression, by the way, dark with the unintelligibility of true genius)—seems to me, Mr. Tickler, rather to fall short than to transcend the feeling of such a moment, in itself a century. The thunder which such silence resembles is too loud for the ear of man to hear it except in the faintest degree—and finally becomes, I humbly think, more like the breathless hush that precedes the earthquake—when man and beast seem all insensate as mute statues, and the soul scarce conscious of its existence is felt as Death-in-Life.

*Opium-Eater.* I believe, Doctor, that the use of opium is frequent among the working classes in manufacturing towns!

*Modern Pythagorean.* It is, sir.

*Opium-Eater.* Do you approve of it?

*Modern Pythagorean.* I should wish to speak with diffidence—with deference—in the presence of a man of distinguished genius, who is himself a living and an illustrious proof that opium, even when taken in quantities that, before the publication of the "Confessions," would have seemed, to physicians, in the country at least, incredible—of the effects of the distillation from the poppy. Yet, that these effects are always pernicious, and often fatal, when the use of opium has been carried to any excess, is—I speak humbly—in my opinion, the general rule, not weakened, perhaps, by one splendid exception. There are in the human constitution such extraordinary idiosyncrasies, that no physician will be

\* Robert Macnish, M.D., and LL.D., affixed the signature "A Modern Pythagorean" to most of his articles in Blackwood's and Fraser's Magazines. He had found time, amid the business of an extensive practice, to write some clever prose works,—viz.: *Anatomy of Drunkenness*, *Philosophy of Sleep*, and *Book of Aphorisms*. His friend Moir [Δ] collected and edited his Magazine articles, adding a Biography, in which, with singular and simple complacency, he inserted all MacNish's letters to himself, filled with the most extravagant laudation of his (Moir's) poems in Blackwood.—When he visited London, he met Dr. Maginn, of whom he sent very warm eulogies to Scotland. Maginn afterwards said of him, "I was never in Macnish's company but once, and then he got blind drunk."—M.

*Shepherd.* It would hae made my father and my mother baith unco unhappy to hae seen me an English Yepiscopawlian Archbishop. They wou'd hae thocht o' Sharpe and Magus Muir. The change frae Presbyterian intil Yepiscopawlian would hae led me, perhaps, like the lave o' the bishops, or gae feck o' them, to become a Papish: and, in that case, I verily believe that either the faithier that begat me, or the mither that bare me, would hae whatted a kail-gully on my heart.

*Seward.* Pray, Mr. Hogg, did you ever serve king and country in a military capacity?

*Shepherd.* I was trumpeter tull the Selkirk Troop.

*Seward.* And who, my bold bugle, taught you the points of war?

*Shepherd.* You see, sir, when I was a callant, it happened that the banes o' some big, muckle, enormous beast, that maist likely had perished in the flood, were dug up in a moss that the Dyeuck's folks were draining into awrable—a Yelk—and my faithier happened to get ane o' the horns. It was as soon's a saplin'—for moss, ye ken, 's an antiseptic. For years, simmer and wunter, I used to gang routin' about the braes by sunset, wi' my lang horn, and whan I grew up, havin' rather an ingenious mechanical turn, I contrived keys till't; sae that, afore lang, I astonished the knowte wi' "God save the King," and "Rule Britannia;" and by the time I left auld Mr. Laidlaw's,\* I could accompany the lassies on't at ony air amaist whatsomever, and a bonny accompaniment it was, sir, accepp, aiblins, noo and then, rather a hue owre loud. When the Selkirk corp was raised, a' een turned to me for the trumpeter, and I obey'd the ca' of the kintra. After the great elk-horn, I made nae banes o' the sma' bugle, and burst about a dizzen o' them wi' strechtforrit blastin'—but the captain got ane cast on purpose for me o' the finest gold, and it's to the fore yet, to survive as an heirloom in the family, without a flaw.

*Buller.* The country is indebted to my friend Lansdowne for the disbanding of the most truly constitutional and national force that ever guarded the internal peace of a great kingdom.

*Shepherd.* Ay, and the cheapest too, sir. The verra horses in plough or harrow were indignant at that measure; and the meenister's cowte himsell, that used to carry the doctor as chaplain, though nane o' the skeightest, had your friend the Markee offered to munt him, after his unpatriotic dissolution o' the Soor-Mulks, wud hae funk'd the Secretary for Home Affairs outower the carter.

*Buller.* By what other means can the martial spirit of a people be invigorated, without, at the same time, being brutalized by any of that ferocity which almost always belongs perhaps to your regular troopers whose duty and delight is in foreign service?

\* Mr. Laidlaw, to whom Hogg, when young, was shepherd for several years, was father of William Laidlaw, the attached and faithful friend of Walter Scott, and author of the touching ballad called "Lucy's Flitlin'."—M.

*Shepherd.* Do ye understaun that, Mr. Jeems?

*Ballantyne.* If I do not, *James*—my non-understanding must be set down to my own score, and not to that of Mr. De Quincey;—for I have seldom—indeed I may say never—heard the philosophy of criticism so elaborately and felicitously applied, not to the elucidation, (for who would dream of intensifying the solar lustre?) of the character of Sir Walter's many imaginary *Maidas*—

*Shepherd.* That's gude. The expression collecks the creturs a' intil a pack o' glorious houn's and jowlers; and we think we see them bearin' awa' ower the mountains to some great forest or chase, wi' tents pitched in a glen for the King and a' his nobles.

*J. Ballantyne (smiling graciously).*—but to the faculties appealed to by the pictures of our great national animal painter, and to the moods of mind, Mr. Hogg, in which those faculties thereby appealed to must work, before the perusers of the novels and romances can arrive at a perfect knowledge of the poetry of such pictures, which embody, along with the primal truths of the natural history of man's four-footed field and household friend—

*Shepherd.* The dowg—

*J. Ballantyne.*—also all the most interesting and impressive traits of his character and pursuits, which, unnoted by mere naturalists, are chronicled in the traditionary experiences of shepherds and huntmen, and in the memory of our illustrious friend himself, before whose eyes no dog, of any originality, ever threw his shadow, without, at the same time, impressing on that master-mind a distinct and ineffaceable image of his individual being.

*Shepherd.* Mr. Jeems Bannatyne, you're a very clever man, and I like till hear ye speak—and aiblins better still to read your writin's, mair especially on the Drawma.\* You're the only gude drawmatic censor noo, I mean the best, no only in Embro', but in a' Scotland.

*North.* You once said the same thing of me, *James*, to my face.

*Shepherd.* But now I see baith your faces, and I gie the preference to Jeems Bannatyne.

*North.* Right. I agree with you, *James*, in thinking Mr. Ballantyne an admirable dramatic critic. So much the larger and more

\* James Ballantyne, who had been Sir Walter Scott's schoolfellow, was brought by him from the town of Kelso, and established as a printer and publisher in Edinburgh,—Scott advancing the capital, and becoming a sleeping partner. Ballantyne printed the whole of Scott's works, was in the secret of the Waverley Novels, and rendered essential service to them, as well as to Scott's poems, by exercising strict and searching criticism upon them, while passing through the press. When Constable's publishing house failed, in 1826, Ballantyne became involved in the catastrophe. He was editor of the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, then an excellent paper: and as he had particular appreciation for the drama, his theatrical criticism was thought highly of. When Fanny Kemble appeared, Ballantyne (who knew that she had been intended for the stage, even from childhood, had been educated with that view, and therefore was by no means the genius-inspired novice who was impelled by filial duty to appear as an actress) refused to recognise her as the successor of Mrs. Siddons, her aunt, and described her merely as "a clever girl, who might probably arrive at distinction when practice had worn away her mannerisms."—James Ballantyne was himself an admirable reader. He died in 1833, surviving Scott only a few months.—M.

feathery is the crow I have to pluck with him, about Miss Fanny Kemble.

*Omnes.* Miss Fanny Kemble—Miss Fanny Kemble—Miss Fanny Kemble !

*North.* A bumper, gentlemen, to the health, and happiness, and fame, of the promising young niece of glorious old Sarah !

*(It is drunk with enthusiasm.)*

*Buller.* The Paid Press in town placed the blushing girl on a pedestal from which her own native modesty (and when was youthful female genius ever unadorned by that charm ?) would have been fain, with faltering steps, and confusion of face, to have hurriedly descended. She felt that such forced elevation was as unfeeling as it was unjust—coarsely cruel.

*Shepherd.* After an hour's sittin', a' men get yeloquent at a Noctes. Wha wad hae expectkit "Bletherin' Buller"—as we used to ca' him in the Tent—

*Buller.* Blether and Buller ! What is the meaning of that, thou Cherokee ?—paid partly, I presume, in pounds, shillings, and pence ; partly in victuals, and partly in free tickets—

*Seward.* To accept which, under any circumstances, is, I opine, beneath the dignity of a gentleman.

*Shepherd.* What ! a free ticket ?

*Seward.* Yes, sir, a free ticket—admission all your life to a place of public amusement, without putting your hand in your pocket, and paying your own way, like other gentlemen. Demme, if I would be on any manager's pauper-list ! Were I so poor as not to be able to pay for the gratification of my passion for theatricals, for the indulgence of my "strong propensity for the dwama," as our matchless Mathews says, I should think it more honourable to steal than to beg, to pick a rich squire's pocket at the outside of the door, rather than a poor manager's within, and to run the chance of escaping the imputation of being a prig, rather than incur the certainty of being known to be a pauper.

*Shepherd.* You're just twa prood fules.

*Seward.* Mr. Hogg, there is a greater difference than merely of one syllable—between humility and humiliation. The receiver of such charitable donations, my dear Shepherd, as he struts into pit or boxes, can have no perception either of the *το καλον*, or the *το απρεπον*. His proper place is—at half price—the one shilling gallery.

*Shepherd.* But he wudna see there, sir.

*Seward.* Let him smoke his cigar for supper in his garret in Grub Street.

*Shepherd.* But what wou'd become o' a newspaper without a theatrical critic ?

*Seward.* Ha ! I have Socratically brought you to the point, Jem.

Let them get critiques written by gentlemen. Nothing ungentlemanly in living by one's wits. All professional men do so—and why not critics? If a critique on Miss Fanny Kemble's Juliet be worth a guinea to the proprietor of a newspaper, out of his fob with it, into the fob of the gentleman that does the article.\* And if a ticket to the boxes be worth a crown to gentlemen in general, let the said critic melt his guinea, and disburden his fob of a crown at the receipt of custom, like gentlemen in general; or, if not, then, that there may be no deception, let him, like a Blue-gown, wear a badge on his breast, inscribed, "Free admittance," and then, instead of being elbowed on a full night, by pauper-paper-puppies aping the airs of play and pay—we shall know the pensioners; and to prevent ourselves from being incommoded, show them, with all appropriate ceremony, to the door.

*Shepherd.* You're just baith o' you twa prood fules.

*North.* My dear Mr. Ballantyne, your Journal is a jewel. But has Miss Kemble, or has she not, in tragedy, *genius*? Her attitudes—her whole personal demeanour—are beautiful. They are uniformly appropriate to the character and to the situation—and in exquisite appropriateness lies—Beauty—the poetical word—in one sense—for it has many—for—adaptation. But the *power* of such adaptation cannot be without a fine and profound *feeling* of that to which it lends outward and visible form; and that feeling, since it regards the impersonations of the highest poetry, can exist only in a mind that has been inspired by the breath of imagination. Now, like affects like; and therefore the actress who sits, stands, looks, smiles, sighs, shrieks, swoons, and dies—like Juliet—is a girl of genius—and that girl, were there not another such in the world, is the daughter of that accomplished actor, perfect gentleman, and excellent man, my friend Charles Kemble.†

*Omnes.* Hurra—hurra—hurra!

*North.* But not only are Miss Kemble's attitudes—I use that term to express her entire action—her appearance, her apparition—beautiful; they are also classical,—that is to say, the spirit of Art breathes in and over the spirit of Nature,—for both are alike divine, since they have one common origin,—and thus she often stands before our eyes,

\* Free admissions to theatres and other places of amusement should be abolished. Editors are as much entitled to free loaves and free legs-of-mutton, from bakers and butchers, as to free seats from managers. The free-admission, or dead-head system, is the fruitful parent of newspaper puffery. It prevails slightly in Paris, and is going out in England.—M.

† Charles Kemble, now (1854) in his eightieth year, was not intended for the stage, but his brother and sister were such distinguished performers, that he quitted the government office to which he was appointed, and took to acting. He was many years on the stage (in the provinces and in London), before he became a favourite, and it is questionable whether, under any other management than that of John Kemble, his brother, he could have been allowed such a long probation as he had. From 1813, however, until age incapacitated him, Charles Kemble—albeit he ever whined and ranted too much—took the lead at Covent-garden Theatre, in tragedy lovers and genteel comedy. His best characters were Mercutio, Benedick, Cassio (his drunken scene showing what may be called gentlemanly intoxication), Falconbridge, Pierre, Marc Antony, Edgar, Mirabel, Doricourt, Captain Absolute, and Charles Surface. In *Hamlet* *Macbeth*, and other lofty Shaksperian heroes, he was drawing and monotonous.—M.

with all the glowing warmth of a living woman, inspired by some strong passion of love or hate; and, at the same time, idealized into a speaking statue, in which the "divine rage" is tempered, and subdued down to the equable and permanent level of legitimate emotion; yes, of legitimate emotion, for the perfect truth of nature, as human nature is seen in this life enjoying or suffering, even in its loveliest or loftiest forms, would be bad painting, bad statuary, bad poetry, bad oratory, bad acting; in all these Arts, called, therefore, Fine, we must have shown us the concentrated essence of passion, rectified and refined—pure from baser matter—and mysteriously etherealized; and she who, in her nineteenth year,\* and, however instructed by the best domestic tuition, a novice on the stage, *does that*, Mr. Ballantyne, if not throughout the whole continuous course of any one character—yet I believe Miss Kemble in some characters effects that achievement—is a girl of genius, and well entitled to stand—not, most assuredly, on that pedestal on which, as Mr. Buller rightly affirmed, the paid press had endeavoured to place her side by side with THE SIDDONS, with their heads at the same altitude, and shining in the same lustrous line of immortals—but on a humbler seat along with the inspired, from which no living actress may displace her, but which she herself will leave ere long, rising surely, and not slowly, from one place of honour to another, till, in the consummation of her skill, and the maturity of her powers, she shall place herself at last—listen all ye men to me, a prophet—I will not dare to say how near, or how far below THE SIDDONS; for she—be it known to all men—is unapproachable in her sphere—but, in the same constellation, consisting of not many stars, but those how bright! of which Sarah will for ever be the central light, round which all the rest will continue to revolve (forgive my astronomy), and from "her golden urn draw light."

*Shepherd.* Hoo can them do that that never saw her?

*North.* That, James, is their look-out, and not mine. None of your hypercriticism. Then her voice, dear Mr. Ballantyne, her *voice*. Its intonations, in tragedy—and the tragic is the test of spoken music—are touching in the extreme—silver-sweet and naturally mournful; the simple sentences that Shakspeare, in their hour of agony, breathes from the lips of the Daughters of his brain, the Joys and the Grievs, flowing from her heart as if they were all native there,—in music *re-married* as it were to immortal verse,—never on my ear fell so simply as from Fanny Kemble.

*Shepherd.* I wush I had said that! You're aye stealing ma best thochts—ye auld sinner!

*North.* What the devil do the blockheads mean by telling us (vulgar hounds!) that her *organ* is not yet very strong—and that her figure is

\* In August, 1830, Fanny Kemble was in her twenty-second year. In 1854, she is in her forty-sixth.—M.



not yet fully developed ! Would they have a delicate girl of nineteen to "bawl for a boat across the ferry," or to exhibit the proportions of a matron, the happy mother of ten children, all of whom she nursed, both on feeling and principle, at her own ample bosom, as is well seen upon her, to the horror of her husband and the astonishment of all the rest of mankind !

*Shepherd.* Haw ! haw ! haw !

*North.* Miss Kemble's voice does not want volume—but then the volume of a young lady's voice, I humbly submit to this society, ought not to be in folio. Miss Kemble's figure is elegantly and gracefully moulded, and he who is not satisfied with her face, after having studied her eyes and forehead, but begins bothering you with vulgar and unintelligible stuff about her nose—as whether it be a little cocked or not a little cocked, or by what epithet you would finally, and, in "malice aforethought," characterize it—or whether her mouth be shaped on this, that, or the t'other model—as if there were not millions of indescribable mouths in this populous world, shaped on no model whatever, and yet very kissable mouths too, and when they speak, flowing, like the land of Canaan, with milk and honey—why, such a nincom poop or ninnyhammer can excite in you no other idea of feeling save one of each—combined into a strong desire—to ascertain the shape of his own nose, not by observation, but experiment, and to set the much-agitated question respecting the amount of his own mouth for ever at rest, by tearing it with your two thumbs—somewhat after the fashion of an American gouger, with merely a change of feature—from ear to ear, which as it would be monstrous to elongate, you have a good mind to crop.

*Shepherd.* You auld savage !

*North.* 'Tis indeed at once ludicrous and loathsome to hear such critical homunculi delivering final judgment on a young lady's mouth. They deliver it with a pompous trepidation, as if they had been sworn on a play-bill to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to the best of their belief, as it shall *not* be asked of them, and as they shall answer to Mr. Manager Murray, on the last night of Miss Kemble's performance—so help them, printer's devil !

*Mullion.* Stop, stop, sir. Remember the Chaldee. You're getting a little impious.

*Shepherd.* Remember the Chaldee ! It was me that wrote the Chaldee.

*Mullion.* HEM !!!

*North.* Now, my dear Mr. James Ballantyne—

*A. Ballantyne.* James, I told you that you were wrong.

*J. Ballantyne.* Nay, brother ! "that is the most unkindest cut of all." You did not say so, Sandy, till you read Sir Walter's letter.

*A. Ballantyne.* But I *thought* so, lad.

*Shepherd.* Brithers 'aye differ about a' matters baith o' taste and judgment—baith o' theory and practice—the affairs baith o' this world and the next. I ken that weel by my ain experience. A' my brithers are gude honest fallows, and we would do a' we could, in a reasonable way, for ane anither; but in maist matters o' opinion, frae the doctrine o' savin' grace doon to the best traps for mowdiwarts, we're at daggers-drawing; and it's impossible to drink a gill wi' the doucest o' them, without finding him as dour at an argument as a wuddy.

*J. Ballantyne.* It cannot but be disheartening to me, gentlemen—and what, in common parlance, is called a “damper”—to know that I have broached an opinion on the genius of Miss Fanny Kemble in *THE JOURNAL*—(necessity alone could compel me, at a *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, to name so very humble a periodical—yet, though humble, I hope honourable)—which I have since learned is at variance with that of Christopher North and Sir Walter Scott.\* But though to such authorities I bow my head, here and thus—(*bowing urbanely to Mr. North*)—I cannot, *will not*—even to them—surrender my judgment. (*Hear, hear!*) You, sir, have been so kind as to express a favourable opinion generally of my taste and feeling in theatrical criticism—and though I dare not believe that I deserve your eulogium, yet knowing the honesty of my intentions, I confess that I heard it with pride. What heart, sir, could be insensible to the exquisite beauty of your most poetical and philosophical delineation of the genius of a true Tragic Actress? Assuredly not mine. But does that genius belong to Miss Fanny Kemble? I have said—No. Remembering her in her best character, I cannot recognise the Original in that Picture. That may be my misfortune—not that of the amiable and ingenuous girl, whom in comedy I ventured to call already more than good, and to predict that ere long she would not be less than great. I fear not that in that judgment I shall be found mistaken; I hope that in the other I may. And happy indeed, gentlemen, will I be, if the daughter of Charles Kemble and the niece of Sarah Siddons exhibit, what, perhaps, never yet has been exhibited on any stage, the union in one lady of the highest power, both in Tragedy and in Comedy; and that Miss Fanny Kemble will be hailed by admiring audiences, on the same night as *Thalia* and *Melpomene*.

*Omnes.* Hear, hear, hear!

*A. Ballantyne (to Blackwood.)* James has spoken well, and has more than redeemed his lost credit. Has he not, Mr. North?

\* In June, 1830, when Fanny Kemble was performing at Edinburgh, Scott went to see her, and has recorded in his Diary what he thought of her Isabella;—“It was,” he says, “a most creditable performance. It has much of the genius of Mrs. Siddons, her aunt. She wants her beautiful countenance, her fine form, and her matchless dignity of step and manner. On the other hand, Miss Fanny Kemble has very expressive, though not very regular features, and what is worth it all, great energy mingled with and characterized by correct taste.”—M.

*North.* He has. My dear A. B., I am delighted to hear your voice. Believe me, when I say, that you do not sit below the salt in my esteem.

*Shepherd.* The human heart is shaped very like this table—a sort o' oval, and thus freens can be accommodated in the ane, and at the ither, without ony body pretendin' to ony precedence, and to the prevention o' a' quarrels, on that pint, atween love and pride.

*North.* When last, my dear friend, at the Trows?

*A. Ballantyne.* Let me see—do you know, sir, that I never remember—time.

*North.* Except, my dear Sandy, when your Cremona is at your heart, and then you never forget time. Ah! the tones of thy violin are indeed divine. They gradually steep the imagination in a dream of moonlight seas,—of the shadows of old glimmering forests,—and when they lend their aid to awaken to loftiest pitch some one of Handel's sacred harmonies, methinks, Sandy, that we then see into the very heart of heaven, and hear the instrumental anthems of angels.

*Shepherd.* Poo! I just perfectly hate and abhor a concert. It souns to my lugs as if ilka ane o' aiblins a dizen chields, a' reckoned musicianers too, were tryin' to play louder and faster nor his neighbour, wha may be glowering thro' specs at the sam byeuck, and a' playin' too, on different instruments, and, there wou'd be sma' danger in swearin', no abune twa o' them the same tune. Mr. Alexander, for fifety roaratoryawes, I wou'd na gie a cheep—o' your "bit whusle."

*A. Ballantyne (susurrans to the SHEPHERD.)* Um. My dear sir, the Trows, I am happy to say, are well—so is the Kerse. The fish?

*North.* Yes—yes—I received him, my dear Sandy, in a state of seraphic preservation—burnished silver without—and burnished gold within—for do you know, you salmon-striker, that his majesty the King of the Fins is never so royal—nor am I ever so loyal—as when the red runs into yellow, like the lustre of a comet—a colour to which language in its poverty has no name,—for that which house-painters show on bits of pasteboard as salmon-colour is more like that of the Shepherd's nose.

*Shepherd.* Ma nose is nae mair sawmon-colour nor your ain, sir; but indeed, it's no easy to ken what's the colour o' your neb, the hues o' your face are sae multifawrious. It wou'd require a proboscis as strong as a het poker to make anything like a successfu' staun' again' the spats o' lowe flamin' in ominous circles on your brass cheeks. But this I ken, that if ever you gang intill a field whare there is a bill, you had better walk back-foremost, for that face will enrage a beast that canna thole red mair than wou'd the hail body o' a mail-coach guard on the king's birth-day.

*North.* James, the well-known and much-admired paleness o' my face protects it from your sarcasms.

*A. Ballantyne.* We boiled one, sir, "in his ain broo," that is, *ye ken*, in Tweed water—in a "wife's great big muckle black pat," as said a bit callanty frae the cottage where we borrowed it,—not an hour having elapsed between that anxious moment, when the Kerse unhooked him for me on a sand-shoal between the rocks—after a set-to of some twenty minutes, and no more—for my gut is always triple at the Trows, and would pull out a whale if I had room to play him—and that moment free from all anxiety about any thing in heaven or on earth, when the first flake of crimson curdle—after, I fear, *no* grace—reposed between my tongue and palate—*melting in* a flavour, which in richness and delicacy—a rare union in either fish, flesh, or fowl—did, Mr. North, in truth and verity, I assure you, surpass that even of any salmon I ever swallowed in your society—in a dream.

*North.* Why dost thou never break the gloom of my solitude at the Lodge, by the light of thy countenance and cigar, nowadays, my dear Smoker?

*A. Ballantyne.* I understood, my good sir, that you were in Switzerland.

*North.* So I am. You are a tame trout-fisher, Sandy—with a small fly, a dreamer of dreams. Last time I came up to you on the greensward of Cardrona mains, I could not but imagine that you must have dropped your wedding-ring in the water, you looked so meditative and woebegone; but by a Fish at the tail of your line, you are suddenly transfigured into an impersonation of all that is most active, scientific, and intrepid in this sublunary world. Your styles are different—but you belong to the same class as "The Kerse."

*A. Ballantyne.* After such salmon as you have seen me kill, Mr. North, all trouts are pars.

*Shepherd.* Pawrs mennons—and mennons expelled iktheolodgy. To a bit body that fishes but for pawrs, or wha at least never grupps naething else, like North there, sawmons, in his imagination, maun be like whawls,

"Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait."

*A. Ballantyne.* Mr. North, James, is the best trout-angler with the fly in Europe.

*North.* I have tried the sport, my dear boy, in the best and worst streams in every quarter of the globe, and never yet by mortal man was outnumbered.

*Shepherd.* But wecht, sir, wecht—what say ye till wecht? I have asked ye that a thoosan times, and never gotten ony satisfactory answer—naething but a haw, hoast, or a hum—what say ye till wecht?

*A. Ballantyne* (in a low voice to the SHEPHERD.) Every great man has his weaknesses, Mr. Hogg. Venerate that gray head—hush—

bush—hush!—Yes, Mr. North, for weight too I'll back you against the world.

*North.* And I you, Sandy, *at rod or bow.*

*Shepherd.* As I'm a Christian, there has that cretur been staunin on his hind legs, a' this time, ever syne he spanged out o' the Sanctum, wi' his forepaws on the back o' North's chair, wi' his head owre his left shoulder, cheek by jowl wi' him, just a joint-yeditor! O'Bronte, ma man, let yoursel' down on a' fowres like ony other dowg—for in that posture you're gettin' fearsome, and ane thinks o' horrible stories o' Black Familiars.

*North.* Ambrose! (*Enter AMBROSE.*) A chair for O'Bronte.

(*MR. AMBROSE places a chair for "THE DOWG," which he instantly occupies, between NORTH and CRAIGELLACHIE.*)

*Shepherd.* I've changed ma min'—ma sair throat's gane—and I'll gie ye a bit sang.

*Omnes.* The Shepherd's song—the Shepherd's song—the Shepherd's song.

*Shepherd (sings.)*

Frae royal Wull that wears the crown\*  
To Yarrow's lowliest shepherd-clown,  
Time wears unchancy mortals down,  
I've marked it late and air.  
The souplest knee at length will crack,  
The lythest arm, the sturdiest back—  
And little siller Sampson lack  
For cuttin' o' his hair.

Mysell for speed had not my marrow,  
Thro' Teviot, Ettrick, Tweed, and Yarrow  
Strang, straight, and swift like winged arrow.  
At market, tryst, or fair.  
But now I'm turned a hirplin' carle,  
My back its ta'en the cobbler's swirl,  
And deil a bodle I need birl  
For cuttin' o' my hair.

On Boswell's green was nane like me,  
My hough was firm, my foot was free,  
The locks that cluster'd owre my bree  
Cost many a hizzie sair.  
The days are come I'm no sae crouse—  
An ingle cheek—a cogie douce,  
An' fash nae shears about the house  
Wi' cuttin' o' my hair.

\* William Henry, Duke of Clarence, third son of George III. born in August, 1765, became King of England, on the 26th June, 1830, on the death of George IV., his brother. Parliamentary Reform and the abolition of Slavery in all parts of the British Empire, were the great public enactments during his reign. He died, June, 1837, having been seven years on the throne.

It was an awfu' head I trow,  
It waur'd baith young an auld to cow  
An burnin red as heather-lowe,  
Gar'd neebors start and stare.  
The mair ye cut the mair it grew  
An' ay the fiercer flamed its hue—  
I in my time hae paid enew  
For cuttin' o' my hair.

But now there's scarce aneuch to grip—  
When last I brought it to the clip,  
It gied the shaver's skill the slip  
On haffets lank and bare.  
Henceforth to this resolve I'll cling,  
Whate'er its shape, to let it hing,  
And keep the cash for ither thing  
Than cuttin' o' my hair.

(*The usual applause.*)

*Seward.* Admirable—incomparable—inimitable—my matchless Shepherd.

*Shepherd.* What's the use o' a' thae substantives, sir? I ken it's a gude sang—and weel sung too—say that—and ye say aneuch.

*Seward.* I beseech you for a copy—Jem, my jewel—

*Shepherd.* What! wou'd you offer for to gang to sing't in ony Christian company, wi' a great, rough, black, toozy head o' hair like that, man, that if tharawn intil the petrifyin' well at Barncluth, would, in future ages, be thocht by antyquawrians to be the stane head o' Nimrod, or o' ane o' the giants that melled wi' the dochters o' man afore the Flood? Hoots—toots—keep to the Caribineers. O'Bronte, gie's a sang.

*O'Bronte.* Bow—wow—wow—wow—bow—wow—wow—wow!

*Shepherd.* Faldy aldy niddle noddle—bow—wow—wow! Sandy, man, canna ye accompany us on the "bit whussle?"

*O'Bronte.* Whew—whew—whew—whew—whew—whew!

*Shepherd.* That's pawthetic. Thank ye for your sang, O'Bronte, Now, creesh your craig. That's richt, North.

(*MR. NORTH gives O'BRONTE a glass of brandy. He bows—bolts it—and licks his chops.*)

*Shepherd.* Like maister like dowg. But we were promised some politics. Let's have them noo—and I propose that nane speak but Mr. North, Mr. Tickler, Mr. Buller, Mr. Shooard, and me; and when we hae settled the affairs o' the nation, then let us a' begin speakin' at ance through ither, and a' as fast an' loud's we are able; no' confin'in' ourselfs to ony partiklar soobject, but embracing the hail range o' the awnimal, vegetable, and stane creawtion. Mr. North, begin, and tell us something about the new king's sons.

*North.* Eh!

*Shepherd.* Say that I am ashamed to say, Mr. North, that though the evening's advancin', we hae yet had nae usefu' and impruvin' conversation, but hae a' been talkin' great havers. We are, this night, like an army twenty thousand strang—sae let's hae some poleetical information, sir, frae yoursell and Mr. Tickler, and Mr. Buller, and Mr. Shooard, wha maun hae brung plenty o't wi' them frae Lunnun, whare it's a' brew'd. What kind o' chaps are the new king's sons?

*North.* The Fitzclarences are all fine fellows. The Colonel is an accomplished scholar, a zealous Orientalist, and a very clever writer of the English tongue. His "Hussar's Letters," in the United Service Journal, are, I think, about the very best of the many sketches on military doings produced in our time—truth, vigour, liveliness, and a great deal of right good fun.\*

*Shepherd.* It's a pity he's no Prince o' Wales—but his father maun mak a lord, if no a deuk, of him belyve; and if he comes doon wi' the rest o' them, od let's gie him a denner at Awmrose's. What for no?

*North.* He deserves both distinctions, and shall have them. The days of dukedoms, indeed, are past and gone; but he will be an honour to the peerage.

*Buller.* He could not be a greater honour to it than his cousin of Richmond.† There's the man that should be premier of England. I wish to God, Mr. North, I could agree with you in the view that I know you take of affairs! But I am sorry to say that I think it highly probable the Duke may succeed in what nobody can question to be his object—buying over, I mean, so many of the borough-mongering interests, both Whig and Tory (so called,) as to avoid the necessity of closing with either the Whig or Tory party. His purpose clearly is, to have a government of mere expediency: he is done the moment he is compelled to assert openly any one line of principle. There is as wide a difference between his system and that of Pitt as there ever was or

\* Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated comedian, was mistress of the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) for more than twenty-one years, during which time they had five sons and five daughters. When the Duke became King, his eldest son, Col. George Fitzclarence, was created Earl of Munster and Viscount Fitzclarence, and the rest of the family received precedence as if they had been the legitimate children of an Earl, whereby they became entitled, male and female respectively, to affix the title of Lord and Lady to his or her Christian name. The Earl of Munster had served with credit and distinction in the Peninsular War, and subsequently, in 1817, during the Mahratta War in India. In 1819, he published his *Overland Tour*, a work of some merit—though said to have been revised, if not re-written, by Mr. Jerdan, then of the *Literary Gazette*. In 1830, he was made a peer. In March, 1842, he committed suicide. He was an amiable man, rather well-meaning than able, and very proud (albeit illegitimate) of his descent. It is proper to add, that when his father parted with Mrs. Jordan, in 1811, in a capricious and even cruel manner, the Earl of Munster, then almost wholly depending on his pay as a subaltern in the army, hastened to his mother's aid—even at the risk of injuring his own situation and prospects.—M.

† The Duke of Richmond, born in 1791. He was in office, a member of the Grey Cabinet, from 1830 to 1834, and resigned, (in company with the present Earl of Derby and Sir James Graham), because the Ministry contemplated appropriating the surplus revenue of "the Church of England in Ireland," (as it is called,) to the secular purposes of education. Ever since, the Duke has been a Conservative, and is a strong Protectionist. He would have made a very indifferent Premier.—M.

will be between *tyranny* and *law* in the abstract. In short, I do not believe that we are so near the happy epoch of party and principle restored, as I know you sanguinely suppose.

*Seward.* I agree with my friend Buller, that the Duke's plan is to detach the great houses, one by one, from their hereditary principles and connexions, until he has chained to his chariot-wheels just as much vote-power as may suffice to drag the machine through. And upon my soul, sir, such have been the crawling baseness, the ineffable cowardice, the slimy selfishness, exhibited in high places within the last three years, that I consider it as far from impossible he may achieve this magnificent object of heroic ambition!

*Shepherd.* Capital!

*North.* Why, your sneer at the *hero*, Mr. Seward, appears to me rather misplaced. The Duke seems to be much of the same kidney with such of his predecessors in that line, as we know much about. At first sight, to be sure, one is melancholy contemplating the man whose great actions have filled the ear of Europe,—whose determined resolution, inexhaustible patience, and indomitable fire, were the appointed instruments of Providence for overthrowing a Napoleon,—one is vexed, and even feels a species of self-humiliation, in thinking of such a being as he is, spending what strength of mind and body may be left to him in the tracasseries of petticoat politics, and the bargaining of boudoirs!

*Shepherd.* Mr. Jeems Scawlett, where are you?

*Tickler.* In the lowest depths of degradation in which ever Whig dived down into the dirt.\* There let him stick—and be bammed.

*North.* Faugh on the slave! Good God! can Wellington—he that has breathed the breath of a hundred battles—that has struggled with the demigods—can he stoop to chaffer over uncertain votes with a Billy Holmes!—to arrange *considerations* with George Dawson!†—to fawn on demireps!—to wheedle harridans! Faugh!—faugh!—faugh!

*Shepherd.* Reenge your mouth, sir, wi' some speerits—od, ye look as if ye were pushioned——

*North.* Not a whit—I was only mentioning what might, at first sight, or to a young man, be a not unnatural view of the subject. As for

\* Sir James Scarlett, one of the ablest advocates who ever pleaded in an English Court of Law, had distinguished himself by the liberality of his political opinions. When Canning was made Premier, in 1827, he made Scarlett Solicitor-General. Early in 1828, when Wellington assumed the Premiership, certainly on anti-Canning principles, Scarlett, changing his politics, remained in office, greatly to the damage of his character as a public man. In 1829, he became Attorney-General, and, goaded into loss of temper by public opinion, brought actions against some of the London journals, for libels on the Government and "The Duke." The Whigs came into office in November, 1830. Had Scarlett been consistent, he must have been Lord Chancellor. Instead of him, however, Brougham was appointed. In 1834, on Peel's return to office, Scarlett was made Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and raised to the peerage, as Lord Abinger. He was irritable, as a judge, from ill-health, and showed a political bias on the bench. He died in 1844.—M.

† William Holmes was the ministerial "whipper-in" of the House of Commons, at this time. George R. Dawson, (who, as M.P. for Londonderry, had given the first intimation at a public dinner there, in 1828, that Wellington would probably grant "Catholic Emancipation,") was brother-in-law of Sir Robert Peel, and is now Deputy-Chairman of the English Board of Customs.—M.



myself, I have no need to learn at this time of day, that a hero is not necessarily either an Alexander or a Cæsar. Marlborough, the night before Blenheim, could blow out a candle to save twopence worth of wax—Frederick could spend the very morning after Rosbach in composing a lampoon upon Madame Pompadour—Bonaparte, most of us know how he occupied himself the evening the allies entered Paris—and all of us know that he, for some years of his life, made it his prime object to annoy Major-General Sir Hudson Lowe—and really, with these things in our recollection, I think we may spare our wonder on finding in the immortal Wellington, fifteen years after Waterloo—to speak civilly—rather more of the serpent than the eagle.

*Seward.* Most potent senior, I was not quite so raw as to merit all these *fusées de la rhétorique*. Nobody can have attached less of the schoolboy notion of the heroic to his grace than myself. I have always considered him as the coolest and clearest-headed of men,—a human being as devoid of nerves and feelings as his own Achilles,—and therefore understood easily enough why he should have baffled, one after another, a whole generation of bubble-brained Frenchmen. But I have also all along known something of his tricks—his choice of aides-de-camp, for example—and was prepared to hear quite as composedly as yourself, that he who conquered in the field simply by the unrivalled simplicity of his tactics, might take the other tack in the cabinet, or, if you will, in the boudoir.

*Shepherd.* Od, he's surely an unco pawky chield, that Dyeuck o' Wallinton. I'm sure, if he had either the Whigs or the Tories buckled to him, I think them baith sic gowks, that I have nae doubt he might gar them follow his fancy just amaist as easy as thae puir worthless cratur's that he's obliged to lippen to yenow.

*Buller.* His genius, sir, backed by his reputation, might have, under ordinary circumstances, secured him authority, enough to satisfy even his ambition, in a cabinet composed of materials of another stamp. But I suppose Seward thinks it is too late to try the experiment now.

*Tickler.* I know not what either Seward or Buller thinks, but I know what I think myself; and it is this:—Had Castlereagh lived, he would at this moment have been the honoured chief of a Tory cabinet, with the Duke for his *alter ego*. But that precious head and heart once removed, Wellington was left among all the elements of discord—burning jealousies, petty spleens, timidity, arrogance, the obstinacy of old age, the petulance of youth, the audacity of a rival genius, the suppleness of a predestined sneaker, the restlessness of a quack here, the moroseness of a gin-horse there. It was obvious that Lord Liverpool's premiership was no more than a name—and that the battle must be decided between the Wellington of Waterloo and the Wellington of the House of Commons. The war commenced soon, and went on with steady bitterness in privacy, until an unlooked for event

at all ! I protest, that I never could understand how the Scotch Lowlanders, sixteen hundred thousand, I believe, out of twenty, settle accounts with the Highlanders, or they again with the Irish. For never yet could I find, in the writers upon the Catholic Question, that the army was recruited any where but in Ireland ; or, indeed, the navy. On the other hand, in tours innumerable of Scottish parentage, &c., &c., I have ascertained that no charge was ever made, no position captured, no fortress stormed, except by a Highland regiment—in most cases, the very same regiment. And yet I find, that whilst army and navy demanded half a million of men at one time, the entire body of fighting men in the Scotch Highlands are not above 100,000, had all been levied ; and of these, I have understood that no more than 3,000 ever served at one time in the British army.

Sir Christopher, you will not suspect me of doing the very thing I complain of so bitterly in others ; no man ever threw a doubt upon the behaviour of either Highlanders or Irish. But their exclusive pretensions are ridiculous in the eyes of all really brave men. Look, for example, at Colonel Napier's book.\* He knows of no such distinctions, which would throw into the shade the great body of the united people, viz., English and Scotch Lowlanders. You and I remember a time when our Theatres were deafened with *bravuras* about "*British honour*," and "*British courage*," and "*British spirit*," (this last by the way, a dangerous experiment on our ears,) until cynics began to tell us that the earth was sick of our vanities, and mere shame, though taking perhaps its first impulse from hatred even to our just pretensions, drove us to a little modesty. Now, I would suggest to the *proneurs* of the Highland regiments, that the public mind is approaching to the same point on this case ; and that a nation of gallant men are in the end almost as much injured in public feeling by such extravagancies for them, as if they came from themselves.

I might now come upon the ground of our Universities, and the obstinate prejudices about *them* ; for instance, Mr. Dugald Stewart's determination that Locke should be expelled from the University of Oxford, and expelled for his philosophy ; or Mr. Playfair's yet grosser misstatements about both Universities. Or I might undertake the same prejudice, as it applied still more broadly to our intellectual differences in general. But what I have said is enough as instances ; and I come now to the main point I had in view, viz. that sort of appeal which the case itself makes to the justice of the Scotch, when one or two points are properly cleared up. There is a notion prevalent, that, amongst the amiable characteristics of the English (for some I suppose they have), is generosity. I shall not allow myself to build too much on that assumption, merely because it is a Scotch writer who

\* Napier's History of the Peninsular War.—M.

most frequently insists on it, viz. Sir Walter Scott. But certainly, the temper which grants fair play to an antagonist, does seem to me conspicuously exhibited in England. Grant *her* that benefit. Some time ago, I remember reading a book by a Frenchman, describing the circumstances of a visit to London. Knowing, as I did, the foundation which there really is for some of those feelings towards his countrymen, which he charged upon us as base prejudices, and although I saw in many cases that he mistook mere English reserve, or perhaps even *mauvaise honte*, for hauteur; yet, for the soul of me, I could not but sympathise with a man of honour, stung to the very heart by the caricatures and lampoons upon his nation, and make allowances even when a wounded spirit prompted him to adopt as a rule of conduct, that he would, as sailors say, "*turn to*" on behalf of his injured country, that he would freeze those who froze him, would bow as slightly as the proud English bowed to him, that he would answer carelessness by carelessness, and retort scorn for scorn. In reality, can he be himself an estimable man, who is willing that his country should be lightly esteemed; or ought a man to accept a regard offered to him as an exception to his countrymen? Yet I must think that the Scotch have less weighty ground against us, than we against the French, not to mention that we are as much misrepresented in France, and meet with as much injustice as they with us. This brings me to the point. You will say, are not the Scotch liable to as deep injury from prejudice in England, and unfounded contempt, as the English, in the cases you have been stating? I say, No. *Fuit Ilium*. Such prejudices there were; at present they are banished to the vulgar. Those which now exist are all the other way. Sir Walter Scott has remarked (*Mal. Malagrowthor*.) that in this day every Scotchman has his peculiar talent, if anything *over-valued* in England. In fact there is a perfect superstition prevailing amongst the English in behalf of Scotch talent. But there are certain jokes outstanding against the Scotch? Doubtless; those, for example, of Dr. Johnson, Churchill, &c.—no jokes, I grant, with *them*, but in the general use no more than those upon the medical body, upon lawyers, upon husbands, as liable to frontal honours, &c., which no man is so thinskinny as to interpret gravely. At this moment I contend, that of all the prejudices ever started against the Scotch, one only keeps its ground in good society in England, viz.—that which ascribes to the Scotch, more than common "*discretion*" (that is the term in India.) i. e. too keen a regard to their own interest, and too close a cohesion amongst each other in foreign lands. I know not how true this may be; but, as nations go, I think any nation well off that bears no worse of itself. Sir Christopher, the Scotch pride, noble in many points, in one is not so; it is gloomy and ferocious. When an affront is seen or fancied, nothing can propitiate it. Let me therefore suggest one little truth, having already suggested that at this

moment the old affronts are obsolete, or have descended to the use of vulgar low-bred people. The little truth is this: You know, and I know, that a considerable number of worthy men, but for which of their merits neither of us knows, have been kicked out of Scotland. Now these people, one and all, betake themselves to the press, in various characters; in fact, three-fourths of the London newspaper press is in the hands of the Scotch. And these gentlemen it is—unnatural sons of Scotland—who chiefly sting her with insults. Yet, coming from London, they are all put down to us, generally speaking, innocent—English. Hence standing irritation in the public mind in Scotland, which, as occasions offer, is paid back on the wrong men.

Now, Sir Christopher, after stating my firm determination to abscond, if your reply promises to be on the same scale as my speech, I conclude for the present.

*(This address is listened to with the most profound silence. At its close, many contributors, of all nations, spring to their feet.)*

*Shepherd.* Let me answer 't.

*Mullion.* And me.

*Tickler.* And me.

*Delta and Modern Pythagorean.* And us.

*Buller and Seward.* Arcades ambo.

*North.* No—no—no! Gentlemen, be seated. I insist upon it. *(The insurrection is quelled.)* A very few words, my dear sir, so you need not—must not—abscond. First, There are many vulgar idiots in all nations—shove them aside—English and Scotch—and thus we get rid, in a moment, of much senseless insolence towards both countries. That score is wiped off—and their base guilt is held to be equal. Secondly, From senseless idiots take one step up to common blockheads in each of the two nations. The Scotch commonplace blockheads sneer at the people of England for being sensual in their feeding. The English commonplace blockheads sneer at the people of Scotland for being starved. True or false, or partly true and partly false, the charge, as it is made, in both cases alike, on imperfect knowledge, and in a bad spirit, is disgraceful to both peoples, and I think that the disgrace is about equal. Thirdly, Take another step up to sensible persons, and among them, I think, you will still find, in both countries alike, much prejudice and ignorance about the character of each other, and without particularizing them, I think they are about equal. Fourthly, Ascend now into the ranks of literary men and philosophers—of higher or lower degree—and there, methinks, it would not be difficult to prove the superior candour, and freedom from national prejudice, on the part of the Scotch. Mention, my dear friend, the names of such insolent calumniators of all that is English, among equally celebrated Scotchmen, as those of Junius, Johnson, Churchill, Wilkes—men who have spared no insolent sarcasms and calumnies on our

national character. I hope—I believe—you cannot. Fifthly, Have not, in later times, Gifford, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and YOURSELF, not unfrequently—and some of you bitterly—I will add foolishly—(not you, my excellent sir)—sneered in and out of their sleeves at almost all our national literature—at its most illustrious authors? They have. Mention the names of such men in Scotland—if any such there be—who have written in the same spirit of the great English authors. I do not believe you can. Lastly, You, my dear sir, are a man of very fine perceptions, and very delicate feelings, and of very courteous manners. You are, in the noblest sense of the term, a very sensitive person. For all that—and much more—I love and admire Mr. De Quincey. Many things, both in mind and manner, will occur here, in Edinburgh, and in every other part of Scotland, which to you, an enlightened, liberal, and philosophic Englishman, must seem harsh and grating—coarse, vulgar, and low. You do not use such words—but I use them for you: and I join in your reprobation and disgust at all such exhibitions. But might not such a Scotchman as you are an Englishman be subjected in England to much of the same annoyance? I am not such a man. I admit cheerfully that in much I am your inferior. But not in courtesy, I hope, not in the dealing of a gentleman. And I declare to you, upon my honour, that I have often been disgusted, and perhaps irritated, by the same sort of undervaluing, or misrepresenting, or misconceiving, of the real character of my countrymen, in England, that has justly excited your scorn, when you have met with it, directed against your countrymen, in Scotland. I have, indeed, my dear De Quincey, a thousand times. Therefore, agreeing with you in most things, not all, that you have said so eloquently, anent our national prejudices and bigotries, pardon me if I say, that most of it is applicable to yours,—I mean to those of your countrymen in the same rank of life with ourselves. And, to conclude, the whole subject, I opine, is yet to be discussed—by you and me, in separate essays—articles for *Maga*; in which there can be no doubt, that we shall utter truths most salutary to our compatriots.

*Shepherd.* Wha was that speakin' the noo? I'm thinkin' I was a wee sleepy—did ony o' ye see me noddin'—for I cou'd hae sworn I heard the castin' o' a hive o' bees! You're a' lookin' like sae mony statues.

*North. (rising with much animation.)* Statues! Yes, gentlemen, there is now present among us one of the first sculptors in Britain. Need I mention his name?—(*Hear, hear, hear!*)—LAWRENCE MACDONALD.\* (*Immense applause.*) Poetry, Painting, Sculpture—all work in the same world—the ideal world of the Imagination. We have all seen a beautiful or sublime scene reflected in water. How

\* A clever Scottish sculptor, who afterwards returned to Italy, where he still lives.—M.

transcendently soft—or how transcendently austere—then seem the lineaments of nature! So seem they all in the reflection of the Fine Arts—more divine than in their earthly originals. But, in the reflection of the Fine Arts, Nature herself is—*changed*—essentially etherealized—and in none of them, perhaps, so much so as in Sculpture. Its creations all speak, it is true, to human affections and sympathies; but the highest of them to human affections and sympathies how far elevated above ordinary life! Abstract ideas, carrying with them their kindred and congenial Emotions of Love, Power, Grace, Majesty, and Beauty—these are embodied, impersonated in the marble—and appeal to the loftiest, purest moods of the Reason, the Imagination, and the Heart. In the Head of the Phidian Jove, we see the Nod at which Olympus trembled; in the Form of the Medicean Venus, we feel the essence of Female Loveliness purified from all taint of earthly passion; in the Apollo Belvidere, we behold the godship of the Sun, as

“He walks th’ impalpable and burning sky,”

or, in celestial disdain, smites the monsters of this earth, without any disturbance of his celestial majesty; in the Laocoon, the soul is sublimed as it shudders at the everlasting Image of Parental and Filial Love, dreadfully and mysteriously dismayed, yet not utterly overcome, by the hideous horrors sent by an insulted and avenging divinity, against the very Priest when ministering at the altar; in the Dying Gladiator, while the soul sickens in a dream

“Of pomps of guilt, and theatres of blood,”

it yet is elevated by the grand endurance of one, now a slave—once, perhaps, a Barbaric king,

“Struggling with death, and conquering agony.”

(*Loud exclamations of delight.*)

Our friend has studied nature in that School of Art whose works, dug out of the hidden gloom of earth, and the melancholy rubbish of fallen temples, have given us glorious glimpses of the divine spirit that floated of old over all the Grecian Clime. For their possession, kings and kingdoms have contended, and they have been included in treaties, by which peace was restored to a war-wearied world. Who has seen our friend’s Ajax, and his Achilles, and feels not that our native Sculptor has a Greek soul?—(*Loud cheers*)—that it is familiar, in sleeping and waking dreams, with the heroes, gods, and demi-gods of that sublime Mythology?—(*Hear, hear!*)—But, among the remains of Ancient Art, which time and the hands of worse destroyers have spared to us, there

are none, perhaps, that bear a more touching character, than the few, whether perfect or in fragments, on which the Sculptor has delighted to impress the soft grace of Youthful Beauty. On these our Beauty-worshipping Friend (*smiles—hear—hear—hear!*) has fed the Spirit of Beauty that abides within his imagination; and to what exquisite loveliness, arrayed in the sweet lustre of innocence and peace, has he moulded the pale, chaste, melancholy, and moonlight marble!—(*The most cordial cheers.*)

*Omnes.* Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

*Macdonald (rising).* Yes, sir,—yes, gentlemen,—I glory in the name of Beauty-Worshipper.—(*Loud cheering.*)—I have studied those beautiful relics of the divine creative spirit of Grecian Genius to which our Illustrious Friend has so eloquently and philosophically alluded,

“In thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.”

Alas!

“’Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!”

Yet all is not dead, while these survive—for in the Acts of Mind, the Forms of the Body are immortal, and that immortality has been conferred by her sculptors on the ideal beauties of Greece’s divine daughters, while the feet of slaves and despots, blind to all beauty but the sensual, now profane their insensate dust.—(*Hear—hear—hear!*)—Yes, sir, all the high works of sculpture, where beautiful or sublime, appeal, as you have wisely hinted, to our instructed sympathies—instructed, sir, by the study of form, and by the study of the spirit enshrouded in form, which cannot be reproduced in marble without science in the sculptor, or understood, or felt, without knowledge in the spectator,—such knowledge, sir, as can only be acquired by those who are familiar with Beauty, while she “pitches her tent before them,” as Wordsworth says, and whose “quiet eye,” as the same great poet also says, “broods and sleeps on their own heart.” Sir, there reigns in the works of sculpture a high intellectual law. The sculpture of that people, among whom alone the art was perfect, bears on it, as you have so well said, the perpetual character of ideal beauty. We recognise in the works of the other arts, the ideal character; we recognise it in the sculpture of all other nations; and we recognise it in all that remains to us of Greece—in her Poetry for example—the working of their idealizing mind. But in their sculpture only—and only in theirs—is it a perpetual and overpowering character, which strikes in the first moment upon every eye, and holds every heart half-repelled by wonder mingling with its delight.—(*Applause.*)—My sole ambition in this life, is to gain from the feeling of beauty the power of expressing it; and as Sublimity and Beauty are kindred spirits, may I dare to hope—

which I do as humbly as devoutly—that some of my future works, like those, sir, of the forms of the Ajax and Achilles, which you, sir, have been pleased to admire, may not be altogether unimpressed by the character of the Ideal Heroic.

(MR. MACDONALD *sits down amidst great applause ; and a very extraordinary reverberating echo is here discovered in the north-east angle of the Saloon.*)

*North (arises).* Gentlemen, fill a Tumbler-Bumper. We are to have a Double Number this month—now for a Double Toast—JOHN WATSON GORDON and ROBERT GIBB.—(*A welcome to the welkin.*)—John, my dear friend, hearken to the words of a friend,

“You have but one fault—but that is a thumper.”

In an age of pretension and puffery, you are too—*modest*. Yet, I love

I admire you—the more for that rare sin—not the sin, most assuredly, that in these days most easily besets men of merit. Perhaps, after all, gentlemen, our friend's genius shines the more conspicuously through the only mists that ever approach its lustre, the thin transparent cloud of his own mild and gentlemanly manners.—(*Loud acclamations.*)—I may be no great judge, perhaps, of the Fine Arts ;—(*You are—you are—from all quarters*)—and I plead guilty, in this instance, gentlemen, to the partialities of personal affection for this distinguished artist. Be it so ; yet I never, from my own experience, have found that friendship for the artist either blinds the judgment, or betrays the feeling, of his critic. The same pure, calm, bright, deep, untroubled, and most unostentatious, unglaring colouring, which belongs to Mr. Watson Gordon's own character in domestic life, hangs over one and all of his most admirable pictures.—(*Loud cheers.*)—I dislike the epithet *striking* likenesses ; for, in the vocabulary of commonplace critics, it is synonymous with *staring* ; but, “commend me” to the similitudes that steal serenely from the canvass, breathing momentarily into fresher and brighter life. Such are his portraits, which grow upon you, to a more and more perfect expression of individual character, the longer you gaze upon them, till you finally feel as if you heard the very voice of the original, and could almost believe that he was there with you in the room. But our friend's portraits have other and higher merits than even these. He is a master of all the principles of his art. That mastery enables him to embody his fine feeling of elegance and grace in faces and figures, which, without any impaired resemblance to the originals, are idealized in the true spirit of genius. With the highest opinion of the powers of those distinguished artists, Smith, Graham, and others, I do not hesitate to say, that we now drink to the health of the Best Portrait-Painter in Scotland—(*General acquiescence unequivocally expressed.*)—And now I call upon



—*that gentleman to hold up his head, while I proclaim his name with a loud voice—ROBERT GIBB!*—(*The crystals dance on the table.*)—It is delightful, Mr. Blackwood, to see how true genius, in every department of the art, steals its way—slowly, perhaps, for a while—a long while, as it seems to its possessor—but surely as fate—into due estimation at last. His character as an artist has been stamped by the choice made of him along with the ingenious George, brother of the celebrated William Simpson, by the Directors of the prosperous Institution, Hill Street, who could not have selected two more effective masters. But I know the genius of Robert Gibb as an artist, and his worth as a man, better than all the directors of all academies in the world, with the Director-General—bless him—at their head.—(*Much merriment.*)—We have scaled together many a mountain-strata—his shoulder acting as another crutch;—(*laughter*)—and looking at his exquisite sketches which fill a large portfolio that lies constantly on the sofa of my brown study, how pleasant, my dear Mr. Gibb, to follow our own footsteps (none better, notwithstanding that unlucky sprain of your dexter ankle) across the fells—with our cheerful companions—and relive a week passed in that mountain paradise.—(*The most cordial cheers.*)

(*All the powers on earth fail to force either MR. WATSON GORDON, or MR. GIBB to his legs. But they return thanks by an expression of countenance that speaks volumes—and that adds to the applause.*)

*Howie.* Did ye gang up to see the fecht, sir, atween Simon Byrne and Sandy Mackay?\*

*North.* No—Bob—I could not get away. 'Twas a bad fight—and an unfortunate business—but I trust the luckless issue of the affair will not eventually injure the ring.

*Howie.* I am glad to hear ye say sae, sir—for I am told there has been an awfu' outcry against prize-fechtin' in the papers.

*North.* The whole argument, Bob, lies in a nutshell. The English are a pugilistic people. They decide their quarrels by the fist. It is the least dangerous—the least revengeful—the least rancorous mode of doing so that can exist among the common orders. It is manly, courageous, honest, and honourable—generally speaking—and therefore ought to be upheld by all men who esteem such qualities in national character. That cannot be done without professors of pugilism; and professors of pugilism can establish their claim to that title, only by fighting publicly in a ring. The ring, then, is essential to the existence of pugilism, as the national mode of deciding and extinguishing all quarrels among the people. In the ring, out of many hundred fights, one occasionally proves fatal—and the fatality, when it occurs,

\* Mackay lost his life in this encounter.—M.

is a subject of regret—but not of great and wide lamentation, nor worthy of a general mourning or fast.

*Howie.* You speak weel, sir, on all subjects. What mair?

*North.* Prize-Fights are, notwithstanding, illegal. They cannot well be otherwise; but the Law has wisely winked at them—and some of the highest Judges in the Law have regarded them with no disfavour—but in the light of necessary and useful pastimes even, the support of Fair Play out of the Ring, and an encouragement given to all manliness in the sentiment of quarrels and the satisfaction of insults. Such is the feeling of the vast majority of the educated classes in England. On the other hand, many persons of much worth, and fine sensibilities, are shocked by what they have been taught, or have taught themselves, to think brutal, ferocious, and cruel—and confining their attention solely to the spectacle of bloody and bruised faces and figures, without any consideration of all the collateral circumstances, and all the consequences, results, and effects, look on all such exhibitions as disgraceful to a civilized age. They are ninnies, Bob. But being good sort of people enough in their own way, I content myself with merely saying that they know nothing of the character of Englishmen. Some people, again, try all things by religion. Pugilism will not stand that test—nor indeed will any kind of warfare, either private or public—and if they must weep over Moulsey Hurst, they ought to die at the bare idea of Waterloo. But thousands and tens of thousands who brutally abuse Prize-Fighting, are themselves worse blackguards than any that ever entered a ring. Every word they utter against the ring is a lie—and they know it. No punishment is too much for such miscreants. They assert that they can see no difference between the accidental death sometimes befalling in the ring—in fair fighting—and the cutting a man's throat at midnight in his bed, by a burglarious murderer. The law, say they, in a late case, ought to take its course—and Simon Byrne ought to be hanged? This is brutally wicked—and they who hold such language are not fit to live. Had they insults or injuries of their own to requite—how deadly would be their revenge! I think Simon will be acquitted.

*Howie.* I wou'd like to hear the man that wou'd try to answer that—he wou'd soon show himself a sump.

*North.* It was ludicrous, Bob, to hear the national exultation—I can call it by no other name—with which the people of Scotland looked forward to the triumph of their champion at Hanslope. Not a doubt was entertained that in a few rounds he would soon smash Simon, and then, it seems, poor Sandy was to have been—Champion of England! There was a clapping of wings and a crowing, all over hill and dale, village, town, and city, Scotland through; not a single syllable spoken in any quarter about the barbarity, the brutality, or so forth, of a battle between these Big Ones. The Newspaper Editors and Correspondents

were all up in the stirrups; and take up what Scotch Journal you might, it was like reading Bell's Life in London. The fight came off—and the Scottish champion was beaten off hand—was obstinate—and most unfortunately lost his life. Then what a hullabaloo! The abettors of, and the betters on, the battle, all set up a cry for blood! Mackay was hocussed! And murdered! And all present at the perpetration of the horrid crime—as accessaries—richly deserved the gallows! Such is the consistency—honesty—humanity—decency—piety of the press-gang! As their previous exultations, Bob, were most ludicrous, were not their subsequent execrations most loathsome? One Glasgow vagabond wrote down all manner of lies from London to the respectable editor of a west-country newspaper, which that editor, though a gentleman, I understand, published; and George Cooper, as honest a fellow as lives, against whose character that scoundrel scrub of a scribe scrawled the most infamous and self-refuted falsehoods, since he scorns to prosecute the scamp, will, I hope, break a few of his bones, should the base sinner ever have the hardihood to avow himself the writer of those unprincipled calumnies.

*Howie.* I'll do that mysell, sir, he may depend on't, gif ever he happens to watter his hack at Robert Young's o' the Mearns' Kirk.

*North.* Poor Mackay's mother was well used among the Fancy in London, and made a very pretty penny, one way and another, by her trip; and I am glad to hear the old woman is as gay as a lark. No ruffian of the ring, as the above blackguard had the insolence to call such men as Crib, Spring, and Tom Belcher, whose quarter-boots he is unworthy to wipe, used Madam Turnpenny so ill as he did himself; for he made her a mare to hang libels on, on as generous and just, as brave and humane a gentleman as is in all Scotland—Captain Barclay—who backed Sandy at his own eager request, out of pure compassion, for some twenty-five pounds, merely to help to make up the stakes—and who had none but the most trifling bets on the battle. But so it ever is with that pseudo-humanity, that in a hollow and hypocritical zeal for the upholding of the dignity of our nature, forsooth, scruples not to befoul its tongue with all stinking slanders. In a fair fight, a great, big, awkward, stupid, hulking fellow got pounded by a hard hitter, several stone under his weight, and unfortunately died of the beating; and up gets a base bagman to make that untoward event the occasion of vomiting unmeasured abuse on some of the best gentlemen in Britain. The slave ought to be choked with the foul sheets of his own slaving slander.

*Howie.* Let the leear alane for the noo. He shall get it yet, and ithers besides him, if they dinna keep a better tongue in their mouth.

*North.* Bob, more men lose their lives in "up-and-down" combats in Lancashire, to say nothing of the scores maimed for life, and ghastlily disfigured— in one year, than are killed in pitched battles. in

which the rules of pugilism are observed, in all the rest of England. The judges on the North Circuit have often declared, that they will carry the utmost rigour of the law into effect against the first combatant in a mortal struggle of that kind, convicted of what does certainly often seem to be very little better than absolute murder. Yet in the very worst cases, the details of which have been most sickening and revolting, juries have uniformly brought in verdicts of manslaughter; and the convicts have scarcely ever been doomed to any other punishment but imprisonment, and that, too, but for a few months. And is it to be borne, that the pugilist who unluckily kills his man, in a fair fight, which thousands of the most humane and enlightened men have been proud to witness—proud of the character of their countrymen as therein displayed—is to be branded by a cowardly liar with the name of murderer? Pugilism is the preserver of life. Extinguish its spirit in England, where it has long flourished in all the counties, but a few that have adopted a most detestable and savage practice,—and you will extinguish it by extinguishing the prize-ring,—and for one life that is now lost in fair fighting, you will soon have twenty foul and dastardly murders.

*Howie.* That's as plain as ma nieve. Luk at it, sir. Compare fists. (NORTH and BOB show mawleys.) Mine's the biggest—but ma faith, sir, yours is as bonny a bunch o' fives as ever was pitched into a bread-basket! Mr. North—oh! but I'm a proud man the nicht. And see, sir—the Noctes are a' asleep. We hae finished them aff haun—and are we twa no what we ever was, regular out-and-outers? Let me alane, sir, and I'll play a fine plisky.

(MR. ROBERT HOWIE takes out a brace of pocket-pistols—and fires one close at the sleeping SHEPHERD's ear—and another at the lug of the somnolent Secretary MULLION. The Noctes start up in terror—and the Saloon is involved in the smoke and smell of sulphur.)

*Mullion.* Murder—murder—fire—fire!

*Seward.* What the deuce is to do now?

*Shepherd.* This is fearsome! I smell a gunpoother plot! Ca' the Grun-Stewart! Some Guy Fawkes has gotten intil the cellerage—and ettles to blaw up the Peers! Oot wi' a' the rest o' the barrels—for twa only hae exploded—intil the street!

*North.* "The danger is past as soon as you have read that letter"—James.

(Flinging over to the SHEPHERD an invitation to a grand dinner at the Lodge.)

*Buller.* I suspect a duel. Mr. Howie, have you and North been settling an affair of honour?

(Enter PICARDY with a bunch of newspapers which he deposits on the table.)

*Ambrose.* I have just been at the post-office, sir. The Croal Comet broke down a few miles on this side of Wooler—which accounts for the late arrival of the London post.

*Shepherd.* The late arrival o' the London post! Are ye dreamin', Awmrose!

*Ambrose (consulting his chronometer.)* It is precisely three o'clock.

*Shepherd.* In the afternoon o' next day! And we sat doon to denner yestreen at sax!

*North.* Gentlemen—to your feet. Let us sing, God save the King!  
A full chorus!

1

Jehovah, King of Kings,  
Spread thy protecting wings  
O'er Britain's throne!  
Crown'd with thy grace immense,  
Long may King William thence  
Justice in love dispense—  
God save the King!

4

Oak-hearted royal Tar,  
Well tried in glorious war,  
Great Nelson's friend—  
He knows that British blood  
Creeps not in lazy flood,  
When peril girds the good—  
God save the King!

2

Throned in his people's hearts,  
Despising faction's arts,  
May William reign!  
True son of George the Third  
Who axe and block preferr'd  
To forfeit of his holy word—  
God save the King!

5

God save our Sailor King—  
Great be his flourishing  
By land and sea—  
Audacious craft recede!  
From all base thralldom freed  
May he be King indeed—  
God save the King!

3

First Freeman of the Free,  
It is his right to be  
Like his blest sire,  
Who over all the land  
Did faith and love command,  
With him to fall or stand—  
God save the King!

6

Manly, and frank, and brave,  
This sinking land to save,  
God save our King!  
Be righteous judgment shown  
In sinners overthrown;  
EMANCIPATE THE THRONE—  
God save the King!

(*The Noctes vanish in a flood of day.*)

No. LII.—NOVEMBER, 1830.

SCENE—*Blue Parlour ;—Time, eight o'clock.*

NORTH, SHEPHERD, and Jug.

*Shepherd.* Which o' us three, I wonner, looks best at the settin' in o' another wunter ? I suspeck it's me—for to say naething o' the jug, wha has lost his nose, you're getting mair and mair spinnleshankit, sir, ilka year—as for your hauns, ane may see through them—and a'the-gither you're an interesting atomy o' the auld school—I fear we're gaun to lose you, sir, during the season. But dinna mind, sir—ye sall hae a moniment erected to you by a grateful nation on the Calton Hill—and ships comin' up the Firth—steamers, smacks, and ithers—among them now and then a man-o'-war—will never notice the Parthenon, a' glowerin' through telescopes at the mausoleum o' Christopher North.

*North.* I desire no other monument, James, than a bound set of the Magazine in the library of every subscriber. Yes—my immortal ambition is to live in the libraries and liberties of my native land.

*Shepherd.* A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh ! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man !

*North.* I KNOW MYSELF. I am neither a great man nor a small—but a middle-sized man—

*Shepherd.* What the deevil ! dinna ye belang to the Sax Feet Club ?

*North.* No. The fine fellows invite me to their Feasts and Festivals—and I am proud to be their guest. But my stature is deficient the eighth part of an inch ; and I could not submit to sit at any board below either the Standard or the Salt.

*Shepherd.* A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh ! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man !

*North.* I am not a curious creature, James but a commonplace Christian. As to my intellectual stature—and of that I spoke when I said that I am but a middle-sized man—it is, I am satisfied, the stature best adapted for the enjoyment of tranquil happiness in this world. I look along the many levels of life—and lo ! they seem to form one immense amphitheatre. Below me are rows, and rows, and rows of well-apparell'd people—remember I speak figuratively of the mind—who sometimes look up—ungrudgingly and unenvyingly—to

where I am sitting—smiling on me as one belonging to their own order, though placed by Providence—august Master of these august Ceremonies—a little loftier in the range of seats in a half-moon circling the horizon, and crowded to overflowing with the whole human race.

*Shepherd.* A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man!

*North.* I beg your pardon—but I did not hear you, James—will you repeat that again!

*Shepherd.* Na. I makes a pint o' never sayin' the same thing twice owre for ony man—except a deaf ane—and only to him gin he uses a lug-trumpet.

*North.* Then looking right and left, James, I behold an immense multitude sitting, seemingly on the same altitude with myself—some-what more richly robed than our brethren beneath—till, lifting up my eyes, lo! the Magnates, and Potentates, and Princes, and Kings of all the shadowy worlds of mind, magnificently arrayed, and belonging rather to the heavens than to the earth!

*Shepherd.* A noble sentiment, sir, beautifully expressed. Oh! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man! (*Aside.*) I nicht din thae words intil his lug fifty times without his catchin' their meanin'—for when the auld doited body begins haverin' about himsell, he's deaf to a' things else in the creawtion.

*North.* Monuments! Some men have been so glorious, James, that to build up something in stone to perpetuate that glory, seems of all futile attempts the most futile, and either to betray a sinful distrust of their immortality, or a wretched ignorance of the

“Power divine of sacred memories,”

which will reign on earth, in eternal youth, ages and ages and ages after the elements have dissolved the brass or marble, on which were vainly engraven the consecrated and undying names!

*Shepherd.* A noble sentiment, beau—

*North.* A monument to Newton! a monument to Shakspeare! Look up to heaven—look into the Human Heart. Till the planets and the passions—the affections and the fixed stars are extinguished their names cannot die.

*Shepherd, (starting up.)* A moniment to Sir William Wallace! a moniment to William Tell! Look at the mountains of Scotland and Switzerland—listen to their cataracts—look to the light on the foreheads—listen to the music on the lips of the free—

“Kings of the Desert, men whose stately tread  
Brings from the dust the sound of Liberty!”

*North.* A noble sentiment, James, beautifully expressed! Oh! but you're a curious cretur—a Great Man!

*Shepherd.* What! you've been sookin' in my flattery a' the time, ye auld sinner—and noo turn intil a banter on mysell the compliment I paid you frae the verra bottom o' my heart? You're a queer deevil. Hoo hae ye stood the weather this season, sir?

*North.* Weather! it never deserved the name of weather, James, even during that muddy and mizzly misnomer—Summer; while the Autumn—

*Shepherd.* Weel, do ye ken, sir, that I never saw, in a' my born days, what I cou'd wi' a safe conscience, hae ca'd—bad weather! The warst has aye had some redeemin' quality about it that enabled me to thole it without yawmerin'. Though we may na be able to see, we can aye think o' the clear blue lift. Weather, sir, aiblins no to speak very scientifically in the way o' meteorological observation—but rather in a poetical, that is, religious spirit—may be defined, I jalouse, "the expression o' the fluctuations and modifications o' feeling in the heart o' the heavens, made audible, and visible, and tangible on their face and bosom." That's weather.

*North.* Something very beautiful might be written about weather—climate.

*Shepherd.* But no by you—by me. Oh! heavens and earth! O God and man! what I—a shepherd—hae felt in a spring shower! The dry warld a' at ance made dewy—dewy—dewy as the licht in the Angel o' Mercy's een, beheld by contrite sinner in a midnight dream!

*North.* James, your paw.

*Shepherd.* A saft, fresh, silent change has been wrocht a' ower the ootward creation—and a congenial change—as saft, as fresh, as silent, has likewise been wrocht within your ain heart. Music is maist harmonious—but not mair harmonious nor licht; for licht wears a coat o' many colours—and lo! yonder is the web from which it was cut—hung aloft in the skies.

*North.* There spake at once the Ettrick Shepherd and the Tailor of Yarrow-Ford!

*Shepherd.* The Rainbow! Is she not the Lady o' Licht, the Queen o' Colour, the Princess of Prisms, the Heiress Apparent o' Air, and her Royal Highness of Heaven? O Thou! who bendeast beauty like a bridge across the valley—on which imagination's eye may ken celestial shapes moving to and fro along the braided battlements—Sun-begotten, Cloud-born Angel! Emblem, sign, and symbol of mercy and of peace! Storm-seeker and storm-subduer! Pathway—so sacred Superstition sings—between Heaven and Earth? Alike beautiful is thy coming and thy going—and no soul so savage as not for a while to saften, as thy Apparition comes gradually breathing and blushing out of the sky! Immortal art thou in thy evanescence! The sole light, either in heaven or on earth, of which the soul may not sicken when overcome with the



agonies of grief or guilt! O that on my death-bed I may behold a Rainbow!

*North.* Nay, James, the jug is empty; and at that moment, with the sudden jerk of your arm, expecting a heavier load on the way to your mouth, you had nearly given yourself a bloody nose. Be more cautious in future—but replenish.

*Shepherd.* In a single instant, a' the earth is green as emerald, and covered wi' a glorious glitter o' its ain, sic as never shone—or cou'd shine, over the bricht but barren sea. A's joy: the knowes, the banks, the braes, the lawns, the hedges, the woods, the single trees, the saughs, the heather, the broom, the bit bushes, the whins, the fern, the gerss, the flowers, the weeds—sic as dockens, nettles, aye, the verra hemlock—are a' harmless and a' happy! They seem a' embued wi' a sort o' strange, serene spirit o' life, and nought in a' creawtion seems—dead!

*North.* Life-embued by a poet's soul!

*Shepherd.* Then look at the animal creturs. Isna that a bonny bit beastie, cavin' its large-e'd gracefu' head in the air, frae the elastic turf liftin' up and lettin' down again its lang thin legs sae elegantly, its tail a' the while a perfect streamer—in many a winding ring it gallops round its dam—and then, half frolicsome half afraid, returns rapidly to her side, and keeps gazing on the stranger. Some day or ither that bit silly foal wull be wunning a king's plate or a gold cup; for you see the Arab bluid in his fine fetlocks, and erelong that neck, like his sire's, will be clothed with thunder.

*North.* You must ride him yourself, James, next year at Musselburgh.

*Shepherd.* Fling your crutch, sir, intil a rose-bush, till a' the blossoms flee intil separate leaves, and a' the leaves gang careerin' in air out-ower the lea, and that would be an eenage o' the sudden flicht o' a heap o' snaw-white lambs, a' broken up in a moment as they lay amang the sunshine, and scattered far and wide o'er the greensward—sune to be regathered on the Starting-Knoll; but the eenage wull na haud, for rose-leaves ance dissipated die like love-kisses lavished in dreams.

*North.* Rose-leaves and rose-lips—lambs and lasses—and love-kisses lavished in dreams! And all these images suggested in a shepherd's recollection of a Spring-Shower! Prevailing pastoral Poet, complete thy picture.

*Shepherd.* See how the trooties are loupin' in the pools—for a shower o' insects hae come winnowing their way on the wings o' the western wind, frae the weel-watered wavings o' Elibank's whisperin' woods.

*North.* No such imitative melodies in Homer! The sentence is like a sigh.

*Shepherd.* 'Twas na fawte o' mine, sir, for ma mouth got fou c

double-u's—and I had to whiff and whustle them oot. But hush and list, sir—list and hosh! For that finest, faintest, amaist evanescent music—merry, or mournful, just as ye may be disposed to think and feel it—but now it is merry—dear me! it's clean gane—there—there it is hear again—like the dying tone o' the sma'est chord o' the harp o' an angel happy in the heart o' the highest heavens—and what may it be—since our ears are too dull to hear seraphic string or strain—but the hymn, to us amaist hushed by the altitude—although still poorin' and poorin' out like a torrent—o' the lyrical Laverock, wha, at the first patterin' o' the spring-shower upon the braid about his nest, had shot, wi' short, fast-repeated soarings, a-singing up the sky, as if in the delirium o' his delight he wou'd hae forsaken the earth for ever—but wha, noo that he has reached at last the pinnacle o' his aerial ambition, wull sune be heard descendin', as if he were naething but a sang—and then seem a musical speck in the sky—till again ring a' the lower regions wi' his still loud, but far tenderer strains—for soarin' he pours, but sinkin' he breathes his voice, till it ceases suddenly in a flutter and a murmur owre the head o' his brooding mate—lifted lovingly up wi' its large saft een to welcome her lover-husband to their blessed nest!

*North.* My dear James, you have illustrated your definition of weather by an exquisite example——

*Shepherd.* But I'm no half dune yet——

*North.* For the present, if you please, James.

*Shepherd.* But I dinna please—and I insist on being alloo'd to feenish my Spring-Shower.

*North.* Well, if it must be so, first tell me what you meant by averring that there is no such thing in nature as bad weather. I am rather disposed to believe that—whatever may have been the case once—now there is no such thing as good. Why, James, you might as well seek to prove by a definition that there is no such thing in nature as an ugly woman.

*Shepherd.* Neither there is, sir. There are different degrees o' beauty, Mr. North, frae the face that ootshines that o' an angel's een in a dream—doon—doon—doon—ever sae mony hunder thoosan' degrees doon, till you meet that o' the tinkler-randy, whose looks gar you ratherly incline to the ither side o' the road—but nae ugliness. Sometimes I've kent myself likely to fa' intil a sair mistak—na, a sair fricht—by stumblin' a' at ance on a lassie gaen far doon in the degrees, and wha did seem at first sight unco fearsome—but then, sir, the mistak arose frae the suddenness, and frae considerin' the face o' her by its ain individual sell, and no as ane o' many on the mysterious scale o' beauty. But then a man o' ony powers o' memory and reflection, and ony experience among the better half o' creation, soon corrects that error; and fin's, afore he has walked hardly a mile alang-

side o' the hizzie, that she's verra weel-faured, and has an expression, mair especially about the een and mouth—

*North.* James! James!

*Shepherd.* The truth is, Mr. North, that you and the likes o' you, that hae been caved a' your days in toons, like pootry, hae seldom seen ony real weather—and ken but the twa distinctions o' wat and dry. Then, the instant it begins to drap, up wi' the umbrella—and then vanishes the sky. Why, that's aften the verra best time to feel and understaun' the blessed union o' earth and heaven, when the beauty is indeed sae beauteous, that in the perfect joy o' the heart that beats within you, ye lauch in an atheist's face, and hae nae mair doubt o' the immortality o' the sowle, than o' the mountain-tap that, far up above the vapours, is waiting in its majestic serenity for the reappearance o' the Sun, seen brichtenin' and brichtenin' himsell during the shower, though behind a cloud that every moment seems mair and mair composed o' the radiance, till it has melted quite away,—and then, there indeed is the sun, rejoicing like a giant to run a race—

*North.* A race against time, James, which will terminate in a dead heat on the Last Day.

*Shepherd.* Time will be beat to a stand-still.

*North.* And the Sun at the Judge's stand awerve from the course into chaos.

*Shepherd.* That's queer tauk—though no withouten a wild dash o' the shooblime. But how do you account, sir, for the number o' mad dowgs this summer? And what's your belief about the Heedrofoby?

*North.* I have for many years, James, myself, laboured under a confirmed hydrophobia—

*Shepherd.* Tuta, nae nonsense—I want to hear you speak seriously on canine madness.

*North.* Dogs, James, are subject to some strange and severe disease which is popularly called madness; and the question is, can they inoculate the human body with that disease by their bite? Perhaps they can—and I confess I should not much like to try the experiment. But an acute writer in the Westminster Review has declared his conviction, that the disease called hydrophobia in the dog has nothing to do with the disease of the same name in the human species—and I am strongly disposed to agree with him—

*Shepherd.* What? Believe in a pairedowgs o' that outrageous natur'?

*North.* Yes, James, to use his own words, that the madness of the biter has no effect on the madness of the bitten, and that a man who has been bitten by a dog in perfect health, is just as likely to have all the symptoms of the hydrophobia as if he had been bitten by a mad dog.

*Shepherd.* A perfeck pairedowgs, sir—a perfeck pairedowgs!

*North.* He gives his reasons, James, and they are not easily set aside.

*Shepherd.* Let's hear them, sir.

*North.* He observes, in the first place,—if I remember rightly—and if I forget his words, I have his meaning—that the effects of all poisons, which we are acquainted with, are certain and determinate. Do you grant that, James?

*Shepherd.* Be it sae.

*North.* For example—suppose a thousand persons swallow each the same quantity of arsenic—sufficient to cause death—they either all die, or are all similarly affected, or nearly so, by the poison. No person can use arsenic in his tea instead of sugar—empty half-a-dozen of cups at breakfast, and that evening enjoy the wit and humour of a Noctes Ambrosianæ.

*Shepherd.* Hardly.

*North.* But many persons, hundreds, have been bitten by mad dogs, and well bitten, too, who have not been one whit the worse.

*Shepherd.* But then they have swallowed anecdotes.

*North.* Which is more than I have been able to do in such cases. But it is admitted on all hands, James, that there are no such antidotes. Can we believe, then, that the saliva of the rabid animal possesses the virulent property which occasions hydrophobia, when we know that so many persons have been inoculated with it without incurring the disease?

*Shepherd.* That's gaen puzzlin'!

*North.* Secondly, my ingenious friend in the Westminster observes, that even on those who have been supposed to have been affected by this saliva, the time at which the symptoms appear is altogether indeterminate—contrary to all that we know of the action of poisons. Why—it is believed, that it may be injected into a wound, and lie there harmless for months, nay, years—till all at once it breaks out, and you are more insane than Sirius. A strange sort of saliva indeed, this—so capricious and whimsical in its action—whereas all other poisons may be depended on, and do their work subject to certain general regular and acknowledged laws. What say you to all this, James?

*Shepherd.* Never having received a regular medical education, sir, I'm dumbfounder'd, and haena a word to throw to a dowg. But are a' thae fearsome accounts o' the heedro naething but lees?

*North.* Many of them most miserably true. But my friend believes that the horrible malady originates in the nature and shape of the wound, and not from any virulent matter injected into it; a nerve has been injured, and tetanus sometimes ensues—direful spasmodic affections terminating in death. Any deeply-punctured wound may produce the disease called hydrophobia in man.

*Shepherd.* Ae conclusion to be drawn frae the whole seems to be, that dowgs are mair dangerous animals than is usually suspected, since a dowg that bites you when he's in his perfect senses, is just as likely to gie ye the foby as when he snaps at ye in the hicht o' his delirium in tongue-lolling madness.

*North.* Accidents will happen—but no very great number of people are bitten by dogs in their perfect senses; and it is only some wounds that occasion tetanus by injuring a nerve. This is certain, that in some of the few authenticated cases of the disease called hydrophobia in man, occasioned by the bite of a dog, there was not the least reason in the world for supposing the dog to have been what is called mad. But fill your glass, James, to the memory of Bronte.

*(It is drunk in solemn silence.)*

*Shepherd.* Let us hae about half an hour's tauk o' politics—and then hae dune wi' them for the rest o' the nicht. What o' France?

*North.* James, all men who had visited France with their eyes and ears open since the accession of Charles—now Ex-King—knew that a struggle was going on—only to cease with the overthrow of one of the parties—between the Royalists and the Liberals. Each party strove to change the character given by Louis XVIII. into so many dead letters. But the Liberals—as they are called—were from the beginning far more unprincipled than the Royalists were even at the end—and had Charles and Polignac not acted as they did, in the matter of the ordonnances, the monarchy had been virtually destroyed by their enemies.

*Shepherd.* Do you really say sae, sir?

*North.* Two courses were open to Charles—to abdicate the throne rather than sit there a shadow—or to support the ordonnances by the sword. That would not have been easy, but it would have been possible; and had Charles been the tenth part of a Napoleon, it would have been done—and his enemies having been overawed by the army, the streets of Paris had not been stained with one drop of blood.

*Shepherd.* Oh! but he was a weak man!

*North.* I do not know that he is a weak man, James; but on this emergency—this crisis of his fate—he reckoned without his host—and thence his second visit to Holyrood.

*Shepherd.* I will ca' on him neist time I come to Embro'; and if he's no at hame, leave my caird.

*North.* Liberty, my dear Shepherd, is like the air we breathe—if we have it not, we die. You have heard these words before—and you and I have felt their meaning on the mountain top. Slavery is a living death.

*Shepherd.* That's a bull——

*North.* But of all slaveries the worst is that, which, dancing in chains, supposes itself Freedom.

*Shepherd.* But didna ye admire, sir, the behaviour o' the mob o' Paris?

*North.* An old man like me, James, is chary of his admiration. In my youth—some forty years ago—I was too prodigal of it—and the sun I worshipped, set in a shower of blood. The French—with many and great defects—are a gallant—a noble people; but the mob that fought—and they fought well—though victorious over but feeble opposition—during what I leave others to call the Three *Glorious* Days—were not the French People—and I should be ashamed of myself were I to waste any of my enthusiasm on such actors, prepared long beforehand to play their parts—yet, after all, little better than puppets—though the machinery worked well—and was triumphant.

*Shepherd.* I thocht you wou'dna attend the Meeting.

*North.* Had I been a republican, I would; and have declared my delight and exultation at the downfall of a great and ancient monarchy. Probably I should have thought it a despotism, and would have sung odes and hymns of thanksgiving when all its towers and temples toppled into dust. Some such men, I believe, were at the meeting here—and believing them to be conscientious and consistent, they have my respect.

*Shepherd.* And mine too—and I houp they'll be proud o't.

*North.* Other men, again, were at the meeting, James, who love what they call a limited monarchy—and limited the French Monarchy is now to their hearts' content! Till Louis-Philippe began to reign, (to reign!) eyes never saw a cipher.

*Shepherd.* I hae mair power in the Forest—under the Young Dyuck,\* I verily believe—though I'm no his greave—than the son of Egalité now has in Paris, under old La Fayette and that sweet innocent invention for preserving freedom, the National Guard.

*North.* Good, James. They therefore lifted up their voices on high—like sounding harp and tinkling cymbal, and were applauded to the echo.

*Shepherd.* Sae far a' seems to hae been richt. Then what hae you to complain o', sir?

*North.* I complain of nothing—not I, James—I have left my gout at John-o'-Groat's House—and my complacency and peace of mind are perfect. But oh! the superasinine stupidity of all those sumpsh and sumpshesses—those Jack and Jeanie donkeys—each row above row, rising up with ears of still increasing longitude, till those at the acme swept the spiders from the cornice, and crushed the undevoured flies asleep on the ceiling!

*Shepherd.* Haw! haw! haw! haw! haw! What do you mean?

*North.* Tories leaning on the bosom of Whigs, and encircled

\* Of Buccleugh.—M.

in the arms of Radicals! Church-and-King men shouting their praises of altar-pullers-down, and throne-shatterers, and of all the fierce and ferocious foes of Old Establishments, with mattock and pickaxe razing them from their very foundations, and howling in each cloud of dust that went darkening up the heavens!

*Shepherd.* Puir infatuated fules! I'm owre angry to pity them—nor ought leal men and true to accept now the peace-offering o' their humiliation and their shame.

*North.* People there are, as you well know, James, who never can move one single step, either backwards or forwards, unless led by a finger and a thumb, gently or rudely pinching their nose. No will of their own have they—for will and reason go together—and only the intelligent are free. More abject slaves never trooped together in a gang before the whip of the overseer to the sugar-canes, than these slaves of both sexes, that sat in our Assembly-rooms, in chains flung over them by masters who despised them too thoroughly to honour them with any portion of their hatred, shouting and bellowing at the prospect of dominion and empire about to be given to them who would trample them into dust.

*Shepherd.* Oh! the ninnies!

*North.* Why—not even though the mob of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine had, as if by some seeming miracle, performed their parts like angels—angels of blood at best—and thereby set at defiance all our knowledge, all experience, all history of human mobs, which the Liberty-and-Equality men, and the old and young anarchists, have the audacity to ask us to believe—ought they who swear by the BRITISH CONSTITUTION to have uttered one word in eulogy of the "Three Glorious Days," till they knew something more of what was likely to be the upshot of it all—if indeed ignorance could be supposed so dense as to be impenetrable to the lurid lights already gleaming all round the horizon—

"With fear of change  
Perplexing monarchs!"

*Shepherd.* What'n a face! Dinna fa' intil a fit. Tak a swig. Na—I didna tell you to drink out o' the green bottle—that's spirits—but to kiss the jug. If you speak that way noo that you're sober—mercy on us, what a fury when you get fou!

*North.* Some there were—many—and certainly not the least silly of the set—who held that a demand was made upon their admiration, simply by the bravery and moderation of the Parisian mob—which demand they were bound to answer—without any reference whatever to the past or the future—and even were the Revolution afterwards to turn out the greatest of all evils. They pledged themselves, they said, to no political opinion on the subject—and begged that to be under-

stood clearly by both sides of the whole world. But nothing should prevent them from giving vent to their admiration. No doubt, James, if their admiration were of the nature of a wind-colic, they were right in giving vent to it—time and place duly considered—though roses and lilies forbid that I should have been there to hear! But admiration is not a vice of the stomach, bowels, and intestines, but a virtue of the heart and brain; and so far from seeking to evaporate itself in noisy explosions, it loves to breathe in long-continued and silent incense over the whole actions of a man's life. A stronger proof of a weak mind cannot be exhibited than an impatient, restless, and feverish anxiety to hail every coming or new-come event, action, or character that seems to be good, with instant applause. In private life they, whose admiration is perpetually bursting out, are always the most frivolous; the shallow rills of their sympathy soon run dry—and when you talk to them a few weeks—say a few days—even a few hours after the unmeasured expression of their enthusiasm, of the cause which excited it, they look at you with a face of blank forgetfulness of all their former feelings, and you discover that they are occupied with some new favourite event or incident, which in its turn is forgotten before next day's dinner.

*Shepherd.* Hoo that used to be the case wi' Sir Walter's Novelles! Strang minds read them with deep delight—said some sentences to that effect when the talk gaed roun' the table, and were silent; but they retained all the glorious things impressed unobliterably (that's a kittle word to pronounce) on the tablets o' their memories—that is their understandings—that is their hearts—that is their sowles—for they are a' ane in the lang run, and o' a composite character. But bits o' triflin' laddies and lasses, and auld women o' baith sexes, used to keep chatterin' and jabberin' about each new novelle as it came out, just as if it never had a predecessor, and was never to hae a successor—as if it had been the only byeuk in prent—when lo and behold, in less than sax months, out came anither in foure volumes, and then they clean forgot that the ane they had sae lang bothered you about, till you wished yoursell dead, had ever been in the press?

*North.* An apt illustration, James. The shallow persons of whom I was speaking had not the small sense to see that it was in the nature of things utterly impossible to pronounce an isolated panegyric on the personal conduct of the actors in a political revolution that should not include approbation of much, if not all, involved in that revolution. And even for a moment granting that such an isolated panegyric could have been pronounced, they had not the still smaller sense to see that all the opposite party would insist on either dragging them in among their ranks—though, heaven knows, they would be no acquisition to any party—or on representing them thenceforth as lukewarm or milk-and-water adherents to their own—or more probably—say certainly—



talking of them in all companies as noodles, and incapable, from sheer ignorance and folly, of forming any opinion at all on political questions of any pith or moment.

*Shepherd.* You hae treated the subject, sir, wi' your usual masterly discrimination. It's easy noo, on lookin' back at the newspapers, to ken the kind o' cattle that ca'd thae meetings.

*North.* Two or three eminent, and some half dozen able men attended the meeting here (which was got up by my friend John Bowring!) but otherwise it was a poor affair, and forgotten sooner than an ineffectual fancy ball. In England such meetings were all of one character. No distinguished or conscientious man of our side, James, attended them,—and even the great Whig leaders stood aloof,—nay, the bulk of the Whig gentlemen. True it is, as is said in the last number of the Quarterly Review, an admirable one,—that "the meetings and dinners, and subscriptions, set on foot by our old-established disturbers of the public peace, have been countenanced by hardly one person, which any human being will dare to call respectable."

*Shepherd.* Why, as to that, sir, there's nae sayin' what some human beings will daur to ca' respectable; and for my ain part, I am no just prepared to gang the length o' that apogthegm. I fear not a few respectable people have shown owre muckle favour to this new French revolution,—and you and me,—wise as we are, and wise as the world thinks us,—maunna exclude frae the ranks o' respectability a' folk that are sae unfortunate as no to be o' our way o' thinkin'.

*North.* I sit corrected, my dear James. I am no bigot.

*Shepherd.* Arena ye!

*North.* Sir Walter's appeal to the people of Edinburgh, in behalf of the "grey discrowned head" of the old Ex-King was like himself, generous and gentlemanly, but methinks he must have but a poor opinion of "mine own romantic town," else he had never doubted that they would sympathise with Fallen Royalty seeking an asylum in Holyrood. Sir Walter reminds us that the highest authority "pronounced us to be a nation of gentlemen!" Let us then behave towards him who was once Charles X. of France, in a way worthy the character bestowed on us by him who was once George the Fourth of England.

*Shepherd.* Is that his argument? 'Tis but a puir ane.

*North.* But so so, no great shakes. But I say, James, that we are not, never were, and I hope never will be, a nation of Gentlemen. And you will allow, whatever Sir Walter may do, that I am a higher than "the highest authority" on the character of our countrymen, and that here, George Guelph must yield to Christopher North.

*Shepherd.* Oh! ye radical!

*North.* George the Fourth—heaven rest his soul!—was the "First Gentleman in Europe," nor do I know who is his successor, whether king or subject, commoner or peer. But——

*Shepherd.* I can understaun' a man's being the First Fiddle in Europe, but not the First Gentleman; for equality seems to me,—but to be sure I'm but a puir silly shepherd,—to be necessarily involved somehow or ither in our idea o' a Gentleman, whereas a' competition in accomplishments and manners is out o' the question between subject and king. It might aiblins be mair correct to say that he was the First Gentleman amang the Kings o' Europe.

*North.* Excellent, James; George the Fourth saw little either o' Scotland or Scotchmen; William the Fourth, I hope, will see more; and as he, thank God, is not the First Gentleman in Europe, very far from it indeed, but I hope something many million times better, a Patriot King, he will be delighted to find that so far from being a Nation of Gentlemen, we are, take us on the whole, and on working week-days, for in our Sunday's best we do look very genteel, about as coarse, clownish, common-place, vulgar, and raw-boned a nation as ever in loyalty encompassed, as with a wall of brass, iron, and fire, a hereditary throne.

*Shepherd.* Auld Charley 'll be treated wi' pity and respect—nae fear o' that—as lang's he sojourns amang us in Holyrood. There's something sacred in a' sorts o' sorrow—be it o' the great or the sma'—but imagination, unrebuked either by reason or the heart, is mair profoundly stooned by the misfortunes o' those who have fallen frae a high estate; and och! what nasty politics that could abuse Pity for openin' the door o' a Sanctuary, let his errors hae been what they may, to a fugitive and a suppliant King!

*North.* It was in the exaltation of victory, and indignation at crime, that the editor of the Sun newspaper, for example, James—a scholar and a gentleman—used language, too, too strong respecting the punishment due to Charles on his fall. A friend of ours rebuked him in Maga; but who always speaks wisely? Surely not I, any more than that worthy Editor; and I doubt not that when he hears that the old man is again in Holyrood, he will feel, that, without any compromise of principle, he may say, "Peace be with him in his retreat!"

*Shepherd.* And what wud ye think o' askin' him and his suit some nicht to a Noctes Awmbrosianæ? I'm perfectly serious in sayin' that we maun ask him; and I'm as perfectly serious in saying that I'm sure that he'll come. Why no ask him as weel as——

*North.* Silence, James, silence—the time has not yet come for divulging that secret.

*Shepherd.* —Why no him as weel as his LATE MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY GEORGE THE FOURTH?

*North (starting up).* Gurney, expunge

*Shepherd (starting up).* Gurney, restore! O North, I think I see him pechin' incog. up the brae o' Gabriel's Road, atween the oxters o'

us twa—Tickler acting as guide and pioneer—wi' that wee shachly body, the Marquis of Winchester, and that great big muckle John Bull, Sir William Curtis—and a bit anonymous cretur belongin' to the nobility, in the rear—a' sax o' us, such was the Royal pleasure, in kilts—and hoo Awmrose took us for a deputation o' the Celtic Society, and persisted, a' the nicht through, in ca'in' the King, Francis Maximus Macnab, him that wrote the Universe! O but it was a gran' ploy! and may we soon see sic anither in the Saloon!

*North.* Well, well, James—let your daft nonsense go forth to the world. Nobody will credit it.

*Shepherd.* Mony a lee-lookin' tale's true, howsomever, and that amang the number. But let's change the soobject. When think ye, sir, is Mr. Mure's second volumm o' Lord Byron's Life comin' oot? You maun review it in a splendid style. What for didna ye notice the first volumm.

*North.* What the devil do you mean, you incubus? Did I not write two articles on it, each thirty pages long,—full of the——

*Shepherd.* If I read them at the time, I hae clean forgotten them—and seldom remembers what he reads in a maggazin.

*North.* If he does not, then one seldom remembers what he reads any where else, James. True, that the wit and wisdom of one month succeeding the wit and wisdom of another in endless succession, man kind must often forget when and where, and from what source, they have derived such infinite amusement and instruction. But the amusement and instruction themselves do not perish on that account, but go into a million treasuries. People are manifestly growing wiser and better every day; and I humbly confess, that I think myself one of the great instrumenta, in the hands of Providence, of the amelioration of the human race. I am not dead to the voice of fame,—but believe me that my chief, if not sole object in writing for *Maga*, is the diffusion of knowledge, virtue, and happiness all over the world. What is it to me if the names of my articles are often forgotten, not by a thankless but a restless generation, too much agog after novelties, and too much enamoured of change? The contents of any one of my good articles cannot possibly be forgotten by all the thousands who have told me that they once delighted in them,—some fair or bright image—some tender or pure feeling—some high or solemn thought must survive,—and enough for me—James—if in hours of gay or serious memories, some mirthful or melancholy emanation from my mind be restored to being, even though the dreamer knows not that it was mine,—but believes it to have arisen then for the first time in his own imagination. Did I choose to write books, I believe they would find readers. But a book is a formal concern,—and to read it one must shut himself up for hours from society, and sit down to what may indeed be a pleasant task,—but still it is a task,—and in the most

interesting volume that ever was written, alas ! there are many yawns. But a good article,—such as many of mine that shall be nameless,—may be read from beginning to end under the alternate influence of smiles and tears ;—and what if it be laid aside, and perhaps never meets more the fair face that bedewed or illumined it ?—yet methinks, James, that the maiden who walks along the spring-braes is the better and the happier of the sights, scents, and sounds she enjoys there, though in a month she remembers not the primrose bank, on which cheered by the skylark's song, she sat and smiled to see her long dishevelled tresses reflected in the fairy's pool.

*Shepherd.* That's no unbony.

*North.* I believe that all my words are not wasted, each succeeding month, on the idle air. Some simple melodies, at least, if no solemn harmonies, are sometimes heard, mayhap from my lyre, floating along the lonely valleys, and the cheerful villages, and even not undistinguishable amid the din of towns and cities. What if, once heard, they are heard no more ? They may have touched a string, a chord, James, in some innocent, simple, but not unthoughtful heart ; and that string, that chord, James, as well thou knowest, for thou art one of nature's own poets,—I but a proser—and an old gray-haired proser too—may thenceforth of itself “warble melody,” while, if untouched by me or you, or other lovers of their kind, it might have lain mute for ever ! If so, verily I have had my reward.

*Shepherd.* What for do you never try to write verses, sir ? Ca' and they'll come.

*North.* An old poet is an old fool, James.

*Shepherd.* But then you see, sir, you're sic a fule already in sae many things, that the world 'll no think ae grain the waur o' you gin you'll play the fule in that too—be a poet, sir, and flog yoursell for food to the hungry critics, for they're in a state o' starvation, and, for want o' something to devoor, wull sune a' dee o' hunger and thrust.

*North.* There, James, is an exceeding graceful, elegant, and pathetic little poem, “The Arrow and the Rose.”

*Shepherd.* What is't about, and wha's the owther ?

*North.* Mr. William Kennedy,\* and the subject is the story of the loves of Henry of Navarre, when Prince of Bearne, and Fleurette the gardener's daughter—a story traditional in Gascony, and preserved by M. De Jouy.

*Shepherd.* Wi' your leave, I'll put it in my pouch.

*North.* The Captive of Fez—James—is a powerful performance. The versification often reminds one of Dryden and Byron—strong passion pervades the tale—and the descriptions of scenery are at once

\* Subsequently private secretary to the Earl of Durham in Canada. Wm Kennedy was in the United States for some years, as British Consul for Texas (he wrote a history of that State) and retired on a pension.—M.

poetical and picturesque. But I must review it one of these days—and a few magnificent extracts will show that Mr. Aird is a man of true genius.\*

*Shepherd.* He is that, sir—and I ken few men that impresses you in conversation wi' a higher opinion o' their powers than Mr. Aird. Sometimes I hae considerable difficulty in followin' him—for he takes awfu' loup frae premise to conclusion, clearin' chasms dizzy to look down on—and often announces as self-evident truths, positions that appear to me unco problematical. But he does, at times, flash fine fancies, half out o' his lips, and half out o' his een : and afore I kent he wrote verses, I saw he was a poet.

*North.* He's a man of strong intellect and strong imagination—and his mind dwells in a lofty sphere.

*Shepherd.* Hae you read Byron's Life o' Galt, sir †?

*North.* I have, James. His Lordship used John somewhat scurvily—on one or two occasions—but our friend pays him back in his own coin—and we have thus a couple of rather forbidding portraits.

*Shepherd.* Disagreeable likenesses—eh ?

*North.* Mr. Galt is a man of genius, and some of his happiest productions will live in the literature of his country. His humour is rich, rare, and racy, and peculiar withal, entitling him to the character of originality—a charm that never fadeth away—he has great power in the humble, the homely pathetic—and he is conversant, not only with many modes and manners of life, but with much of its hidden and more mysterious spirit.

*Shepherd.* He's aften unco coorse—

*North.* True, James, he is not so uniformly delicate and refined as you are in your prose compositions ; but lend me your ear, my beloved Shepherd—despise to degrade yourself, even for one moment, by seeming to join the whelps who have been lately snarling at his heels. Let the best of the puppy pack produce anything half as good as the worst of his Tales‡—and then we shall listen to their barking with less disgust.

*Shepherd.* Wha do you mean, sir ?

*North.* Our inferior periodical literature is much infested by a set of pert puppies, conceited curs, and heavy hounds, on whose hides and

\* Thomas Aird, Editor of the *Dumfries Herald*. His last work was a *Memoir of D. M. Moir* (the Delta of Blackwood), some of whose posthumous poetry he edited.—M.

† A hash from Moore's Life of Byron, the notes in Byron's poems, and sundry criticisms in sundry reviews and magazines.—M.

‡ Galt, who had once largely contributed to *Blackwood*, tried nearly every style of composition before he struck into the right vein. He commenced with a lumbering quarto of *Travels* ; passed on into *Tragedies*, unacted and unactable ; essayed minor poetics ; attempted biography ; was an indifferent critic ; failed as a newspaper editor ; made little impression with heavy prose romances ; but succeeded to a miracle, when he began to describe middle and lowly life in his native Scotland. Of the works so written, the best are *Sir Andrew Wylie*, *The Ennail*, *The Provost*, *Annals of the Parish*, and the *Ayrshire Legatees*. One of his novels, which had much popularity when it appeared, was *Laurie Todd*, founded on the autobiography of Grant Thorburn—who is at the head of the school of *illiterate literati*. Galt died in 1830, aged sixty.—M.

hurdies, James, it might not be amiss to try the application of whipcord. We know how they snarl, suppose they should be made to let us hear how they howl?

*Shepherd.* Tak care, sir, they dinna bite you and gie you the tetanus.

*North.* They are a set of mangy mongrels, James, and fit but to be flung into some old tan-pit. Their disease originates in the spleen, and in the gall-bladder. In other words, the envy of impotence consumes them, like a cancer in the stomach, or a liver-complaint. Their lean, lank, leathern jaws soon become of a loathsome and leprous yellow—they suffer hideously from the mumps, and the yaws, and the gum-scurvy—these, and several other kindred complaints, being all comprehended under the generic name of—the Criticals.

*Shepherd.* They maun be a bonny and a happy set?

*North.* To leave off metaphor—I must say, James, that these gentry have given me, lately, great disgust.

*Shepherd.* They are beneath your notice, sir. Scorn to kill them, and leave them to die a natural death.

*North.* The whole pack, as I said, are now yelping at the heels of Mr. Galt. The small, insignificant, snotty-nosed, tick-bitten, bleary-eyed beagles, were the game they are pursuing so eagerly to turn round upon them, would flee like a frightened flock of sheep.

*Shepherd.* I agree with you, sir, Galt's genius is great.

*North.* But, for the life of me, I cannot see the drift of his *Life of Byron*. I have read it through, James—and the volume, which is far from being a dull one, throws much more light on the personal character of Mr. Galt himself than on that of the Noble Childe. Somehow or other, I felt all along, sometimes a painful—sometimes a pleasant inclination to laughter, at the *bonhomie* of the author of the “*Annals of the Parish*.” It seems never for one moment to have occurred to him that he was in all things—mind, manner, body, and estate—immeasurably inferior to the mighty creature of whom he keeps scribbling away, sometimes with an approving smirk on his countenance, and sometimes with a condemning scowl—both alike ludicrous in a man so little distinguished either by moral or intellectual majesty as Mr. Galt.

*Shepherd.* You see, sir, Byron was a Lord, and our freen' Galt only a supercargo, a step below a skipper—and low-born and low-bred folk, especially in the mercantile line, are, for the maist part, unco upsetting when they chance, by ony accident, to forgather wi' nobility. It's no the case wi' me, for I was born, thank God, in the Forest, and was familiar frae my youth up wi' the faces o' three successive Dyucks. But our freen' Galt, when he first fand himself in the same ship wi' a Lord, maun either hae swarfed wi' fear, or keipit himself frae swarfin' by pure impidence—and wha can blame him for haen adopted the

latter expedient? Yet tak' my word for't, sir, he was no sae impident in the packet-ship as in the pocket-volumm, and writes about Byron in a very different style, now that he is dead, than he ever daured till speak to him then when he was leevin', wi' that patrician scowl on his brow, that patrician curl on his lip, before which John Galt must have quailed, as bolder men did, to say nothing o' that transcendant genius which must have laid its commands on him, to be silent if not servile, just as a king does to his subjects, I will not say a master to his slaves.

*North.* Perhaps, James, you are stating the case somewhat too strongly; yet, as Byron's rank no doubt protected him, when living, from the possibility of any impertinence from Mr. Galt, it, if nothing else, should have been his safeguard also in the grave. People in the humble condition of Mr. Galt,—and when he first met Lord Byron, it was most humble,—are not, by the rules of society, permitted to approach nobility but in a deferential attitude, and within what is called a respectable distance. This is so universally understood, that no man of proper spirit ever dreams of becoming very familiar with “lords, and dukes, and mighty earls,” without possessing some peculiar privilege or title to do so, such as at that time does not seem to have belonged to our ingenious westcountryman. Now, he is Somebody—for his genius has distinguished him above the common herd—and genius in Britain, if it does not level all distinctions, elevates its possessor in the scale of society, and justifies cordial acquaintanceship, though it rarely fosters brotherly friendship, between a lout and a lord. But then—he was Nobody, or rather less than nobody; for it appears from his own statement that he had no profession—and therefore, James, you are mistaken in supposing him to have been a supercargo;—he had not been so fortunate as to receive a classical education, a want which, in Byron's eyes, must have seemed almost incompatible with the condition, if not the character, of a gentleman;—he possessed no personal accomplishments peculiarly calculated to win the regard of Childe Harold; but was, in short, merely a passenger in the same packet. Under such circumstances, the courtesy and affability with which Lord Byron seems to have behaved to Mr. Galt, showed the native kindness and goodness of his heart; and we are sorry now to know, that the condescension of the illustrious peer, so far from being properly appreciated by the obscure commoner—

*Shepherd.* Hoo?

*North.* Mr. Galt, in recording the slight incidents that accompanied the formation of their acquaintanceship, does not scruple, after the lapse of so many years, to speak haughtily of Byron's haughtiness, and of his unbecoming aristocratical airs in issuing orders about his luggage!

*Shepherd.* Ise warrant that John himsell was far fiercer and fussier

about his ain leather trunks and deal chests than his Lordship, and far mair domineerin' owre his inferiors, if any such there were on board the Gibraltar Packet.

*North.* No doubt. For Mr. Galt tells us that he was very hypochondriacal, and seems to say, that he was voyaging for no other purpose than to raise his spirits. Well for him that he could afford to do so—but whatever might have been the tone of his temper then, it says little in favour of it now, that he should have given such a colour to the trifling infirmities or caprices of temper exhibited, as he says, by an illustrious young nobleman, at the very time he was receiving from him the most amiable condescensions.

*Shepherd.* Was Galt, think ye, ever very intimate wi' Byron?

*North.* Never. Still he saw something of him; and it might not have been amiss to tell us what were his impressions. But—James—it was his sacred duty, before doing so, to sift his own soul, and see that no mean—or paltry feeling or motive was lurking there—that he was not wincing under the wound of mortified vanity—

*Shepherd.* Ay, sir, there's the rub. Vanity o' vanities! a' is vanity!

*North.* It seems that his lordship occasionally, in his letters, laughed at Mr. Galt; and that, on one occasion, he expressed himself somewhat contemptuously of our friend's literary achievements. One or two harmless gibes of this kind appear in Moore's Life of Byron; and though far from bitter, they seem to have enfixed themselves, "inextricable as the gored lion's bite." Mr. Galt tries to hide his deep and sincere mortification under a shallow and assumed magnanimity; but it will not do—no, James and John, it will not do—and the recollection of a single splenetic sentence throws a shadow over almost every page of the Biography, and induces Mr. Galt, sometimes, we dare say, unconsciously and unawares, to wind up almost every paragraph with some assertion or limitation severely injurious to the personal character of the Illustrious Unfortunate.

*Shepherd.* I wunna ca' that wicked—for that's a strang word—but it was weak—weak—weak—and will be seen through by the sunblin'.

*North.* I wish to set my friend Galt right upon this point. At the time Byron spoke of his being "the last person in the world on whom he could wish to commit plagiarism," not one of our excellent and ingenious friend's many admirable tales had ever been imagined—and the few attempts he had then made in literature—though bearing clear and even bright marks of genius, had been rather unfortunate. Mr. Galt stood, and deserved to stand, very low as an author. We can sympathize with Byron's horror at being charged with plagiarism from such tragedies.\* But Galt came to know at last where

\* Galt had a sort of monomania on the subject of his unfortunate tragedies, which have had a large circulation,—as the lining of trunks. He seemed to think that, in modern poetry, most of what appeared new and good had been "conveyed" from his comical-tragedies.—M.



his strength lay—and his genius has been crowned with fame. All his contemporaries now acknowledge his extraordinary powers, and though at no time can we imagine that the author of *Childe Harold* and *Manfred* would have stolen jewels for his crown from that of the author of the *Annals of the Parish*, the *Ayrshire Legatees*, the *Provost*, and the *Entail*; yet there can be no doubt that he must have recognised the rare, singular, and original genius conspicuously displayed throughout all these admirable productions. Why then should Mr. Galt's "fundamental features" have been thrown off their hinges by so slight a shock?

*Shepherd.* Isna the book clever?

*North.* It is. Some absurd expressions occur here and there, on which dolts and dunces have indulged in the most lugubrious merriment—and which one man of genius has whiled away an idle hour with cramming into a copy of no very amusing verses; and I am sorry to say, that there is much obscure, and more false criticism, obvious to the meanest capacities—and with the exception of Mr. Moore, none but the meanest capacities have been employed in ridiculing or vilifying the book.\* But sins such as these could easily have been pardoned, had there been the redeeming spirit of the pure and high love of truth. "That amber immortalization," (the expression of a man of genius), is, alas! wanting—and therefore, there is much corrupt matter, and "instead of a sweet savour a stench."

*Shepherd.* I've some thochts, sir, o' writin' a life o' Lord Byron mysell—for though I ne'er saw him atween the een, I've had mony kind letters frae him—and I think there's as loud a ca' on me to produce ma contribution to his beeography as there was on Mr. Galt.

*North.* But you must wait, my dear James, till a year or two after the publication of Mr. Moore's *Life of Byron*. Any interference with him at present would be unkind and unhandsome—and would look like an attempt to hustle and jostle him out of the market.

*Shepherd.* What for no me as weel's Galt?

*North.* There ought to be as fine a sense of honour, James, between author and author, publisher and publisher—

\* Galt's *Byron*, the language of which was very much open to criticism, drew a squib from Moore. He called it "Alarming Intelligence—Revolution in the Dictionary—one Galt at the head of it." Two stanzas, in which he introduced some of Galt's own diction, will suffice here:—

What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,  
As he talks (in a strain of intense admiration)  
Of lyrical "ichor," "gelatinous prose,"  
And a mixture called "amber immortalization."

Now, he raved of a bard he once happened to meet,  
Seated high "among rattlings," and "churning a sonnet,"  
Now talks of a mystery, wrapped in a sheet,  
With a halo (by way of a night-cap) upon it.

This last was elicited by Galt's saying of Byron that "He was a mystery in a winding-sheet crowned with a halo."—N

*Shepherd.* As among thieves.

*North.* Or other gentlemen, in the affairs and intercourse of life, Mr. Galt should have scorned to prepare, and Mr. Colburn to publish, a Life of Byron, till Moore's and Murray's had had its run. That's poz.

*Shepherd.* Poz eneugh.

*North.* But instead of having had its run, one half of it is yet unpublished—and the other half yet in quarto. Silver against gold—shillings against guineas—is hardly fair play.

*Shepherd.* But canna Mure's gold beat Galt's silver, or rather brass, sir?

*North.* You misunderstand me, James—Moore costs as many guineas as Galt shillings.

*Shepherd.* Galt and Colburn sou'd hae waited—as I sall do—if they wished the public to look on them—I will not say as honest—but as highly honourable men.

*North.* One half of Mr. Galt's volume may be said to be borrowed.

*Shepherd.* Say stow'n—

*North.* From Mr. Moore—

*Shepherd.* Too—hoo; or whare else cou'd he hae got the facks about his boyhood and youth—and mony o' them about his manhood?

*North.* Nowhere else—as well observed the Monthly Review.

*Shepherd.* Fair play's a jewel, foul's paste. But the Public ee sune kens the difference; the jewel she fixes on her breast or forehead, the paste finds its way into the Jakes.

*North.* The volume is the first number of the NATIONAL Library.\* But I trust that the spirit in which it has been hatched, and huddled to market, is not *National* on either side of the Tweed. Number second is—the BIBLE! The contents of the Bible, and not its history, as its senseless title would indicate. Now, James, what a bound from Byron to the Bible! Does the Rev. Mr. Gleig think it decorous for a divine to put into the one hand of a young Christian lady a book containing a pretty picture and panegyric of Lord Byron's kept-mistress,† and in the other the History of the Bible? He thinks so,—and that he may be able to do it, he plunders Stackhouse as prodigally as Mr. Galt plunders Moore. Messrs. Galt and Gleig are both Scotchmen,—so are we,—and we must again enter our protest against the *Nationality* of a library conducted on such principles.

*Shepherd.* Heaven preserve us, hoo mony Leebries are there gaun

\* The National Library, commenced in 1830, did not succeed. All that was published, I think, was Galt's Life of Byron, Gleig's History of the Bible, Horace Smith's Games and Festivals, James's Chivalry and the Crusades, and Professor Thomson's History of Chemistry.—M.

† The first authentic likeness of the Countess Guiccioli (since married to the Marquis de Boissy, and living in Paris, "fat, fair, and fifty,") was published in Galt's Byron. It was engraved from the portrait painted by W. E. West, an American artist, not long before Byron went to Greece—to die.—M.

to be at this yepoch! The march o' Intellect will be stopped by stumblin' outoure so many bales o' prented paper thrawn in its way as stepping-stanes to expedite its approach to perfectibility! The people will be literally *pressed* till death. Is that a pun?

*North.* I presume, since there is such a supply, that there is a demand. But as I cannot say that in the stillest night of a quick spring, I ever heard the grass growing, so——

*Shepherd.* What? never a bit thin, fine rustle, sound and nae sound, that tauld o' the gradual expansion of some sweet germ gainin' in bicht about the thousand part o' a hair's breadth in ae dewy moment, and thus waxin' in the coorse o' March, April, May, and June, intill gerss that in wadin' thro't in the first week o' July, afore mawin', would reach up to the waistband o' your breeks?

*North.* The people appear to me to want bread rather than books.

*Shepherd.* Let them hae baith.

*North.* But bread first, James.

*Shepherd.* Surely—for wha can read to ony purpose on an empty stamach? For, suppose they were to swallow some pages o' paragraphs oot o' a byuck, hoo the deevil in that state could they deejeest it? They wou'd book the best byuck that ever was bun'.

*North.* But the libraries I allude to are not for the poor, James, but the "well-off," the wealthy, or the rich.

*Shepherd.* That's a' richt enough. I'm for everything cheap. Yet, sir, observe hoo the human mind comes to despise everything cheap. There's port wine. A' at ance, some years sin syne, port wine tumm led doon ever sae mony shillin's the bottle—and I drank some at the Harrow last night at half-a-croon, o' the famous veentage o' the year wan—and better blackstrap never touched a wizen. I remember hoo a' the middle classes—includin', in a genteel toun like Embro', nine-tenths o' the poppilation—at the first doonfa' o' the article, clapped their hauns, and swore to substitute port in place o' porter, and Cape-wine (a bad exchange) for sma' yill. Mony o' them did sae; and you saw citzens smellin' at corks, and heard them taukin' o' auld port, and crust, and the like, wha used to be content wi' their tippenny. But the passion for port was sune satiated—for the port itsell, however cheap, was vulgar—or even if no vulgar—it was common, and in the power o' the said multifawrious middle classes, baith in the New and the Auld Town. So the bodies tyeuck to the toddy again—wi' het water and broon sugar—which, though cheap too, was the drink that had been lang natural to their condition. There—ye hae baith argument and illustration.

*North.* A sort of imaginative reasoning that is apt to lead a weak or incautious mind astray. I am, however, far from entirely dissenting from your opinion; and therefore, a truce to philosophizing about the Spirit of the Age—and let me whisper in your ear, that the whole

is a Speculation of the Booksellers. Now the Spirit of the Age is one thing, and the Spirit of the Trade is another; and therefore the question is, are the Trade (the term is collective) ruining themselves—or, if not so, destroying their profits—by competition?

*Shepherd.* Just as wi' steamboats on the river Clyde—there being now some saxty, I understaun, a' plyin' 'tween Glasgow, Greenock, and the Isles.

*North.* Now, James, I hope all the Libraries will prosper. But I fear some will dwine and die. The best will endure, and enduring flourish; the worst will become bankrupt; and the various go-betweens the best and worst will never enrich either the pockets of the publishers, or the pericraniums of their purchasers, and expire, one after another, like so many candles, some farthing, some half a dozen to the pound, and some "lang-twas." Next Noctes I shall rip up the merits and demerits of them all—meanwhile pass the jug.

*Shepherd.* You hae been rather ponderous on that point, sir. But to return to Galt—like the dog to his vo—

*North.* James—James—James!

*Shepherd.* They tell me that Mr. Mure has been quizzin' Galt in some sateerical lines. Are they just uncommon facetious, sir?

*North.* Why, but so so, James—not much amiss—the merest trifle—airy and ingenious enough—but without gall to Galt; and, since I love to be candid, fribbleish and feeble.\* But oh, James! Heaven have mercy on my old bones! when I think on the cruel load laid upon them by what Mr. Galt, or some friend of Mr. Galt's, has supposed to be the Retort Courteous, or Quip Modest, to Mr. Thomas's jeu d'esprit! Poor as that jeu d'esprit is, it makes no pretensions, and no doubt was thrown off by Mr. Moore with the same ease as an answer to an invitation to dinner; but the answer of the anser is indeed like the gabbling of ever so many geese disturbed in their green-mantled pool by a few pebbles shied at them by some sportive passenger, who wishes not to hurt a hair of their head—I beg their pardon—a feather; and who, in spite of his previous knowledge of the character of the animal, is amazed at the multitudinous din of their protracted clamour, so utterly disproportionate to the original cause of offence—itself so slight and evanescent. In this case, there is an additional absurdity in the behaviour of the geese. For Mr. Galt, at whom Mr. Moore threw the small polished pebbles, harmless as peas out of a pop-gun, so far from being a goose, is a swan—though of late he has, contrary both to reason and instinct, associated with a flock of those noisy waddlers, and by people at some distance, who may not be very sharp or long-sighted, must lay his account with being taken—mistaken—for a prodigious gander—within a few stone-weight of that greatest of all ganders—the Glasgow gander—who ought to have his long neck broken for hissing at Sir Walter Scott. The geese in whose company he was walking

at the time of the assault, could not stomach in their mighty hearts the affront of being insulted in the person of him their sultaun—and instanter stretching themselves all up on their splay-feet that love the mud, and all at once flapping with their wings the oozy shallows, they gave vent to their heroic indignation in more ways than it would be pleasant or proper to describe—to the disturbed wonder of the neighborhood, and if the truth were known, to their own astonishment.

*Shepherd.* Do you ken, sir, that I admire guses—tame guses—far mair nor wild anes. A wild guse, to be sure, is no bad eatin', shot in season—oot o' season, and after a lang flicht, what is he but a rickle o' banes? But a tame guse, aff the stubble, sirs—(and what'n a hairst this'll be for guses, the stooks hae been sae sair shuchen!)—roasted afore a clear fire to the swirl o' a worsted string stuffed as fou's he can haud frae neck to doup wi' yerbs—and deevoor'd wi' about equal proportions o' mashed potawties, and a clash o' aipple sass—the creeshy briest o' him shinnin' out owre a' its braid beautifu' rotundity, wi' a broonish and yellowish licht, seemin' to be the verra concentrated essence o' tastefu' sappiness, the bare idea o' which, at ony distance o' time and place, brings a gush o' water out o' the pallet—his theeeghs slightly crisped by the smokeless fire to the preceese pint best fitted for crunchin'—and, in short, the toot-an-sammal o' the Bird, a perfect specimen o' the beau-ideal o' the true Bird o' Paradise—for sic a guse, sir—(but oh! may I never be sae sairly tempted)—wad a man sell his kintra or his conscience—and neist day strive to stifle his remorse by gobblin' up the giblet-pie.

*North.* To hear you speak, James, the world would take you for an epicure and glutton, who bowed down five times a day in fond idolatry before the belly-god. What a delusion!

*Shepherd.* What does the silly senseless world ken aboot the real character o' the puir Ettrick Shepherd, ony mair than about that o' puir Lord Byron. But you, sir, ken baith *his* by metafeesical intuitions, that see intil a man's sowle through the works o' his inspired genie, and the acts o' his destrackit life—though fate and fortune, doom and destiny, keepit ye twa far asunder a' the time that the noble Childe was driven along existence like the rack flyin' overhead on the stormy skies—and *mine* by that intercommunin' o' a' high thochts and high feelings, sir, that far far apairt frae a' fun and frolic, and wut, and humour and glee—(yet they, too, are in their season suitable, and tell tales aften no safe to be repeated o' secrets slumberin' amang sorrows deep doon in that

“Strange tumultuous thing the human heart”)

hae aften given to the hollows o' the hills, where we twa hae walked thegither, far frae the ways o' man, frae the risin' to the settin' sun, the

consecration of some mighty temple. Yes, Mr. North, till all the visible region baith o' the earth and the heavens—the *ane* beautifu', with its gently undulating sea o' hills, greener than ony water-sea that ever rolled in sunshine, and aften, in glorious blinks, also purpler far, when the heather-heights, suddenly light-smitten, coloured all the day with the lustre beaming from their gorgeous mantle—and the *ither*, as we lay like sleepers on the sward—dreamers but no sleepers we—with half-shut eyes undrowsily watching the slow passing-by of the drowsy clouds, and drinkin' in, wi' nae impatient thirst, but wi' a tranquil appetite divine, the blue liquid beauty o' the stainless ether—the *ither*, North, seeming, indeed, to deserve the holy name of heaven, whither, had I had wings of a dove, I would have flown away and been at rest, for thou, my friend, knowest, even as I know, that except in those regions, rest is there none for us “poor sons of a day,” and *that* thocht, sir, that keeps ebbing and flowing for ever in the silence and the solitude o' our sowles, gies a sanctity to the great sky-bow that bends over us, when it is strung in peacefu' beauty that changes a' creation into a vast Place o' Worship.

*North.* Mere painted air!

*Shepherd.* Weel do I ken, sir, that it's naething else! Yet holy in my eyes has ever been what in Scotland we ca' “the lift,” even as the Bible lyin' open, during the hour of service, on my father's knee! Nae senses have we to penetrate into infinitude and eternity. Frae such ideas do not our sowles recoil back on space and time, feeble and forlorn, and sore afraid! But God has given us imaginations, sir, wherewith to beauty and glorify into celestial and abiding tabernacles, terrestrial vapours, in their ain nature evanescent as dreams!

*North.* James, give me your hand, our friendship is strong and sacred.

*Shepherd.* The shows o' natur, sir, are a' mere types; but there's nae sin, sir—be assured there's nae sin, sir, in looking on the type even as if it were the thing—the thocht typified; for such seems to be the natur o' the human sowle, weak, weak, weak, sir, even in its greatest strength, and relying on the senses for support even in its maist spiritual communings, and maist holy worship o' Him that inhabiteth Eternity.

*North.* Poetry—Philosophy—Religion.

*Shepherd.* I canna conceive a mair sacred, a mair holy task, than that which a man taks upon himsell, when he sits doon to write the life and character of his brither man. Afore he begins to write the capital letter at the beginnin' o' the first word, he ocht to hae sat mony a lang hour, a' by himsell alang the flowings of some river, (hoo lifelike!)—and to hae lain awake during mony a lang hour o' the night-watches, and *especially then a' by himsell*—meditating on the duty he has undertaken to perform, and comparin' or contrastin', as it may be,

what he *may conjecture* to hae been the character o' his brither, whom God has called to judgment, wi' what he *must ken* to be the character o' his ain sell, whom God next moment may call to his dread account. A' men hae mair nor an inklin' o' their warst evil propensities, and their ain warst sins. When religion and philosophy speak o' the diffeeculty o' kennin' ane's ain heart, they mean anither thing a'thegither; an' though an awfu' and a fearfu' thing, not to my present purpose, and to be haunled by me anither nicht, in anither discoorse.

*North.* Why, you are giving us a sermon, James.

*Shepherd.* An' pray, sir, is there ony reason in the natur o' things why you should hae a' the preachin' to yoursell? Noo, sir, I say that the beeographer wha acts thus will never cease hearing a solemn whisper, as if direct frae Heaven—and it is frae Heaven, fillin', but no disturbin' his ear—"Do unto others that which thou wouldst they should do unto thee!" O, sir! hoo universal is the application—at a' times—at a' seasons—to a' the meeserable race o' man—o' thae divine words! Hoo are they forgotten! In the passion o' action, gin I may sae speak, there seems amais some excuse, drawn frae the constitution o' our natur, for the sound o' that heavenly voice being droon'd amang the waves. But when a's cawm abune and aroun'—naething nor naebody troublin' us—and yet the sense o' our ain sins as prevalent in our privacy as our sense o' the mercy o' the Most High towards us sinners—by what mysterious agency comes it about, that even then, wi' the cawnle twinklin' peacefully afore us, like a bit starnie, through the glimmer o' our midnight chawmer, and

"The wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnily,"

and not a foot stirrin' in a' the house, but the four feet o' some hungry, yet no' unhappy moosie, gliding cannily alang the carpet in search o' some crumbs that may hae fa'n ahint a chair—O, sir! *whence* comes the thocht or the feelin' o' evil in the heart o' a man at sic an hour as this, when, if ever guardian angels may be permitted to leave their celestial bowers for homes of earth, weel micht we houp to lie aneath the shadow o' the wings o' sic holy visitants! Yet, nae door flies open—nae wa' sinks—nor enter in, in visible troops, the Fiends and the Furies. But what ca' ye Envy, and Jealousy, and Malice, and Anger, and a' the rest o' the Evil Passions, that, as if gifted wi' ubiquity and perpetual presence, clutch our verra conscience by the hair o' the head, and bendin' back its neck, break its verra spine, till it's murdered or maimed, in death or dwaum—and oh! mercy! what a hubbub noo amang a' the desperate Distractions! Sometimes they sit upon the sowle, tearin' out its een, like ravens or vultures—

*North.* James, enough! The truth shocks and sickens.

*Shepherd.* Weel, then, descend a' at ance frae thae maist fearsome hichts, commandin' a bird's-eye view o' the empiry o' Sin and Evil—

*North.* Mil tonic.

*Shepherd.* And merely ask yoursell, what wunner it was that sic a man as our freen, John Galt, in general an excellent fellow, should hae been beguiled—betrayed—by some o' the meaner agencies, the lower spirits, to——

*North.* Compose No. I. of the National Library !

*Shepherd.* Just sae—and there's an anticlimax for you—wi' a vengeance and a thud ! But when we first got on this topic, some hour or sae sin syne, at the commencement o' this jug—What's this I was intendin' to say ? Ou aye. It was, that you ken ma character by havin' often studied it in sic moods and seasons. Noo, I was a few minutes ago describin' a roasted guse—wi' a' the zest o' a glutton whose imagination was kindled by his palate. And at that moment as sincere was I as ever you beheld me when standin' by the side o' some great loch, and gazing on the sun sinking behind the mountains. But what care I, sir, for a' the guses that ever was roasted ? No a single strae. Gie me a bit cheese and bread when I am hungry, and I will say grace oure't sittin' by some spring among the hills, wi' as gratefu' a heart as ever yearned in a puir sinner's breast towards the Giver o' a' mercies. Nae objections hae I—why sud I ?—to a jug o' toddy, especially, sir, sittin' cheek by jowl wi' auld Christopher. But mony and mony a day o' drivin' rain and blashin' sleet and driftin' sna' hae I been out frae morn till nicht among the hills—aye, sir, frae nicht till morn—a' through the wild sughing hours o' the mirk nichts o' winter, without ever thinkin' o' spirits in the shape o' whisky ony mair than if in this weary world there never had been ae single still ! Sumphs—base insolent sumphs—say I, sir, that dare to insult the Shepherd at his Glenlivet with the King of Men. Has the aipple o' my eye, sir, tint ae hue o' its brichtness, or shows it one bloodshot streak or stain o' intemperance ? Has the aipple o' my cheek, sir, tint ae hue o' its ruddiness, or shows it one blotch or pimple o' excess either in eatin' or drinkin' ? Damn the Cockney cooards and calumniators——

*North.* Unclench your hairy fist, my beloved Shepherd, and let me see thee smile again as sweetly as if singing a song to the Queen of the Fairies among the tohmans of her ancient woods.

*Shepherd.* Hatred o' hypocrisy sets my blood in a low, and converts it, for a space “brief as the lightning in a collied night,” into liquid fire. Here, sir, here, in this our dearly beloved and beautifu' Blue Parlour—and there, sir, there—through that wa'—in the fantastic French Hunting Chawmer—and yonner, sir, yonner in the shooperb—the shooblime Saloon—what whisper ever heard the walls—and walls, 'tis said, have ears—of envy, or jealousy, or calumny, or of any evil thocht towards any one, high or humble, of the great family of Man ?



*North.* None, never!

*Shepherd.* Has a man great genius?—you, sir, trumpet-tongued, hail his advent when “far off his coming shines,” and the nations as yet know not what means the apparition on the weather-gleam, till you tell them ’tis a—poet.

*North.* Spare my blushes. Yet I feel in all humility that it is the truth.

*Shepherd.* Has a man sma’ genius, seeks Christopher to extinguish it? Na, na, na. He kens that the spark is frae Heaven, and sooner than tread it oot, would he put his foot on the adder-hole. Oh! weel ken you, sir, my auld wise freen, that genius yearns for glory mair passionately even than ever love yearned for beauty, and that to him disappointment is despair, and despair is death! A sneer, sir, on your face, might drive some bright-hoped laddie mad, while he was seekin’, and findin’, and losin’ his flowery way in the wilderness o’ the imagination, day after day, and nicht after nicht, for years, and years, mistakin’ dreams for realities, and believin’ a’ things to be in natur’ verily as beautifu’ as his ain thochts!

*North.* Rather would I die, James.

*Shepherd.* Sir, ye ken, and I ken, but aiblins I better nor you, for I was born, as Burns says, in an “auld clay biggin’,” and had little or nae assistance and support to my sowle when it was beginnin’ to work like barm within me, or rather, if you’ll no think the eemage ower gran’ for the occasion, when it was beginnin’ to trummle, and crumple, and sigh, and groan, and heave, and hotch, like what ane reads about the earlier stages o’ the proceedings o’ some earthquack,—I say, sir, that I was left amaist entirely to my ain silly sell, wi’ naebody to tell me what a’ that disturbance within me might mean, whether it was for gude or for evil, frae heaven or hell—ye maun pardon me, sir, for sic strong expressions, but aften and aften did I shudder to think that I had fa’n intil the power o’ Satan—sae black, sir, at times were the thochts that suddenly assailed me in solitude, till, wad ye believe me, they took the shape o’ great lang shadows lying threateningly on the sward afore me, when not a cloud was in heaven, and the sun shining like a god in his ain undivided sky. The neebours—nay, my verra faither and mither, and the lave o’ our ain bairns, feared, when I was about the size or sae o’ my wee Jamie—God bless him!—

*North.* Amen!

*Shepherd.* —that I was gettin’ mad—and sae for a while did I mysell—but I soon cam to ken that it was nae madness, but genie working in the dark, like a mole or a miner, till it fand its way up into the air, and then eagle-eyed beheld the beauty o’ the heavens and the earth, in a trance that passes away, sir, as ye ken, aneath the presence and the pressure o’ cares and anxieties, and duties—aften a weary wecht—

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but ever and anon returns, a renewed revelation by natur, to them who keep holy the Covenant sworn at her altar amang the mysteries that haunted the world of eye and ear in the morn o' life. Nae yawning, if you please, sir. Better that at ance you should cowp owre in a dwawm o' sleep.

*North.* I could cut with a blunt knife the throat of any man who yawns while I am speaking to him—especially if he attempts to conceal his crime, by putting his hand to his mouth, yet, such a bundle of inconsistencies is man, that confound me if I could listen for five minutes to the angel Raphael himself—or Gabriel either—without experiencing that sensation about the jaws which precedes and produces that sin. The truth is, that admiration soon makes me yawn—and I fear that Sir Walter, and Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Bowles, and others, may sometimes have felt queer at the frequent, if not incessant, opening and shutting of the folding doors of my mouth, during their most amusing or instructive, reasoning or imaginative harangues. I wish I could find some way of letting them know, that so far from any offence being meant, or weariness experienced by me, I was in fact repaying them for the delight they gave me, by the most sincere, if not the most delicate tribute of applause, which it was in my power to render, or rather out of my power to withhold from genius and wisdom.

*Shepherd.* I never in a' my born days, and I'm noo just the age o' Sir Walter, and, had he been leevin', o' Bonnypratt, met a perfectly pleasant—that is a'thegither enchantin' man in a party—and I have lang thoct there's nae sic thing in existence as poors o' conversation. There's Sir Walter wi' his everlastin' anecdotes, nine out o' ten meanin' naethin', and the tenth itsell as auld as the Eildon hills, but not, like them, cleft in three, which would be a great relief to the listener, and aiblins alloo a nap atween—yet hoo the coofs o' a' ages, sexes, and ranks, belabour your lugs with their lachter at every clause—and baser than ony slaves that ever swept the dust with their faces from the floors of Eastern despots, swallow his stalest stories as if they were manna dropping fresh frae the heaven o' imagination! Yet you see the crust aften sticks in their throats—and they narrowly escape chokin'. Yet I love and venerate Sir Walter abune a' ither leevin' men except your sell, sir, and for that reason try to thole his discourse. As to his ever hearin' richt ae single syllable o' what ye may be sayin' to him, wi' the maist freendly intent o' enlichtenin' his weak mind, you maun never indulge ony howp o' that kind—for o' a' the absent men when anither's speakin' that ever glowered in a body's face, without seemin' to ken even wha he's lookin' at, Sir Walter is the foremost—and gin he behaves in that gate to a man o' original genius like me, you may conceive his treatment o' the sumphs and sumphesses that compose fashionable society.

*North.* James—be civil.

*Shepherd.* Yet tak up ony trash o' travels by ony outlandish foreigner through our kintra, and turn to the chapter, "Visit to Abbotsford," and be he frog-eatin' Frenchman, sneevin' through his nose—

*North.* Or gross guttural German, groaning about Goethe—

*Shepherd.* —or girm' and grimacin' Italian, wi' his music and his macaroni, fiddlin' and fumblin' his way aiblins into marriage wi' some deluded lassie o' condition wi' the best o' Scottish bluid in her veins—

*North.* Sarcastic dog!

*Shepherd.* —and one and all alike—each with the peculiar loathsomeness belonging to the mode of adulation practised in his ain kintra—begin slabberin' and slimin' the illustrious baronet fra head to feet, till he is all over slaver. Hoo he maun scunner!

*North.* Perhaps not.

*Shepherd.* He maun. Then each Tramp begins to ring the same changes on his fool's bells about Sir Walter's poors o' conversation, his endless stores o' information, his inexhaustible mines o' intellectual treasures—

*North.* Stop, James—lay your hand on your heart—and tell me—we are quite alone, and you need not look at the screen, for there is nobody behind it—are you not jealous?

*Shepherd.* Me jealous! and o' Sir Walter! As I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, I am not! I glory in my country for his sake. But say—sir—unseal your lips and speak—should he, who of all men I ever kent is the least o' a tyrant, be thus served by slaves?

*North.* No great man of any age, James, during his mortal lifetime, ever so lived, by the peaceful power of genius, in the world's eye, and in the world's minds, and the world's heart, as Sir Walter Scott.

*Shepherd.* None whatsoever.

*North.* Why? Because never before had genius such as his dealt with subjects of such universal and instant interest.

*Shepherd.* What! No Shakspeer?

*North.* No; not Shakspeare.

*Shepherd.* But wull he leeve as lang's Shakspeer?

*North.* Why the devil should he not? Why, you and I will live as long as Shakspeare—but it is not mere length of life, James, but intensity and universality of life, that constitutes the immortality of the soul.

*Shepherd.* Gude—gude. In ae sense, a' that's prented may live for ever; in anither sense, amais a' that's prented dies. Common owthers leeve but in their byeucks,—and every time ye shut his byeuck, it may be said that ye put a common owther to death, or imprison him in a cell. He is in oblivion. But sience in ages an

owther is born—Homer, Shakspeer, Scott—wha leave na in their byeucks alone—though edition after edition keeps perpetually poorin' out o' the press—but omnipresent in the regions o' Thocht and Feeling, as sunshine fills the day.

*North.* Gude—gude. But when, James, was there ever religion without superstition? worship without idolatry?

*Shepherd.* Never in the history o' man. I see your drift, sir. Therefore it is—wou'd the auld cunning carle say—that while the wise, the good, and the free unveil their foreheads in manly admiration afore the genius o' Sir Walter, preserving a' the while the erect attitude o' that being, to whom alone the Latin poet said, God gave “a sublime face,” that he might behold the heavens and all their stars—the wiseacres, the fools, and the slaves, fall down brutishly before him, and lick the dust aff his feet.

*North.* James, a peg lower, if you please. Let Sir Walter produce any sort of stuff he chooses, and that set of worshippers swear it is beaten gold. There is his Demonology and Witchcraft—a poor book——

*Shepherd.* What sae ye? a pair byeuck on Demonology and Witchcraft by Sir Walter Scott?

*North.* Poor in matter and in manner—in substance and in style. And yet the paid paltry press are at this moment all pawing it with their praise. Two years ago I spake of—*Puffing*. One year ago, the Edinburgh Review—following in my wake—did the same; but it scarified and seared the skin of the small sinners, and left that of the great sleek and without a seam. But “a braw time's comin'”—and not many months shall go by, James, till I flay the trade.

*Shepherd, (rising from his seat.)* Ha! Mr. Tickler, hoo are you—and hoo cam' you intil the room?

*North.* Tickler! James? I see no Tickler.

*Shepherd, (somewhat agitated.)* Mr. Tickler, speak—smile—lauch! O lauch—lauch—lauch, sir; I'll thank ye frae the bottom o' my sowle to lauch!

*North.* Nay—this is like midsummer madness at the end of October. Don't stare so, I beseech you, my dear Shepherd.

*Shepherd.* Luk—luk—luk! Fixed een—white cheeks—blue lips—drippin' hair—a ghastly countenance, an' a spectral shape. It's his wraith—his wraith—and e'er midnight, we shall be hearin' a sugh gaun through the city that our freen' has been droon'd!

*North, (alarmed.)* I see nothing.

*Shepherd, (coming round to North.)* There—there—richt opposite to us on the wa'!

*North.* Shall I ring the bell?

*Shepherd.* What said ye? See, it lifts its corpse-like hauns! Oh! that it would tūt speak!

*North, (recovering his self-possession.)* Your stomach is out of order James—your bowels——

*Shepherd.* I wou'd fain houp sae—but I fear no! Mercy on us! it's liftin' itsel' up, and moving like a shadow—noo—noo—thank heaven, it has evaporated, and is gaue!

*Enter AMBROSE in violent agitation.*

*Ambrose.* Oh! dear—Oh! dear—sirs, there's a rumour flying through the city that the body of Mr. Tickler has been found drowned in one of the Leith Docks!

*North and Shepherd.* Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

*(Exeunt omnes distracted.)*

SCENE.—*The Snuggery.—Time, seven o'clock—Members present.—*  
NORTH, SHEPHERD, O'BROTE.

*Shepherd.* The wee bit cozzie octagon Snuggery metamorphosed, I declare, intil a perfeck paragon o' a leebrary, wi' glitterin' brass-wired rosewood shelves, through whilk the bricht-bunn' byeuckies glint splenid as sunbeams, yet saftened and subdued somehow or ither, doun to a specie o' moonlicht, sic as lonely shepherd on the hill lifts up his hauns to admire alang the fringed edges o' a fleecy mass o' clouds, when the orb is just upon the verra comin' out again intil the blue, and the entire nicht beautifies itsell up, like a leevin' being, to rehail the stainless apparition.

*North.* Homeric!

*Shepherd.* Ay, Homer was a shepherd like mysell, I'se warrant him, afore he lost his een, in lieu o' whilk, Apollo, the Great Shepherd o' a' the Flocks o' the Sky, gied him—and wasna't a glorious recompense, sir?—for a' the rest o' his days, the gift o' immortal sang.

*North.* 'Tis fitted up, James, after a fancy-plan of our poor, dear, old, facete, feeling, ingenious, and most original friend—Johnny Ballantyne.

*Shepherd.* Johnny Ballantyne!

*North.* Methinks I see him—his slight slender figure restless with a spirit that knew no rest—his face so suddenly changeful in its expression from what a stranger might have thought habitual gravity, into what his friends knew to be native there—glee irrepressible and irresistible—the very madness of mirth, James, in which the fine ether of animal spirits seemed to respire the breath of genius, and to shed through the room, or the open air, a contagion of cheerfulness, against which no heat was proof, however sullen, and no features could stand, however grim, but still all the company, Canters and Covenanters inclusive, relaxed and thawed into murmurs of merriment, even as the strong spring sunshine sends a-singing the bleak frozen moor-streams, till all the wilderness is alive with music.

*Shepherd.* He was indeed a canty cretur—a delichtfu' companion.

*North.* I hear his voice this moment within my imagination, as distinct as if it were speaking. 'Twas exceedingly pleasant.

*Shepherd.* It was that. Verra like Sandy's—only a hue merrier,

and a few beats in the minute faster. Oh, sir! hoo he wou'd hae enjoyed the Noctes, and hoo the Noctes would hae enjoyed him!

*North.* In the midst of our merriment, James, often has that thought come over me like a cloud.

*Shepherd.* What'n a lauch!

*North.* Soul-and-heart-felt!

*Shepherd.* Mony a strange story fell down stane-dead when his tongue grew mute. Thoosands o' curious, na, unaccountable anecdotes, ceased to be, the day his een were closed; for he tel't them, sir, as ye ken, wi' his een mair than his lips; and his verra hawns spak, when he snapped his forefinger and his thoomb, or wi' the hail five spread out—and he had what I ca' an elegant hawn o' fine fingers, as maist wutty men hae—manually illustrated his soobjeck, till the words gaed aff, murmuring like bees frae the tips, and then Johnny was quate again for a minute or sae, till some ither freak o' a fancy came athwart his genie, and instantly loup't intil look, lauch, or speech—or rather a' the three thegither in ane, while Sir Walter himsel' keckled on his chair, and leanin' wi' thae extraordinar' chowks o' his, that aften seem to me amaist as expressive as his pile o' forehead, hoo wou'd he fix the grey illumination o' his een on his freen Johnny, and ca' him by that familiar name, and by the sympathy o' that maist capawcious o' a' sowles, set him clean mad—richt doon wudd a'thegither—till really, sir, he got untholeably divertin', and folk compleen'd o' pains in their sides, and sat wi' the tears rinnin' doon their cheeks, praying him for gudeness to haud his tongue, for that gin he didna, somebody or ither wou'd be fa'in doon in a fit, and be carried out dead.

*North.* A truce, my dear James, to all such dreams. Yet pleasant, though mournful to the soul, is the memory of joys that are past! And never, methinks, do we feel the truth of that beautiful sentiment more tenderly, than when dimly passeth before our eyes, along the mirror of imagination,—for I agree with thee, thou sagest of Shepherds, that when the heart is finely touched by some emotion from the past, the mirror of imagination and of memory is one and the same, held up as if in moonlight by the hands of Love or Friendship,—never feel we the truth of that beautiful sentiment more tenderly, I repeat, James, than when we suddenly rebehold there the image—the shadow of some face that when alive wore a smile of perpetual sunshine—somewhat saddened now, though cheerful still, in the momentary vision—and then, as we continue to gaze upon it, undergoing sad obscuration, and soon disappearing in total eclipse.

(*Enter MR. AMBROSE, MONS. CADET, KING PEPIN, SIR DAVID GAM, TAPPIETOURIE, and the PECH, with tea, coffee, toast, muffins, &c.*)

*Shepherd.* When a body has had an early dinner, what a glorious meal's the FOUEROORS! Hooly—hooly, lads. Aye—that's richt,

Tappy—just set doon the muffins there close to ma nieve; oh! but they seem sappy! Sir Dawvit, be ye baronet or be ye knight, you've a fine ee for the balancin' o' a table, or ye had never clashed doon on that spat thae creeshy crampets. Pippin, you're a dexterous cretur, wi' your ashets o' wat and dry toast. And oh! my man Pechy! but you've a stoot back and a strong arm to deposit wi' sic an air o' majesty that twa-quartern loaf fresh frae the baker's, and steamin' as sweet's a-bank o' vi'lets after a shower. Mr. Awmrose, ye needna bile ony mair eggs—for though they're no verra big anes, yet whatever the size, sax is ma number—thae bit chickens maun hae belonged to a late cleckin'. But whare's the Roond? Aye—aye—Prince o' Picardy! I see ye bearin' him frae the bit sideboardie. Noo attend to Mr. North, Mr. Awmrose, and dinna mind me—tak tent o' Mr. North, sir—and see that he wants for naething—for I discern by the glegness o' the een o' him, that he's yaup—yaup—yaup—and 's sharpenin' his teeth wi' the fork, till you hear them raspin' like a mower whettin' his scythe.

*North.* Ambrose, bring yon.

*Ambrose.* Here they are, sir. (*Placing them before Mr. Hogg.*)

*Shepherd.* Angels and ministers o' grace defend us—what the dee-vil's thae?

*North.* What think ye, James?

*Shepherd.* Hauns! Human hauns! Preserved human hauns! Pickled human hauns! The preserved and pickled human hauns o' a Christian!

*North.* Well—what although?

*Shepherd.* Weel! what altho'! Are they a present frae Dr. Knox, or his freen Hare? Aiblins the verra hauns o' Burke himsell! What throttlers!

*North.* Why, they are throttlers, James—but they never belonged in life to any of the gang.

*Shepherd.* That's a great relief. But excuse me, sir, for haudin' ma nose—for I fear they're stinkin'.

*North.* Sweet, I assure you, James, as the downy fist of a virgin, yet warm from her own bosom. Bear-paws from Scandinavia—a Christmas present from my intrepid friend Lloyd, now Schall-king of the Frozen Forests.

*Shepherd.* Let's pree them.

(*The SHEPHERD takes one paw, and NORTH another, and they both begin to masticate.*)

*Ambo.* Exquisite?

*Shepherd.* Are ye at the taes, sir?

*North.* I am.

*Shepherd.* Mine is picket as clean's an ivory kaim for the tapknot o' a bit bonnie lassie. Noo for the pawms.



*North.* The mustard?

*Shepherd.* Eh?

*North.* The mustard?

*Shepherd.* Eh? Oh! but the pawms is prime. The ile of pawms! Far better nor the ignorant warld suspects. Nae wunner the beasta sooks them in their wunter-caves.

*North.* Try your paw with chicken, James.

*Shepherd.* I'm doin' sae, sir. Frae this time, henceforit and forever-mair, hoo weresh the race o' hams! What's pig-face to bear-paw!

*North.* Hyperion to a Satyr.

*Shepherd.* Say Satyr to Hyperion, Sir. Mine's anatameezed—and lo! the skeleton! O the wonnerfu' warks o' natur!

*North.* There!

*Shepherd.* What'n a *what*! I'm hungrier than if I had ate a hale solan guse. What'n a *what*!

*North.* Let us now set in to serious eating, James.

*Shepherd.* Be't sae. Seelence!

*(There is silence in the Snuggery from half-past seven till half-past eight; or, rather, a sound like the whutter of wild-fowl on the feed along a mud-bank, by night, in Poole Harbour, at low-water, as described by Colonel Hawker.)*

*North.* James!

*Shepherd.* What's your wull, sir?

*North.* A caulker?

*Shepherd.* Wi' a' my heart and sowle. Here's to Mr. Lloyd's health and happiness—and when he's dune huggin' the bears, may he get a wife!

*North.* Amen!

*Shepherd.* Noo, sir, let's hae some lesterary conversation.

*North.* I was just going to propose it, James. Suppose we have a little poetry.

*Shepherd.* What a cauld squash o' poetry's this we've had blawn intil our faces o' late, like sae mony blashy shoors o' sleet? But Stoddart has genius.\*

*North.* He has. Let us speak now of the great masters. Lean back, James—hand over head—and pull out the volume it chances to light on—one or other of the works of the Immortals.

*Shepherd.* *(obeying the mandate.)* Muir's Life o' Byron—First volumn! Whan are we to hae the second?

*North.* I know not. Probably ere next Noctes.

*Shepherd.* I'm wearyin' unco sair for the second vollum. But our carrier, when he's gotten a heavy load o' the necessaries o' life, sic as vivers, and pots and pans, and ither household utensils, aye leaves

\* Stoddart was a minor Scottish poet.—M.

ahint him at Selkirk a' pairshels that he jalouses may conteen byeuka, "Especially," quo' he, "thae great muckle clumsy square anes ye ca' quartos."

*North.* Not so with Maga?

*Shepherd.* Na, na! A bale o' Blackwood's as light as a feather, and he swears that his beast never reests on the steyst brae gin Maga's aboard. The buyancy o' the bale, sir, gars his cart dance alang a' the ups and downs i' the road through the Forest, like a bit pleasure yott tilting outowre the waves at Windermere Regatta.

*North.* Poetry!

*Shepherd.* I can tell you a curious tale about this quarto. It lay for the best part o' a moon amang some cheeses, at Selkirk, afore it was discovered by some weans to be a byeuck, by means o' the broon paper and the direction, and was forwarded at last to Mount Benger in a return cart loaded wi' strae. But Gudefallow clean forgot that his lordship was there, and sae by some queer mischance he got bundled up intil the laft, and mair nor a month afterwards, you may guess the surprise o' ane o' the hizzies that had gaen up for fodder, when a great big broon square paper pairshel bounced out o' her lap in the byre——

*North.* Poor Girzzy!

*Shepherd.* — to the sair disappointment o' Crummie, wha' after smellin' an' snortin' at it for a while, began cavin' her head like a dementit cretur, and then ettlin' to toss't out o' the door, gettin't entangled by the twine on the point o' ane o' her horns, she brak oot o' the byre, as if stung by a gadflee, or some divine œstrum——

*North.* Classical!

*Shepherd.* — and then doon the knowe, across the holm, owre the Yarrow, up the brae, and oot o' sicht ahint the hill, richt awa like a red-deer, clean out the region o' Yarrow a'thegither, and far awa ayont the head o' Ettrick into the verra heart o' Eskdalemuir, whar she was fun', days after, sair forfeuchan, ye may weel suppose, wi' the Beeography across her een, just as if she had been a bill gien to stickin', wi' a brodd on his griesly forehead. A' the shepherds, ye ken, sir, are gude scholars in our region—and him that first fand her was the President o' the Eskdalemuir Spootin', Theological, and Philosophical Club. Puttin' on his specs—for he's a gae auld cretur—he sune made oot the inscription in capitals on the forehead o' the beast—JAMES HOGG, ESQ., MOUNT BENDER, YARROW, BY SELKIRK," and then in ecetals aneath—"To be forwarded by the first opportunity."

*North.* That must have been a poser to the President.

*Shepherd.* It was that, sir. Nor was his perplexity diminished by the twa sma' words in ane o' the corners—"Per mail." The mail hasna begun yet to rin that road, ye ken, sir, in the shape o' a cotch, and the President himsell confessed to me, on tellin' the tale, that amang the multitude o' oot'-o-the-way thochts that crooded intil his

brain, to account for the faynomenon,—ane o' them was, that in this age o' inventions, when some newfangled notion or ither, oot o' some ingenious noddle, is pitten daily intil practice for expeditin' human intercourse, the coo was an express——

*North.* Hee—hee—hee! James, you tickle my fancy, and I get slightly convulsed about the midriff.

*Shepherd.* Yes, sir—that the coo was an express sent by Mr. Elliot o' Selkirk.

*North.* Instead of a carrier-pigeon.

*Shepherd.* Just sae, sir. And that the coo, haen been bred in Esk-dalemuir, had returned to the spat o' her nativity, eager to browse the pasturage on which she had fed when a young and happy quey. Howsomever, to make a long story short, our freen contrived to get the quarto aff Crummie's horns, and brocht it doon neist day himsell to Mount Benger, when, by layin a' our heads thegither, we cam to see intill the heart o' the mystery, which, like maist others, when severely scrutineezed, degenerated intil an accoontable though somewhat uncommon fack.

*North.* Open the volume, James, at haphazard—and let the first page that meets your eyes be the text of our discursive dialogue.

*Shepherd.* Shall I read it up, sir?

*North.* Do, ore *rotundo*, like a Grecian. What seems it about?

*Shepherd.* The marriages of men o' genius—if I dinna mistak——

*North.* Hark! and lo!

*(The time-piece strikes nine, and enter PICARDY and Tail, with the material. They sweep away the "Reliquias Danaum," and deposit all things needful in their place.)*

*Shepherd.* Clever chieles, thae, sir.

*North.* I hope, James, that Mr. Moore will strike out of the volume, before it becomes an octavo, that misbegotten, misconceived, misdelivered, misplaced, and mistimed abortion——

*Shepherd.* What'n a skrow o' misses, like a verra boardin'-school let'n lowse; puir bit things, I pity them—a' walkin' by themsells, rank and file, twa deep, the feck o' them gae'n sickly, and greenin' for hame. But no to purshue the eemage—what was you beginnin' till abuse, sir, when I interrappit you about the misses?

*North.* Mr. Moore's Homily on Husbands.

*Shepherd.* He says—"The truth is, I fear, that rarely, if ever, have men of the higher order of genius shown themselves fitted for the calm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life." Hoots—hoots! Toots—hoots! Hoots—hoots! Toots—hoots!

*North.* You are severe, James, but your strictures are just.

*Shepherd.* The warst apothegm that ever was kitted in the shape o' a paradox; and then, sir, the expression's as puir's the thocht. The cawm affections—if by them Mr. Muir means a' the great natural

affections, and he can mean naething else—are no the “cement” merely o’ domestic life, but they are its Sowle, its Essence, its Being, Itsell! Cement’s a sort o’ lime or slime——

*North.* I should not quarrel with the words, James, if their meaning——

*Shepherd.* But I do quarrel wi’ the words, sir, and they deserve to hae their noses pou’d for leers. I recollect the passage perfectly weel, and it’s as easy to rend it intil flinders, as to tear to rags a rotten blanket left by some gipsy on a nyeuck by the road-side. Tak’ you the byeuck, sir—for your amaisht as gude an elocutionist as Mr. Knowles himsell. You’re twa natural readers—wi’ a’ your art—therein you’re aboot equal—but in action and gesture, sir, he beats you sair.

*North.* “However delightful may be the spectacle of a man of genius, tamed and domesticated in society, taking docilely upon him the yoke of the social ties, and enlightening, without disturbing, the sphere in which he moves, we must, nevertheless, in the midst of our admiration, bear in mind that it is not thus smoothly or amiably immortality has been ever struggled for, or won. The poet thus circumstanced, may be popular, be loved; for the happiness of himself, and those linked with him, he is in the right road—but not for greatness. The marks by which Fame has always separated her great martyrs from the rest of mankind, are not upon him, and the crown cannot be his. He may dazzle, may captivate the circle, and even the times in which he lives, but he is not for hereafter!”

*Shepherd.* What infernal folly’s that ye’re taukin’, sir? I wuss ye mayna hae been drinkin’ in the forenoon owre mony o’ thae wicked wee glasses o’ noyau, or sherry-brandy, or ither leecures in confectionary chopps, and that’s the effects o’t breakin’ out upon you the noo, sae sune after the paws, in a heap o’ havers, just like a verra rash on the face o’ a patient in the measles. Eh?

*North.* The words are Mr. Moore’s. My memory, James, is far from being tenacious, yet sentences of extreme absurdity will stick to it——

*Shepherd.* Like plaguy burrs to the tails o’ a body’s coat walkin’ through a spring wood, alive wi’ sweet-singing birds, and sweet-smelling flowers, whase balm and beauty’s amaisht a’ forgotten as sune’s he comes out again into the open every-day world, and appear faint and far off, like an unassured dream, while thae confounded realities, the burrs, are stickin’ as if they had been shued on by the tailor, or rather incorporated by the wicked weaver wi’ the verra original wab o’ the claeth, sae that ye canna get rid o’ the inextricable cleggs, without clipping the bit oot wi’ the shears, or ruggin’ them aff angrily wi’ baith hauns, as if they were sae mony waur than useless buttons.

*North.* An apt and a picturesque illustration. When Mr. Moore

speaks of the spectacle of a man of genius "tamed and domesticated in society," he must have been thinking——

*Shepherd.* O' the lauchin' hyena.

*North.* No, James, not the laughing hyena, for he adds, "taking docilely upon him the yoke of the social ties;" and, I believe, neither the laughing nor the weeping hyena—neither the Democritus nor the Heracitus of the tribe—has ever been made to submit his shoulders to the yoke—nor, indeed, have I ever heard of any attempt having been made to put him into harness.

*Shepherd.* Mr. Muir's been thinkin' o' the zebra, or the quagga, sir.

*North.* But then, James, he goes on to say forthwith, "and enlightening, without disturbing, the sphere in which he moves."

*Shepherd.* Ay, there Mr. Muir forgets the kind o' animal he sets oot wi', and whether he was a lauching hyena, as I first surmised, or a zebra, or quagga, why, by a slip o' the memory or the imagination, he's transmogrified either intil a star or a watchman, "enlightening, without disturbing, the sphere in which he moves,"—maist probably a star; for a watchman does disturb "the sphere in which he moves," by ever and anon crawin' oot something about the hour—at least folk hae telt me that it's about the hour, and the divisions o' the hour, that the unhappy somnambulists are scrauching;—whereas, as to enlightening the sphere which he disturbs, what can you expect, sir, frae a fawrthing cawnle? It maun be a star, sir, that Mr. Muir means. . Tak ma word for't, sir, it's a star.

*North.* But, James, Mr. Moore adds, "that it is not thus smoothly or amiably immortality has been ever struggled for or won."

*Shepherd.* There again, sir, you see the same sort o' slip o' the memory or the imagination; sae that, no to be severe, the hail sentence is mair like the maunderin' o' an auld wife sittin' half asleep and half paraleetic, and aiblins rather a bit wee fou frae a chance drappie, at the ingle-cheek, lecturin' the weans how to behave theirsells, and mair especially that nae gude's ever likely to come either frae reading or writing ungodly ballants, like them o' Bobby Burns——

*North.* Or Jamie Hogg——

*Shepherd.* Just sae, sir,—for that, as she hersell cam to ken by cruel experience, it a' "ends in houghmagandy!"

*North.* I fear, James, the star won't do either. For Mr. Moore inditeth, that "for the happiness of himself (the poet aforesaid) and those linked with him, he is on the right road," which is not the language men use in speaking of a star or even a constellation. And in the sentence that follows, he is again a good Christian; but not one of "the great martyrs separated by Fame from the rest of mankind," as may be known from her "marks not being to be found upon him," (he is no witch, James), and from the want of a crown on his temples. Still, whether a laughing hyena, a zebra, a quagga, a star, or a watch-

man, he "may dazzle," Mr. Moore tells us, "may captivate the circle, and even *The Times* in which he lives (Mr. Moore himself, I believe, does so), but he is not for hereafter;" and this, James, is a specimen of fine writing in the philosophy of human life!

*Shepherd.* O hoch! hoch! hoch! O hoch! hoch!

*North.* You are not ill, my dear James?

*Shepherd.* Just rather a wee squeamish, sir. I can stammach as strang nonsense as maist men; but then there's a peculiar sort o' wersh fuzionless nonsense that's gotten a sweaty sweetishness aboot it, no unlike the taste o' the puirest imaginable frost-bitten parsnip eaten along wi' yesterday's sowens, to some dregs dribbled oot o' an auld treacle bottle that has been staunnin' a' the season on the window-sole catchin' flees,—that I confess does mak me fin' as gin I was gaun to bock. That sentence is a sample o't—sae here's to you, you Prince o' Jugglers. Oh! but that's the best you hae brew'd these fifty years, and drinks like something no made by the skill o' man, but by the instinct o' an animal, like hinny by bees. We maun hain this jug, sir; for there'll never be the marrow o't on this earth, were you to leeve till the age o' Methuslah, and mak a jug every hour, till you become a Defunk.

*North.* Tolerable tippie. Besides, James, how can Mr. Moore pretend to lay down an essential distinction between the character of those men of genius, who are born to delight the circle in which they move, and to be at once good authors and good men, delightful poets and admirable husbands, and those who are born to win a crown of immortality as bards, and as Benedicts to go to the devil?

*Shepherd.* Na. You may ask that wi' a pig's tail in your cheek.

*North.* With a pig's tail in my cheek! What is the meaning and origin, pray, of this expression?

*Shepherd.* A pig's tail's a quod of tobacco.

*North.* Oh! According to this creed, Poets born to delight their circles must always be trembling on the brink of marriage misery.

*Shepherd.* And mony o' them tumble ower, even according to Mr. Muir's ain theorem. For the difference—if there be ony—can only be a difference o' degree. Sae wha's safe?

*North.* Pope, it seems, once said, that to follow poetry, as one ought, "one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone." This was not very reverent in Pope, perhaps a little impious or so—at all events not a little self-conceited; but while it might be permitted to pass without blame, or even notice, among the many clever things so assiduously set down in Pope's letter, it must be treated otherwise when brought forward formally by a brother bard to corroborate a weak and worthless argument on the nature of genius and virtue, by which he would endeavour to prove that they are hostile and repugnant.

*Shepherd.* I aye pity Pop.

*North.* In these few words is pointed out, says Mr. Moore, "the sole path that leads genius to greatness. On such terms alone are the high places of fame to be won—nothing less than the sacrifice of the entire man can achieve them!"

*Shepherd.* Sae to be a great poet, a man maun forget—bonny feedy forget—mind, no in the Scriptural sense, for o' that neither Pop nor Muir seem to hae had ony recollection, or aiblins they would hae qualified the observe, or omitted it—father and mother, sisters and brothers, freens and sweethearts, wife and weans, and then, after havin' obleeterated their verra names frae the tablets o' his memory, he is to set down and write a poem worthy an immortal crown. Oh the sinner! the puir, paltry, pitifu', contemptible, weak, worthless, shamefu', shameless, sowless, heartless, unprincipled, and impious atheist o' a sinner, for to pretend, for the length o' time necessar to the mendin' the slit in the neb o' his pen, to forget a' that—and be a—Poet.

*North.* James—James—James—be moderate—

*Shepherd.* I'll no be moderate, sir. A' sorts o' moderation hae lang been ma abhorrence. I hate the verra word—and, for the year being, I aye dislike the menister that's the Moderator o' the General Assembly.

*North.* But be merciful on Mr. Moore, James. Do not extinguish altogether the author of Lalla Rookh.

*Shepherd.* I wadna extinguish, sir, the maist minute cretur in the shape o' a poet, that ever twinkled, like a wee bit tiny inseck, in the summer sun. I wad rather put ma haun' intil the fire, sir, than to claught a single ane o' the creturs in ma neeve, as ane might a butterfly wi' its beautiful wings expanded, wavering or steadfast in the air or on a flower, and crush his mealy mottledness intil annihilation. Na—na—let the bit variegated ephemeral dance his day—his hour—shining in his ain colours sae multifarious and so bonny blent, as if he had dropped doon wi' the laverock frae the rainbow.

*North.* What! Thomas Moore!

*Shepherd.* I'm no speakin' the noo o' Tammas Muir—except by anither kind o' implication. Sin I wudna harm a hair on the gaudy wings o' an ephemeral, surely I wudna pu' a feather frae them o' ane o' the Immortals.

*North.* Beautiful—James.

*Shepherd.* Mr. Muir's a true poet, sir. But true poet though he be, he maunna be alloo'd to publish pernicious nonsense in prose about poets and poetry, without gittin't across the knuckles till baith his twa hauns be as numb as lead. Let you and me convict him o' nonsense by the Socratic method. Begin the Sorites, sir.

*North.* The Sorites, James! A good Poet must be a good man—a great Poet must be a great man.

*Shepherd.* Is the law universal in nature?

*North.* It is, and without exception. But sin steals or storms its way into all human hearts—and then farewell to the grander achievements either of genius or virtue.

*Shepherd.* A man canna imagine a' the highest and holiest affections o' the heart, without having felt them in the core—can he, sir?

*North.* No.

*Shepherd.* A man, therefore, maun hae felt a' that man ought to feel, afore he—

*North.* Yes.

*Shepherd.* Can what?

*North.* Can be enrolled among the

“Phæbo digna locuti!”

*Shepherd.* But can a man who has ance enjoyed the holiest affections o' natur, in his ain heart, ever cease to cherish them in its inmost recesses?

*North.* Never.

*Shepherd.* But is it possible to cherish them far apart, and aloof frae their natural objects?

*North.* Impossible.

*Shepherd.* But can they be cherished, even among their natural objects, without being brocht into active movement towards them, without cleaving to them, as you may see bees cleaving to the flowers as they keep sook, sookin intil their verra hearts?

*North.* They cannot.

*Shepherd.* Then Mr. Muir's dished. For colleck a' thae premises, inferences, conclusions, admissions, axioms, propositions, corollaries, maxims, and apogtheegms intil æ GREAT TRUTH, and in it, besides a tbousan' ithers, will be found this ane—

*North.* “The sacrifice o' the entire man is the sacrifice o' the entire poet.”

*Shepherd.* Or, in other words, the man withouten a human heart, humanely warmed by the human affections, may as weel think o' becoming a poet, as a docken a sun-flower. Mr. Muir's dished.

*North.* Mr. Moore forgets, that without the practice of virtue, virtue

“Languishes, grows dim, and dies;”

and that, without the indulgence of action, so do the highest and holiest feelings; so that the Poet who neglects, disregards, shuns, or violates the duties of life, is forsaken of inspiration, and dies a suicide.

*Shepherd.* Ony mair nonsense o' Mr. Muir's?

*North.* Lots.

*Shepherd.* But what's that paper-ba' that you're aye keepin' rowin' atween your forefinger and your thoom?



*North.* Let me unroll it, and see—why, it's something quizzical.  
*Shepherd.* Fling't owre. Let's receet it.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, IN HONOR OF MAGA.

*Sung by the Contributors.*

Noo—harken till me—and I'll beat Matthews or Yates a' to sticks  
 wi' my impersonations.

TICKLER.

When Kit North is dead,  
 What will Maga do, sir?  
 She must go to bed,  
 And like him die too, sir!  
 Fal de ral, de ral,  
 Iram coram dago;  
 Fal de ral, de ral,  
 Here's success to Maga!

Timothy depicteth  
 the consequences  
 of North's death  
 to Maga.

*Chorus*, in which  
 the whole compa-  
 ny joineth.

SHEPHERD.

When death has them flat,  
 I'll stitich on my weepers,  
 Put crape around my hat,  
 And a napkin to my peepers!  
 Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

The Shepherd wax-  
 eth melancholy and  
 wipeth his sky-  
 lighta.

NORTH.

Your words go to my heart,  
 I hear the death-owl flying,  
 I feel death's fatal dart—  
 By jingo, I am dying!  
 Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

North apprehend-  
 eth death, and fall-  
 eth down in a  
 swoon.

COLONEL O'SHAUGHNESSY.

See him, how he lies  
 Flat as any flounder!  
 Blow me! smoke his eyes—  
 Death ne'er closed eyes sounder  
 Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

The Colonel de-  
 scribeth the ap-  
 pearance of Kit.

DELTA.

Yet he can't be dead,  
 For he is immortal,  
 And to receive his head  
 Earth would not ope its portal!  
 Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

Delta declareth  
 him immortal.

ODOHERTY.

Kit will never die;  
 That I take for *sartain*!  
 Death "is all my eye"—  
 An't it, Betty Martin?  
 Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

Odoherthy declar-  
 eth death to be all  
 in his eye.

## MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

Suppose we feel his arm—  
 Zounds! I never felt a  
 Human pulse more firm;  
 What's your opinion, Delta?  
 Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

The Pythagorean  
 feeleth his pulse,  
 and giveth a fa-  
 vourable prognos-  
 is.

## CHARLES LAMB.

Kit, I hope you're well,  
 Up, and join our ditty;  
 To lose such a fine old fel-  
 Low would be a pity!  
 Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

Charles hopeth Kit  
 is well, and advis-  
 eth him to get up  
 and sing.

## NORTH.

Let's resume our booze,  
 And tiddle while we're able;  
 I've had a bit of a snooze,  
 And feel quite comfortable!  
 Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

North awaketh  
 from his swoon,  
 and singeth.

## MULLION.

Be he who he may,  
 Sultan, Czar, or Aga,  
 Let him soak his clay  
 To the health of Kit and Maga!  
 Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

Mullion adviseth  
 all men to drink to  
 Kit and Maga.

## OPIUM-EATER.

Search all the world around,  
 From Greenland to Malaga,  
 And nowhere will be found  
 A magazine like Maga!  
 Fal de ral, de ral,  
 Iram coram dago;  
 Fal de ral, de ral,  
 Here's success to Maga!

The Opium-Eater  
 declareth Maga to  
 be matchless.

*North.* Admirable impersonations! The faculty of imitation al-  
 ways belongs, in excess, to original minds.

*Shepherd.* Does't?

*North.* Mimicry is the farthest thing in the wide world from imita-  
 tion.

*Shepherd.* Na. No the farthest thing in the wide world, sir; but I  
 cheerfully grant that a man may be a mere mime and nae imitawtor.  
 I'm baith.

*North.* And besides, an original.

*Shepherd.* At Mister Muir again, sir, tooth and nail!

*North.* "The very habits of abstraction and self-study, to which the  
 occupations of men of genius lead, are in themselves necessarily of

an unsocial and detaching tendency, and require a large portion of allowance and tolerance not to be set down as unamiable." So argueth Mr. Moore, and that is another reason why men of genius are not "fitted for the calm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life."

*Shepherd.* I houp, sir, there's no muckle truth in that, although it souns like a sort o' vague pheelosophy. Demolish't.

*North.* The habits of abstraction and self-study, of which Mr. Moore here speaks, are those of the poet. Now, so far from being, in themselves, necessarily of an unsocial and detaching tendency, they are pervaded with sympathy with all that breathes, and were that sympathy to die, so would the abstraction and self-study of the poet. True, that they seek and need seclusion from cark and care; and sometimes—say often—even from the common ongoing of domestic life. But what then? Do not all professions and pursuits in this life do the same?

*Shepherd.* Aye, ye may weel ask that! A lawyer routin' hours every day at the bar, and then dictatin' papers or opinions a' afternoon, evenin' and nicht, on to past his natural bed-time—are his habits, pray, "better fitted for the cawm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life," than them that's natural to the poet?

*North.* I should think not, James. They are very different from those of the poet—but much more disagreeable, and requiring, again to use Mr. Moore's words, a large "portion of allowance and tolerance not to be set down as unamiable."

*Shepherd.* Yet, amais a' the lawyers I ken in the Parliament House are excellent domestic characters,—that is to say, far frae being the dour deevils you wad suppose aforehaun' frae hearin' them gullorin' at the bar, and flitin' on ane anither, like sae mony randies. Gin they can fling aff the growl wi' the gown, and frae lawyers become men, mayna poets far mair easily and successfully do the same?

*North.* Undoubtedly, James. You might instance, in like manner, physicians and clergymen——

*Shepherd.* Aye, the classes that profess to tak especial care o' our twa pairts, the body and the sowle. Hoo profoun', sir, oucht to be their self-study, and their study o' ither folk! Physicians, ane nicht think, seein' folk dyin' nicht and day, in a' manner o' agonies, and being accustomed to pocket fees by the deathbed side, would become, in the core o' their hearts, as callous as custocks; and I shall na say that some o' them do not——

*North.* Most eminent physicians are good men; and, what is better, pleasant men——

*Shepherd.* What? Is't better to be pleasant than good?

*North.* Yes, James, for our present argument. According to Mr. Moore, they, too, ought "to require a larger portion of allowance and tolerance, not to be set down as unamiable."

*Shepherd.* Then the clergy, again, were they to devote theirsells, tooth and nail, to their manifold duties, ane might argue that they wou'd hae time neither to sleep nor eat, nor attend to the ither common comforts and affections that form the cement of domestic life. Yet the clergy are far frae being a very immoral, irreligious, or home-hating class of people; and mansees are amazingly crowded wi' weans, sir, on the verra sma'est steepens——

*North.* Why, certainly, according to Mr. Moore's argument, a deep divina, engaged on some great theological work, would make but an indifferent husband. But look at him, James—yes, look at our Dr. Wodrow——

*Shepherd.* And look, I beseech you, at his pew o' weans.

*North.* All the most distinguished poets of the age in Britain, are either middle-aged, or elderly, or old gentlemen. They are, therefore, not at all dangerous, personally, to the fair sex. Cupid sneers at them—Venus jeers—and Hymen weeps, like a crocodile, with his hands in his breeches-pockets.

*Shepherd.* Haw! haw! haw!

*North.* Breathe the tender passion as they may, not a young lady in the land who would not prefer to the best of them, any undeformed ensign in a marching regiment, either of the foot or the dragoons.

*Shepherd.* The sex has aye been desperate fond o' the army.

*North.* It is fortunate for some of the old bards that they have wives. Crabbe, Bowles, Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, and others—fourscore—threescore-and-ten—and threescore—have long been happily provided with that leading article. So are Milman and Barry Cornwall, and most of "the rest" between forty and fifty; two or three are widowers—and the remainder likely to remain bachelors for life. Not a female bosom beats, with a pulsation worthy the name of beating, at this moment, for any British bard.

*Shepherd.* I'm no sure o' that, sir. But prate awa'.

*North.* The sex regard all the bachelors as so many old fogies—as so many uncles; and the idea would be too much for the gravity of any of the dear creatures, of the celebration of her marriage rites with the prettiest and most popular poet, seeing that he is aged, either by a bishop or a blacksmith.

*Shepherd.* Prate awa', sir—prate awa'.

*North.* The truth is, that, in modern times at least, poets, whatever their time of life, have been held rather cheap by the fair sex. I suspect it was the same in the ancient world—and in the days of chivalry and romance, singing certainly was less esteemed by young ladies than fighting, and a poet with his pen had no chance whatever against a knight with his lance.

*Shepherd.* Prate awa' sir—prate awa'.

*North.* There are reasons for all this lying deep in human nature.

*Shepherd.* Lying deep in human nature! Doon wi' the bucket, and then roun' wi' the windlass, and up wi't again fu' o' the clear waters frae the well o' truth.

*North.* Making love, and making love-verses, are two of the most different things in the world; and I doubt if both accomplishments were ever found highly united in the same gifted individual. Few Irishmen, in the first, excel Tom Moore; in the second, millions. Lord Byron, in lyrical measures, was a formidable wooer; but in plain matter-of-fact courtship, he had to stoop his anointed head to Corporal Casey.

*Shepherd.* Who was he?

*North.* Apollo himself, god though he was of light, and music, and medicine, setting aside two or three trivial amours, was a harmless sort of a body; while there were other deities who could not have tagged together two rhymes, before whom goddesses and nymphs fell flat as flounders.

*Shepherd.* Prate awa', sir—prate awa'.

*North.* Inspiration, in short, is of little avail either to gods or men, in the most interesting affairs of life—those of the heart. To push your way in them, there is nothing, in the long run, like a good plain prose. Now, though it must be granted, that, in much that passes for poetry, there is no inconsiderable mixture of that useful commodity, yet it is so diluted as no longer to be strong drink; and repeated doses of it administered to a maiden in the shade, fail to produce the desired effect—the intoxication of love. The pretty dear seems to sip the philtre kindly; and the poet doubts not that she is about to fall into his arms. But she merely

“Kisses the cup, and passes it to the rest,”

and next morning, perhaps, is off before breakfast in a chaise-and-four to Gretna Green, with an aide-de-camp of Wellington, as destitute of imagination as his master.

*Shepherd.* Prate away', sir—prate awa'.

*North.* If such have been often the fate even of young bards—and Sir Walter, with his usual knowledge of human nature, has charmingly illustrated it in the story of Wilford\*—how much more to be pitied must they be, who have served the Muses, till the crow-feet are blackening below their eyes, and who are labouring under symptoms, not to be concealed, of incipient pot-bellies!

*Shepherd.* Let's return to the smashin' o' Muir.

*North.* There is no need to knock the nail on the head any longer with our sledge-hammers, James. Yet I cannot help expressing my

\* In the poem of “Rokeby.”—M.

wonder at the confusion of Mr. Moore's ideas, as well as at the weakness of his argument. He wishes to prove that "men of the higher order of genius" are seldom good domestic characters;\* and yet he huddles and jumbles them altogether,—poets, philosophers, and so forth,—making his reasonings the most miscellaneous and heterogeneous hotch-potch that ever was set down on a table.

*Shepherd.* Are you dune wi' cuttin him up, or only gaun to begin?

*North.* I am somewhere about the middle, James.

*Shepherd.* Ony mair bear-paws in the house, think ye, sir?

*North.* To prove that men of the higher order of genius—no matter what kind—are unfitted for the calm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life, Mr. Moore observes, that "one of the chief causes of sympathy and society between ordinary mortals being their dependence on each other's intellectual resources, the operation of this social principle must naturally be weakened in those whose own mental stores are most abundant and self-sufficing, and who, rich in such materials for thinking within themselves, are rendered so far independent of the external world."

*Shepherd.* Would you repeat that again, sir, for it souns sae sonorous, that the words drown the ideas? 'Tis like the murmur o' a bit waterfa', or a hive o' bees, which the indolent mind loves to listen to, and at times amais deludes itself intil the belief that there's a meanin' in the murmur—as if the stream soleeloqueezed and the insects dealeloqueezed wisdom in the desert. Would you repeat that again, sir?

*North.* Be shot if I do. Why, James, all that is—

*Shepherd.* Drivel. Dungeons o' learning there are—leevin' dungeons o' dead learning—in wham the operation o' the social principle is weak indeed—less than the life that's in a mussel. The servant lass has to gang in upon him in his study, and rug him aff his chair by the cuff o' the neck, when the kail's on the table, and the family has gien the first preliminary flourish o' the horn-spoons.

*North.* Picture drawn from life.

*Shepherd.* Aiblins. But "men o' the higher order o' genius," sir, I manteen, are in general impatient o' solitude, though dearly do they love it; and sae far frac their mental stores being abundant and self-sufficing, why, the mair abundant they are, the less are they self-sufficing; for the owners, "rich in such materials for thinking within them-

\* The particularly singular fact that Moore himself was a genius, and also a good domestic character, may be taken as a set-off to his peculiar theory. Numerous other examples might be given—foremost among them that of Sir Walter Scott, whose *Life by Lockhart* exhibits him to us in all his home relations, so favourably yet so truly, that we know not whether his head or heart is most to be respected and beloved. There was Campbell, also, an admirable domestic character. Peel, O'Connell, and Brougham; Southey, Wordsworth, and Wilson; Crabbe, Dickens, and Talfourd, certainly were "men of the higher order of genius," yet each and all of these (not to multiply instances) were attached to their home, and to the dear ones around their hearth.—Mr. Thomas Moore's assertion is not borne out by the facts. He could answer as was done by another person in a case not much dissimilar, "So much the worse for the facts!"—M

sells, would think and feel that they were in a worse condition than that o' the maist abjeck poverty and powperism, gin they werena driven by a sense and an instinct, fierce and furious aften as a fiver, to pour their pearls, and their jewels, and their diamonds, and their gold and silver, oot in great glitterin' heaps afore the astonished, startled, and dazed een o' their fellow-creatures, less prodigally endowed by nature, and then wi' a strange mixture o' pride and humbleness, to mark the sudden effect on the gazers—inwardly exclaiming—"I did it!"

*North.* Did what?

*Shepherd.* Why, by inspiring them with a sense of beauty, elevated their hail moral and intellectual being, and enabled their fellow-creatures to see farther into their ain hearts, and into the heart o' the hail creation!

*North.* Good, James, good. But to pitch our conversation on a lower key, allow me to say, that "thinking within themselves," when too long pursued, is of all employments the most wearisome and barren to which men can have recourse—and that "men of the higher order of genius," knowing that well, so far from feeling that they "are independent of the external world," draw thence their daily bread and their daily water, without which their souls would speedily perish of inanition.

*Shepherd.* Ca' ye that pitchin' your tawk on a laigh key? It's at the top o' the gawmut.

*North.* The materials for thinking within ourselves are gathered from without; in the gathering, we have enjoyed all varieties of delight; and is it to be thought that the gardens where these flowers grew and still are growing, are to be forsaken by us, after we have, during a certain number of seasons, culled garlands wherewith to adorn our foreheads, or plucked fruit wherewith to sustain and refresh our souls?

*Shepherd.* Ca' ye that pitchin' your tawk on a laigh key, sir? It's at the tap o' the gawmut.

*North.* No, James. Men of the higher order of genius never long forsake the Life-Region, and is not its great Central Shrine, James, the Hearth? The soul that worships not there, my dear Shepherd—and true worship cannot be unfrequent, but it is perennial, because from a source that the dews of heaven will not let run dry—will falter, fail, and faint, in the midst of its song, and will know, ere that truth invades, one after another, its many chambers, that the wing that soareth highest in the sun, must have slowly waxed in the shade—

*Shepherd.* Ca' ye that pitchin' your tawk on a laigh key? It's at the tap o' the gawmut.

*North.* That the Bird of Jove, sun-starer and cloud-cleaver though he be—

*Shepherd.* Storm-lover——

*North.* Glorifying in the storm, and enamoured of the tempest——

*Shepherd.* Yet is happy to sink down frae heaven, and fauld up his magnificent wings at the edge o' his cyry, fond, o' the twa unfledged cannibals sleepin' wi' fu' stammachs there, cozy in the middle o' a mighty nest, twenty feet in circumference, and covering the haill platform o' the tap o' the cliff, aye, as fond, sir, though I alloo a hantle fiercer, as ony cushy-doo on her slight and slender "procreant cradle,"—you can see through't, ye ken, sir, frae below, and discern whether she hae eggs or young anes,—in the green gloom o' some auld pine central in the forest.

*North.* Yes, James, all great poets are great talkers\*——

*Shepherd.* Tiresome aften to a degree—though sometimes, I grant to Mr. Muir, that they are a sulky set, and as gruffly and grimly silent as if they had the toothache, or something the matter wi' their inside. Far be it frae me to deny, that "men o' the higher order o' genius" are aften disagreeable deevils. They maun aften be a sair fash to their wives and their weans—and calm as the poet's cottage looks, upon the hill or in the dell, mony a rippet is there, sir, beyond the power o' the imagination o' ony mere proser to conceive. Oh, aye, sir! mony a fearfu' rippet, in which, whether appellant or respondent, defender or pursuer, the "man o' the higher order o' genius" wishes, wi' tears in the red een o' him, no that his wife and weans were a' dead and buried—for nae provocation in their power can drive the distrackit fallow to that—but that he himself had never been kittled, or, if kittled, instead o' hae'n been laid in the cradle by Apollo, and tended on by the Muses—nine nurses, and nae less—which o' them wat and which o' them dry it's no easy for me at this distance o' time to remember—he had been soockled like ither honest men's bairns, at the breast o' his nain mither, had shown nae precocious genius in his leading strings,—but, blessed lot! had died booby o' the lowest form, and been buried amang the sabs o' a' that ever saw him, a wee senseless sumph, as stupid as a piggie, yet as happy as a lamb!

*North.* Hee! hee! hee! James!

*Shepherd.* But what then?

*North.* Yes, James, what then?

*Shepherd.* Eh?

*North.* Hem!

*Shepherd.* Aye, clear your throttle. You've gotten a vile crinklin' cough, sir,—a short, kirkyard cough, sir—a wheezy host, sir—an asthmatic——

\* They generally are. Yet Thomas Hood was a great poet, and very silent in society—even in that with which he was most familiar. To me, he ever appeared as if afraid to waste in conversation ideas which he could put into writing. Even at the time when he was making all the world smile, at his multitudinous poems (on paper), he rarely attempted the slightest play upon words, but would sit, a silent and apparently a meditative listener.—M.



*North.* Poo! It has teased me a little for these last fifty years

*Shepherd.* What? Hae ye carried a spale-box o' lozenges since the aughty? Recover your wund, sir—while I chant a stave.

## KING WILLIE.

O, Willie was a wanton wag,  
The blithest lad that e'er I saw;  
He 'mang the lasses bure the brag,  
An' carried aye the gree awa',  
An' was nae Willie weel worth goud!  
When seas did rowe an' winds did blaw,  
An' battle's deadly stoure was blent,  
He fought the foremost o' them a'.

Wha has nae heard o' Willie's fame,  
The rose o' Britain's topmost bough,  
Wha' never stain'd his gallant name,  
Nor turn'd his back on friend or foe:  
An' he could tak a rantin' glass,  
An' he could chant a cheery strain,  
An' he could kiss a bonny lass,  
An' aye be welcome back again.

Though now he wears the British crown—  
For whilk he never cared a flee—  
Yet still the downright honest tar,  
The same kind-hearted chield is he.  
An' every night I fill my glass—  
An' fill it reaming to the brim,  
An' drink it in a glowing health  
To Adie Laidlaw an' to him.

I've ae advice to gie my King,  
An' that I'll gie wi' right good-will,  
Stick by the auld friends o' the crown,  
Wha bore it up through good an' ill:  
For new-made friends, an' new-made laws,  
They suit nae honest hearts ava;  
And Royal Willie's worth I'll sing  
As lang as I hae breath to draw.

*North.* Spirited. Who is Adie Laidlaw?

*Shepherd.* Queen Adelaide—a familiar title o' endearment the Queen enjoys in the Forest.

*North.* But what say you to the last stanza—*now*,\* James?

\* In January, 1831, the date of this conversation, England was politically convulsed. The Duke of Clarence, a professed liberal, had become King in the preceding June, and few monarchs were more popular. He had never been extravagant; he was not difficult of access; his manners were familiar; his tastes were simple; he did not keep aloof from the people, as George IV.

*Shepherd.* Wait a while—sir.

*North.* I am delighted to hear that Mr. Blackwood is about to publish a volume of your inimitable Songs. 'Twill be universally popular, my dear James—and must be followed up by a second in spring. The wing of your lyrical muse never flags, whether she skim the gowans or brush the clouds. The shade of Burns himself might say to the Shepherd, "Then gie's your haund, my trusty feer," for, of all the song-writers of Scotland, you two are the best—though Allan Cunningham treads close upon your heels—and often is privileged to form a trio—such a trio of peasant bards as may challenge the whole world.

*Shepherd.* Your haun, sir. I cou'd amaisht greet.

*North.* But it is the "cultivation and exercise of the imaginative faculty," quoth Mr. Moore, "that, more than any thing else, tends to wean the man of genius from actual life, and by substituting the sensibilities of the imagination for those of the heart, to render, at last, the medium through which he feels no less unreal than that through which he thinks. Those images of ideal good and beauty that surround him in his musings, soon accustom him to consider all that is beneath this high standard unworthy of his care; till, at length, the heart becoming chilled, in proportion as he has refined and elevated his theory of all the social affections, he has unfitted himself for the practice of them." Such are the *ipsissima verba* of Mr. Moore, James.

*Shepherd.* I'm nae great reader o' byeucks, sir, as you weel ken, and,

had done; he was fond of sharing in their amusements. In a very short time after he became King, he had attained a popularity beyond all precedent in England. He had scarcely been a month on the throne, when the French revolution of 1830 took place. The British nation rejoiced in the change which deposed an Absolute Imbecile. The British Ministry, recollecting at what fruitless waste of blood and treasure the Bourbons had been forced upon the French people, determined to allow France to select its own ruler without intervention or dictation from England. Soon after, Belgium followed the example of France, its neighbour, revolted, and obtained nationality and independence. Brunswick deposed its Sovereign. Saxony compelled her King to resign in favour of his nephew. The Electorate of Hesse obtained a Constitutional Charter. Poland expelled its Russian tyrant, proclaimed herself a nation once more, and rose in arms against the Czar. Great Britain and Ireland, doubtlessly influenced by such examples, grew discontented. Parliamentary reform came to be looked for, as a matter of paramount necessity. There was a faint hope that the Wellington Administration, which, although Tory by profession, had repealed the Test and Corporation Acts in 1828, and granted Catholic Emancipation in 1829, might yield to the pressing exigency and consent to legislative reform. But the Duke of Wellington opened the parliamentary session, in November, by a positive declaration that, not only was he unprepared to bring in any measure of Parliamentary reform, but would strenuously resist such if proposed by others. This was throwing down the gauntlet. The Whigs and Radicals in the Legislature, who had of late years rarely acted in combination, laid aside their differences and formed a compact phalanx, which not even "the Iron Duke" could break down. The battle came off on the question of the Civil List, proposed by the Ministry. The Opposition moved a resolution that the Government did not possess the confidence of the House of Commons. A debate ensued, distinguished by calmness and moderation, and the result was that, in a full house, the hostile motion was carried by a majority of 29 votes. The Duke immediately resigned. Earl Grey (who had unsuccessfully proposed a measure for Parliamentary Reform, as far back as the year 1797) was commissioned to reconstruct the Cabinet, which he did, by giving office to the leaders of the old Whig party and the friends of the late Mr. Canning, with the addition of Mr. Brougham, then the most popular man in the empire, as Lord Chancellor. The new Ministry announced that their intended rule of action would embrace economy and retrenchment at home, non-interference in the affairs of foreign states, and reform in the Commons' House of Parliament. Such was the political position and prospect of the country at the close of 1830. On the following first day of March, the promised measure of Reform was brought forward. In the remaining Noctes, politics are so largely discussed, that I have thought it requisite thus to state, clearly and concisely, the data upon which the arguments are based.—M.

I believe, dinna disapprove, yet mony's the time and aft that I've lauched to peruse that apogthegm.

*North.* If not a "wise saw," perhaps 'tis a "modern instance."

*Shepherd.* Mr. North, if Mr. Muir was sittin' on that empty chair there, wi' the laddie kissin' the lassie embroidered on the inside o' the back o't—Patie and Roger, I jalooose—I would just say till him, wi' a pleasant vice, and kind een, and a lauch about my mouth,—Mister Muir, you're under a great mistak. Nae man o' a high order o' mind, either thinks or feels through "an unreal medium." But I'll tell you, sir, what he does—he thinks and feels through a *fine* medium. He breathes the *pure* air o' the mountain-tap—and he sees through the *clear* air a' the dwallins o' man—and richt through their roofs intil their hearths and their hearts. Did Burns feel and think through an unreal medium, Mister Muir, when,

"In glory and in joy,  
Following his plough upon the mountain-side,"

his soul saw the Cottar's Saturday Night, and in words gave the vision imperishable life?

*North.* James—

"You are attired  
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired."

*Shepherd.* Na, na—'tis but the glow o' the fire on ma face. Yet ma heart's a' on a low\*—for as sure as God is in heaven, and that he has gi'en us his word on earth, that Picture is a Picture of the Truth, and Burns, in drawing it, saw, felt, and thocht through that *real* medium, in which alone all that is fairest, loveliest, brichtest, best, in creation, is made apparent to the eyes o' genius, or permanent in its immortal works.

*North.* Ca' ye that pitchin' your tawk on a laigh key? 'Tis at the tap o' the gawmut.

*Shepherd.* Hoo can you, Mister Muir, sit there and tell me that men o' a high order o' mind sune get sae enamoured o' the eemages o' ideal good and beauty, that they consider all that is beneath that standard unworthy o' their care? Let me come owre and sit beside you for a few minutes. There, dinna be feared—I'm no a grain angry—and I'm sittin', you see, my dear sir, wi' my airm owre the back o' your chair.

*North.* Don't press so close upon Mr. Moore, James—

*Shepherd.* Mister Muir's makin' nae compliments, sir. It is "men o' a laigh order o' genius," ma freen, that is subject to sic degeneracy and adulteration. A puny, sickly sensibility there is, which is averse

\* Low.—a *lume*.—M.

frae all the realities of life; and Byron or somebody else spoke well when he said that Sterne preferred whining owre a dead ass to relieving a living mother! But wha was Sterne? As shallow a sentimentalist as ever grat\*—or rather tried to greet.† O, sir! but it's a degrawdin' sicht to humanity, yon—to see the shufflin' sinner tryin' to bring the tears intill his een, by rubbin' the lids wi' the pint o' his pen, or wi' the feathers on the shank, and when it a' winna do, takin' refuge in a blank, sae——, or hidin' his head amang a set o' asterisks, sae \* \* \* ; or boltin' aff the printed page a'thegither, and disappearin' in ae black blotch!

*North.* Sterne had genius, James.

*Shepherd.* No ae grain, sir.

*North.* Some—not a little——

*Shepherd.* Weel, weel—be it sae—a' that I mean to aver, is, that had he been "o' the first order o' minds," he would not hae preferred whining owre a dead ass to relieving a living mother; but if news had been suddenly brocht to him that his mother was ill, he wad hae hired a livin' horse, and aff to her house like a flash o' lichtnin', flingin' himsel' out o' the saddle to the danger o' his neck, up stairs to her bedside, and doon upon his knees, beseeching God for her recovery, and willing to die for her sake, so that she who gave him birth might yet live, nor be taken from the licht o' day and buried amang the tombs!

*North.* Don't press, my dear James, so heavily on Mr. Moore's shoulder.

*Shepherd.* Mister Muir's makin' nae compliments. There's masell, sirs—I sha'na pretend to say whether I'm a man o' the higher order o' genius or no; but——

\* *Grat or greet*,—to weep.—M.

† Never did Hogg utter (to use his own favourite phrase) a truer "apophthegm." Sterne is one of the men, with world-famous reputation, of whom his native Ireland has small cause to be proud. He was five-and-forty before he commenced *Tristram Shandy*—the wit and pathos of which took the town by storm. Bishop Warburton (author of the *Divine Legation of Moses*), publicly declaring that it was the English Rabelais, while he privately warned the author that its "violations of decency and good manners" were numerous and blamable. Soon after, Warburton pronounced him to be "an irrecoverable scoundrel." Sterne expected even a mitre, but the accession of George III., a moral man, deprived him of all hope of rising in the church, where he already had several benefices. Continuing *Tristram Shandy*, making it more and more indecent—reading chapter after chapter, as composed, to his wife,—making his only child, a girl of fourteen, copy it for the press, he produced further volumes, the success of which naturally encouraged him to write more; to put the jester's cap and bells upon the head of the divine. So infamous was his private character, that when he entered the pulpit to preach in York Minster, of which he was a prebend, many of the congregation rose from their seats and left the cathedral. His conduct and temper so much provoked his wife, a loving and patient woman, that she was compelled to live away from him. With health so broken that his continued existence appeared almost miraculous, he entered into an intrigue with a married woman, and, at the age of 54, openly speculating on the prospect of marrying her, when his own wife as well as the lady's husband should die! The only redeeming feeling in his life, was his devoted love for his daughter, for whom, however, he made not the slightest provision. He died, in lodgings in London, and his attendants robbed him of his gold shirt-buttons as he lay helpless in bed. His letters, which fully expose his profligacy, were published, seven years after his death, by his daughter—so reduced to poverty by his extravagance that she was compelled to barter his reputation for bread. It is almost inexplicable how such a man as Sterne could have lived so loosely and produced such a pure-minded original as *My Uncle Toby*, and such a faithful serving man as Corporal Trim, maternal grandfather to Sam Weller, in all probability.—M.

*North.* Yes, James, you are ; for you wrote Kilmeny.

*Shepherd.* But if I haena ten thousand times the quantity o' genius that ever Sterne had, may this be the last jug, sirs, that ever we three drink thegither—

*North.* Shades of my Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim !

*Shepherd.* Fantastic phantoms !

*North.* Why, James, your voice trembles with emotion. You are not the man, my boy, to whine over a dead ass ; but you are the man, my boy, to be pensive over the very fear, however unfounded, of an empty jug—so I may replenish ?

*Shepherd.* Do sae. I am surrounded in my musings—to use your ain words, Mister Muir—wi' images o' ideal good and beauty ; and, at times, when lyin' on the greensward in the heart o' the Forest, a sweet strange perplexity has it been to the Shepherd, sirs, to determine within the consciousness o' his ain sowle, whether the bonny creturs that seemed to come to him in solitude, were creturs o' this earth or no—and if o' this earth, then whether they were all but faucy's phantoms, or beings that had their abiding-place in heaven, and cam o' their ain accord ; or were sent to wave peace into my wearied spirit frae the white motions o' their arms celestial in their whiteness as the blue lights of love and pity, that bathed in ineffable beautifulness the steadfast expression of their angelic eyes !

*North.* My dear James !

*Shepherd.* But did these visitations accustom me, sir,—I'm speakin' to you, Mister Muir,—to consider a' else unworthy o' my care ? Na, na, na. I appeal to you, Mr. North, for you haae seen me and the auld man thegither there, gin I didna return back to my ain hut, anxious as ever about my father, wha used then to sit warmin' himsel' at the bit ingle, stricken in years, though far frae frail yet, and aften glowerin' at me wi' that *gash* kind o' face that somehow or ither in verra auld folk carries ane's thochts at ance to their coffin and their grave—as anxious about him as if the breathins o' genie had never visited the Shepherd on the hill, and I had been only a mere common ordinar prose-hash o' a chiel, whase heichest explite in leeteratur had been a rejected agricultural report to the Kelso Mail, on the fly in turnips, or the smut in wheat.

*North.* You tended the old man most filially, James, till the last sugh—

*Shepherd.* Nor did I forget ma mither either, sir ; though, thank God, she never needed but sma' assistance frae me, for “poortith cauld” was never her lot, sir, though the necessaries o' life were a' she ever had,—and as for its luxuries—gin you except a dish o' strang tea, and noo and then a whiff o' bacca—for she was nae regular smoker—she had a speerit abune them a', sir ; and had the deevil tempted her even in a dream, when sometimes ane's sowle seems to lose its nature, wi'

the shadows o' a' the eatables and drinkables that his wild warlockry cou'd a conjured up, hoo she wou'd hae strauchened hersell up to her haill hicht, and wi' a smile far prooder and sterner than his ain froom, hae sent Satan and a' his visionary viands awa' back to the regions o' everlastin' dolour and despair.\*

*North.* She was a stately old lady.

*Shepherd.* Wha was?

*North.* Your mother.

*Shepherd.* Wha was speakin' about ma mither?

*North.* Why, yourself, James.

*Shepherd.* Ou ay, sae I was. But my imagination, sir, a' at ance wafted me awa' intil the laneliest spat amang a' the hills where my childhood played—and amang the broom-bushes and the brackens there, I was beginnin', when you reca'd me by that rap on the table, to sink awa' back again intil the dream o' dreams!

*North.* The dream o' dreams?

*Shepherd.* Ay, sir. The dream, sir, in which I saw Kilmeny! For though I wrott doon the poem on the sclate in the prime o' manhood, anither being than mysell did in verity compose or creawte it, sir, ae day when I was lying by mysell in that laneliest spat, wi' but twa-three sheep aside me, ae linty and nae mair; but oh! how sweetly the glad cetur sang! and after *that some other cetur nor me* had composed or creawted it, she keepit whisper, whisperin' the words far within my ears, till memory learned them a' off by heart as easy as the names o' christian creturs that we meet wi' on Sabbaths at the kirk; and frae that genie-haunted hour, known now through a' braid Scotland is the Ettrick Shepherd—

*North.* Britain and America—

*Shepherd.* But for many obscure years a nameless man, or kent but by the name of Jamie amang my simple compeers, I carried bonny Kilmeny for ever in the arms o' my heart, kissin' her shut een whan she sleepit, and her lips as cawm as the lips o' death, but as sweet as them o' an undying angel!

*North.* And such was the origin of the finest Pastoral Lyric in our tongue!

*Shepherd.* Sic indeed, sir, was its origin. For my sowle, ye see, sir, had fa'n into a kind o' inspired dwawm—and the Green Leddy o' the Forest, nae less than the Fairy Queen hersell, had stown out frae the land o' peace on my slumber; and she it was that stooped down, and wi' her ain lily-haun shedding frae my forehead the yellow hair, left a

\* Hogg, like nearly all Scotchmen in lowly life, was an excellent son. His mother, a woman of no ordinary elevation of mind, early recited to him the local ballads of the olden time, with which her memory was crowded, and thus, no doubt, early drew his thoughts into Poetry. When he commenced composing verses, it was she who acted as critic upon them, and encouraged him to proceed.—M.

kiss upon my temples, just where the organ o' imagination o' ideality lies; and at the touch arose the vision in which

"Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen,"

and frae which you, sir, in your freendship say, that I becam ane o' the immortals.

*North.* The moral of the tale!

*Shepherd.* The moral o' the tale is this—that never was I sae happy in my parent's hoose as I was that nicht—that Saturday nicht. Thae images o' ideal goodness and beauty had saftered a' my heart—and sae far frae my heart becoming chilled as my fancy warmed, as you, Mr. Muir, aver is the case, I sat as mute as the mouse by the ingle, thinkin' on my father and mither, and brithers and sisters, and on the possible force o' affection in filial and parental hearts, till I cou'd hae dee'd for ony o' them; but since there was nae need o' that, I took a solemn oath that I wou'd behave mysel weel in life, that the hearts o' ma twa parents might sing aloud for joy, and that I wou'd work hard at ony mainner o' work my maister chose to set me—auld Mr. Laid-law—that I might in time make up a sma' pose again' the day o' their auld age, and see that nae ither snaws than what Time draps frae his frosty fingers shou'd ever let a single flake fa' on their unsheltered heads.

*North.* And that oath you devoutly kept, James.

*Shepherd.* Ma "theory, at least, o' the social affections, was never sae refined and elevated as to unfit me for the practice o' them;" and yet I should be doing injustice to the spirit within me, to the spirit that breathed in the bosoms of Thomson, and Ramsay, and Burns,—to the spirit that reigns a' owre Scotland, and hath its holy altars at this day in ilka hut and ilka shieling, did I fear to say, I—even I—have refined and elevated my theory of all the social affections far beyond the reach o' sic a meeserable deevil as Lowry Sterne; and that if people will whine owre dead asses, and neglect living mothers, the blame maun be attributed no to a refined and elevated theory o' the social affections; for I defy ony theory beneath the skies to be mair refined and elevated than is the practice o' the Christian, or imagination to conceive thochts or feelings half as beautifu' or shooblime as thousans that the real agonies of life, be they agonies o' wo or bliss, send into men's hearts, driving like hurricanes, or breathe they like the hush o' some lown place. Think o' the speerit o' a son or a father ca'd upon by nature to do his duty on some great emergency—think, sir, on his haen done it—and done it because he knew it was well-pleasing to God—and then show me, sir, any theory o' the social affections so high and so refined, that the mird wou'd feel a fall frae it, if required to ack in the light and glow o' common humanity!

*North.* Mr. Moore seems, by his mild-looking silence, James, to acquiesce—

*Shepherd.* Do you acquiesce, Mr. Muir? Weel, a nod's eneuch.

*North.* But Mr. Moore, James, says, "that not only is the necessity of commerce with other minds less felt by such persons—(the men of a higher order of genius)—but, from that fastidiousness which the opulence of their own resources generates, the society of those less gifted with intellectual means than themselves, becomes often a restraint and burden, to which not all the charms of friendship, or even love, can reconcile them."

*Shepherd.* What! He wou'd indeed be a pretty fellow, who, in opulence o' his ain resources, fand a fastidiousness generated within him towards his sweetheart!—because, forsooth, the bonnie lassie was less "gifted wi' intellectual means." That would be rather philosophical, or rather pragmatistical or pedantic, than poetical; and a girl would need to be a great gawpus indeed, provided she was modest, and loving, and handsome, and weel-faured—and a poet's mistress must be endowed wi' sic qualities—afore a man o' the higher order o' genius wou'd feel fastidious to Fanny. Dinna you think sae, sir?

*North.* I do. Nay, I believe that, were a true poet to marry an idiot, 'tis a thousand to one he would never find it out.

*Shepherd.* Just as wi' a dowdy.

*North.* Precisely.

*Shepherd.* The idiot would, in his eyes, be a Minerva, fresh frae the brain o' Jove.

*North.* Lempriere!

*Shepherd.* —and the dowdy, a Vanus attired by the Graces.

*North.* "Men of a high order of genius" are not unfrequently fastidious in the formation of their friendships. They are privileged to be so; but their friendships, when once formed with congenial spirits, though perhaps less gifted, are imperishable—and they are sacred, far beyond the conception of vulgar souls.

*Shepherd.* What do you mean by vulgar souls, sir?

*North.* Not the souls of shepherds, James, but of Bagmen.

*Shepherd.* Aneuch.

*North.* And what more common than friendships between men of transcendent genius, and men of no genius at all!

"Worth (not wit) makes the man—the want of it the fellow;"

and before the power of Virtue, Genius loves to stand, not rebuked, for haply there was no occasion for rebuke, but in abasement of spirit, and reverence of her who is a seraph.

*Shepherd.* A' orders o' minds mingle naturally, and o' their ain accord; and life woudna possess that delightfully variegated character that



is noo sae charmin', gin ilka class keepit aloof by itsell, and trusted to itsell for a' its enjoyment o' this warld.

*North.* Proceed to paint the inevitable results of any opposite system.

*Shepherd.* Suppose poets, for example, and o' poets we're speakin', a' flocked thegither—

*North.* On pretence of being birds of the same feather.

*Shepherd.* —For a while they would a' luk unco bonny in the sunshine, sittin' thegither on "some heaven-kissing hill," and assistin' ane anither to sort their plumage, till it purpled wi' many-shiftin' colours in the eye o' day, and seemed to set their necks and their wings on fire.

*North.* "But ere the second Sunday came"—

*Shepherd.* —The knowe would be a' covered wi' bluidy feathers, as if there had been foughten there a Welsh main o' cocks! Some o' the poets would be seen sittin' on their doup, wi' their een picket oot, and yet, like true ggem, dartin' their nebs roun' aboot on a' sides, in houns o' finnin' a foe. Ithers o' them wou'd be aff and awa, whurr, ower the back o' beyont, and there venturin' to raise an occasional crow on their new domain. And 'ane, obnoxious to a' the rest, wou'd be lyin' battered to bits, stane-dead. So much, sir, for birds o' a feather flockin' thegither—when thae birds happened to be poets.

*North.* Whereas, by the economy of nature, "poets and all other men of the higher order of genius" are sprinkled over society, and all their ongoin' intermingled with those of the children of the common clay. And thus "poets and men of the higher order of genius" are made to submit or to conform to the usages of this world, and its ordinary laws, or, if they do not, they soon are made to feel that they are ridiculous, and that genius is never less respected than when it chooses to wear a cap and bells.

*Shepherd.* Anither skreed.

*North.* Mr. Moore, towards the close of his disquisition, says, "that if the portrait he has attempted of those gifted with high genius, be allowed to bear, in any of its features, a resemblance to the originals, it can no longer be matter of question whether a class, so set apart from the track of ordinary life, so removed, by their very elevation, out of the influences of our common atmosphere, are at all likely to furnish tractable subjects for that most trying of all social experiments—matrimony."

*Shepherd.* I dinna like the soun' o' that sentence.

*North.* Nor I, James. In the first place, the portrait may bear, "in some of the features, a resemblance to the originals," and yet the question started by Mr. Moore, by no means be put to sleep.

*Shepherd.* His logic's oot at the elbows.

*North.* Secondly, Mr. Moore has utterly failed in showing that the

class he speaks of, are set apart from the track of ordinary life, and removed, by their very elevation, out of the influences of our common atmosphere.

*Shepherd.* And you, sir, have utterly succeeded in pruv'in' the very contrar.

*North.* Thirdly, there is a Cockneyish and Bagman-like vulgarity in the would-be fashionable slang-whangishness of the terms, "at all likely to furnish subjects for that most trying of all social experiments—matrimony."

*Shepherd.* Hoo the deevil, Mr. Muir, can ya, wi' ony semblance o' sense ava, man, ca' that the maist tryin' o' a' "social experiments," which has been, and will be, performing by all men and women in the "varsal world," with the exception of a few fools or unfortunates, called bachelors and old maids, frae the beginning till the end o' time—frae Milton's First Man, to Campbell's Last?

*North.* Why, really, James, Mr. Moore here speaks of matrimony in the style of a sentimental farce-writer for the Coburg Theatre. Observe what a silly look the word "matrimony" wears, and how like ninnies the "men of the higher order of genius" *kythe* on being brought forward by Hymen, in a string, and kicking and flinging out unlike "tractable subjects."

*Shepherd.* The hail discussion grows ludicrous on reflection, and an air o' insincerity, almost o' banter, Mr. Muir, at last plays owre you're features, as if you were bammin' the public;—but the public's no sae easy bammed, sir, and imperiously demands "wise and learned spirit" in him who takes it upon him to prove that the holiest o' a' God and Natur's ordinances, is ho suited to men o' the higher order o' genius, wha sou'd be a' monks and celibates, sae fastidious necessarily are they alike in friendship and love! Ony mair havers?

*North.* A few.

*Shepherd.* Say awa', for ony thing's better nor politiks—and I'm gratefu' to you for keepin' aff them the nicht.

*North.* Politics! I had forgotten there was sic a thing in all the wide world. But here is a bit of poetical politics, by a young friend of mine, James—a promising youth, of the right kidney—and who, I doubt not, will one day or other do honour to an honourable name. My young friend informs me that the lines are written by one, who, without positively condemning the late French Revolution, cannot bestow upon it that unqualified approbation which many wish it to receive, much less can justify those in our own country, who, while they profess themselves friendly to the constitution, take advantage of the late transactions in France for the purpose of inflaming the minds of an ignorant populace, and actually wear the Tricolor—the acknowledged badge of revolution.

THE TRICOLOR.

Again o'er the vine-cover'd regions of France,\*  
 "See the day-star of Liberty rise!"  
 The plaudits of nations shall hail its advance  
 To its own native place in the skies.  
 O'er her patriot legions behold—as of yore—  
 The Tricolor banner unfurled;  
 'Tis the banner whose glory Napoleon bore  
 To the uttermost ends of the world.

The Red is the flush on the cheek of the brave,  
 As they tell of the deeds they have done;  
 And the Blue is the soft eye of Pity—to save,  
 When the battle of Freedom is won.  
 The White is the robe virgin Innocence wears,  
 France's triumphs are innocent now,  
 For unnurtured by blood, and unwater'd by tears,  
 Is the wreath that encircles her brow.

But though freshly and fairly the laurel may bloom  
 For France in this hour of her pride,  
 And the voice of her martyrs proclaim from the tomb,  
 " 'Twas in Liberty's cause that we died;"  
 Shame to those! who, unconscious of Liberty's worth,  
 Sound the tocsin of groundless alarm,  
 Nor know, that, when brought from the land of its birth,  
 The Tricolor loses its charm.

For the Red is Rebellion's appropriate hue,  
 The Blue, livid Envy's foul stain;  
 And the White is pale Terror, that trembles to do  
 The deeds the base heart can contain;  
 But the red rose of England, and Scotland's brown heath,  
 Twined with Ireland's green shamrock we see,  
 Then let's bind them the closer with Loyalty's wreath,—  
 That's the Tricolor, Britain, for thee!

*Shepherd.* Capital—sir—capital!

*North.* In looking back through the lives of the most illustrious, we shall find, says Mr. Moore, "that with scarcely one exception, from Homer down to Lord Byron, they have been, in their several degrees, restless and solitary spirits"——

*Shepherd.* That's a lee.

*North.* ——"with minds," he continues, "wrapped up like silkworms in their own tasks"——

*Shepherd.* Oh! Mister Muir, but that's a desperate bad eemage. Homer and Byron—twa silkworms! But wull ye answer me this, sir,

\* This is evidently a set-off to Roscoe's song "The Vine-covered Hills," written in praise of the first French Revolution.—M.

dinna silkworms marry? Linnæus says they do—and James Wulson showed me a box o' them a' enjoyin' their hinneynoon. If sae, why soudna poets marry too, as weel's thae bit "restless and solitary spirits" the silkworms, wham they, in their ither warks, it seems, sae nearly resemble?

*North.* Mr. Moore may know more of Homer's life than I do, James; but I for one will never believe that he was a restless and solitary spirit——

*Shepherd.* Wrapped up like a silkworm. Nor me.

*North.* "A stranger and rebel," Mr. Moore insanely adds, "to domestic ties, and bearing about with him a deposit for posterity in his soul, to the jealous watching and enriching of which almost all other thoughts and consideration have been sacrificed."

*Shepherd.* Says he that o' the ever-rejoicing Homer, wha was equally at hame on the battle-field, the plane o' ocean, the tent-palace o' the king o' men, the sky dwelling o' the immortal gods?

*North.* Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge says well, in his Introduction to the Study of the Classics, Part First, "that Homer always seems to write in good spirits, and he rarely fails to put his readers in good spirits also. To do this is a prerogative of genius in all times; but it is especially so of the genius of primitive or heroic poetry. In Homer head and heart speak, and are spoken to, together. Morbid peculiarities of thought and temper have no place in him. He is as wide and general as the air we breathe, and the earth upon which we tread; and his vivacious spirit animates, like a Proteus, a thousand different forms of intellectual production—the life-preserving principle in them all. He is the mighty strength of his own deep-flowing ocean,

' Whence all the rivers, all the seas have birth,  
And every fountain, every well on earth.' "

*Shepherd.* Oh, sir, what a wonderful memory is yours! You're the only man I ever kent that can repeat off by heart great screeds o' prose composition on a' manner o' soobjects, just as if they were extemporaneous effusions o' his ain, thrown aff in the heat o' discoorse. Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge maun be a clever fallow.

*North.* A scholar and a gentleman—though I intend taking him to task for a few trifles one of these days.

*Shepherd.* What's Hartley about?

*North.* Dreaming in the leafless woods! Many an article he promises to send me\*—but I ask, "Where are they?" and echo answers, "Where are they?"

*Shepherd.* Send him to boord wi' me in the Forest.

\* Hartley, son of S. T. Coleridge, was himself a poet. He wrote a great deal for *Blackwood*. His best prose work is "Biographies of Northern Worthies." He died in 1849, aged fifty-two.  
—M.

*North.* But to return to Mr. Moore—he picks out the names of some great *philosophers* who died bachelors, and having observed that they all “silently admitted their own unfitness for the marriage tie by remaining in celibacy”——

*Shepherd.* Hoot, toot. That’s nae reasonin’——

*North.* ——he observes, that the fate of *poets* in matrimony has but justified the caution of the philosophers. “While the latter,” he says, “have given warning to genius by keeping free of the yoke, the others have still more effectually done so by their misery under it, the annals of this sensitive race having, at all times, abounded with proofs, that genius ranks but low among the elements of social happiness—that, in general, the brighter the gift, the more disturbing its influence—and that, in the married life particularly, its effects have been too often like that of the ‘wormwood star,’ whose light filled the waters on which it fell with bitterness.”

*Shepherd.* Screeds o’ prose composition again, I declare! Oh what’n a storehouse!

*North.* And then he boldly avers at once, that “on the list of married poets who have been unhappy in their homes, are the four illustrious names of Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, and Dryden—to which we must now add, as a partner in their destiny, a name worthy of being placed beside the greatest of them—Lord Byron.”

*Shepherd.* I never read a word o’ Dante’s Comedy o’ Hell, sae I sall say nae mair anent it, than that the soobjeck seems better adapted for tragedy—and as for Dryden, I’m no sae familiar’s I sou’d be wi’ “Glorious John”—sae Byron may be equal, inferior, or superior to baith them twa—but I hae read Shakspeare and Milton mony thousand’ times, and Maister Muir, ye had nae richt, sir, by your ipse-dixie, to place Byron by the side o’ them twa, the greatest o’ a’ the children o’ man—he maun sit, in a’ his glory, far doon aneath their feet.

*North.* He must. But Mr. Moore had no right to place Shakspeare and Milton on the list of miserable men. Milton’s character and conduct as a husband appear to have been noble and sublime. Of Shakspeare’s married life we know nothing—or, rather less than nothing—a few dim and contradictory-seeming expressions, almost unintelligible, on the strength of which Mr. Moore has not scrupled to place him as a partner in destiny along with Byron, the most miserable of the miserable, and at last a profligate. The destiny of Dante lay not in his marriage, however unhappy it might have been, and ’tis a sorry way of dealing with the truth to slur and slobber over all its principal features.

*Shepherd.* It is that, sir.

*North.* The idiosyncracies——

*Shepherd.* What a lang-nebbed polysyllable!

*North.* ——of all the Philosophers—and Poots—and men of the

higher order of genius—whom Mr. Moore adduces as examples of unfitness for marriage, were different, through all the possible degrees of difference—and yet he seeks to subject them all to one general law of life!

*Shepherd.* Maist illogical, and maist umphilosophic. I was just gaun to say—maist irrational—but that micht be ower strang a word. He was bound to hae taken them ane by ane, and to hae aneleezed their specific characters, and to hae illustrated their fortunes and their fates, and their position in the times and places they flourished in, and then to hae applied the upshot o' the haill inquiry to the pint in haun—were they, or were they not—and why and wherefore—likely or unlikely to hae been wicked or meeserable married men? Having failed to do a' that, and twice as muckle's a' that, why, Mister Muir, let me tell you to your face, ma canty chiel, that you hae done naething ava,' and that your argument's aboot as strang's a spider's wab, that keeps flaffin' in the wind beside a broken lozen, feckless even to catch flees—for by comes a great bummer, like Mr. North or me, and carries it aff on his doup intil the open sunshine.

*North.* The subject of Mr. Moore's elaborate failure, James, deserves discussion—

*Shepherd.* And it's had it.

*North.* But a few hints—

*Shepherd.* Sparks struck out by your steel and ma flint, which hae only to fa' intil the gunpoother o' the thoohfu' reader's mind, in order to set the heaven o' his imagination in a bleeze, and show him a' the Life-region illuminated far and wide roun' the hail horizon.

*North.* Heaven and earth, my dear Shepherd, what a libel on the Living Illustrious of our own land! Great men are now among us—

*Shepherd.* Ay, Great Poets—born for a' time, sir—and a' married—a' wi' wives and weans—that is, the maist feck o' them—an' first-rate husbands and fathers, croose as ggem-cocks on their walks, wi' fierce een, sharp nebs, lang claws, and rainbow tails, crawin' till the welkin rings wi' their shrill clarions, and then doon wi' ane o' their wings—

*North.* Stop, James. I suspect Mr. Moore, with all his palaver, has been fishing for a compliment—

*Shepherd.* And he shall catch ane—or rather I'll fasten ane on his hyeuck—and he may whup it owre his head. A better husband and a better father than Mr. Muir—excepp, aibins, it be masell—canna be pictur'd; and yet, whatever may be the fate o' Lalla Rookh, his sangs 'll last to a' eternity—that is, as lang's the Eerish nation—and afore it be extinguished, there'll be bluidy wark, for they're deevils for fechtin', and whaeveer prevails owre them to their utter extermination, wull hae little to brag on—but the twa nations 'll be fund lyin' stane-dead by ane anither's sides and the dead 'll hae to bury the dead.

*North.* One word more, James, and I have done.

*Shepherd.* Where's Mister Muir? This moment he was sittin' at my elbow—and lo and behold he has vanished!

*North.* A phantom of your imagination, James—would it were a reality, for Mr. Moore is a delightful person, and his genius glances in conversation bright as the diamond-ring on his little finger.

*Shepherd.* Weel, I cou'd hae ta'en ma Bible-oath that he was sittin' in this chair, nod, noddin' noo at me, and then at you, wi' a sort o' sardonic smile about the silent but expressive mouth o' him, amaisht as much as to say that "what is writ is writ," and maun e'en remain in *secula seculorum*.

*North.* I hope better things. But if the passages now gently criticised be retained in the octavo edition, I shall tackle to Mr. Moore in a different trim, and, nathless my admiration of his genius, his character, and himself, his scone shall feel the crutch.

*Shepherd.* What gin he pu't out o' your haun, and gie ye a clour on the side o' the head wi' your ain weapon? Grasp it furr, sir.

*North.* No—James. He that is cunning of fence—and I have taken lessons from Francalanza—has a fine, easy, seemingly almost loose hold of the hilt—but out of that hold, sleight or strength has never yet beat or twitched my timber.

*Shepherd.* But you maunna hurt Mister Muir's head owre sair, although he has libelled us married men "o' the higher order o' genius."

*North.* Married men? By St. Benedict, I am but a bachelor of hearts. Had I been double—instead of single—I might have sung small—

*Shepherd.* Sung sma'? Hae I sung sma' on this theorem? Why, sir, it's in the power o' ony ae man o' the higher order o' genius—say poetical genius—to lavish in the prodigality o' his sowl, mair love on his wife, during ony ae day—aye, ony ae hour, than it's in the capacity o' a coof to bestow on his during fifty years, beginnin' wi' the first blink o' the hinney-moon, and endin' wi' the last lower o' the nicht that fa's upon her coffin. O! what a fearfu' heap o' passion can the poet cram intil ae embrace—ae kiss—ae smile—ae look—ae whisper—ae word—towards the partner o' his life—the mither o' his weans—the——

*North.* "You speak to me who never had a wife."

*Shepherd.* Puir chiel, I pity you. What although the poet's marriage-life be sometimes stormy—what though sometimes

"Blackness comes across it like a squall,  
Darkening the sea!"

Yet wha can pent the glory and the brichtness o' the celestial cawm, when the world o' them twa—o' him and his wife—may be likened till the ocean and a' her isles, in the breezy sunshine, and them twa themsells till consort-ships steering alang wi' a' their sails and a' their streamers—

nae fear o' shoals or lee-shore rocks—on, on, on thegither towards the haven o' everlastin' rest, amang the regions o' the settin' sun! Or when it may be likened—that is, the world o' them twa—o' him and his wife till the blue lift, a' alilt wi' laverocks——

*North.* Beautiful, James.

*Shepherd.* Is't? Weel, I'll sing't again—till the blue lift, a' alilt wi' laverocks—and themselfs twa, like consort-clouds—noo a wee way apairt—and noo meltin' intil ane anither—purshued by een lookin' up frae below—alang their sky course—o' which the goal is set by God's ain haun far in amang the stars o' heaven!

*North.* More than beautiful, James—sublime.

*Shepherd.* And maun a' the divine days and nichts be left out o' the estimate made o' the poet's married life? As weel micht a man libel a beautifu' and glorious summer, by taukin' o' naething else but a few mountain spates, or twa-three dreadful glooms o' thunner and lichtnin'.

*North.* I give in. I am beat all to sticks. I am but Pan——

*Shepherd.* And I Apollo. Hurraw—hurraw—hurraw! Your neive, sir.

*North.* The misery of marriage lies among the common herd.

*Shepherd.* There you have it, sir—amang the mean, the vile, the coorse, the brutal—where Hymen may be almost said, in the language o' Milton, “amang the bestial herds to range;” for what are men and women, mutually “feeding on garbage,” as Shakspeare says, but the bestial? But wi' a' their sins and sorrows, and sometimes baith are sair, “men o' the higher order o' genius” still partake o' an almost divine natur,—the women that marries them are to “radiant angels link'd”—Shakspeare again, sir;—nor do they “sate themselves in celestial beds”—Wullie ance mair—for, on leavin' the eider-down o' the nuptial couch, out walks the poet amang the dew-drops o' the mornin' and as he sings his hymns at the shrine o' natur, he feels that, lang as he is true to that religion, there is a perpetual “bridal o' the earth and sky,” (auld Herbert) reminding him, as by a divine emblem, o' his ain union wi' her whom he has left in bliss, wi' a loving blossom in her bosom, aiblins the last-born o' the flock, wi' a look o' baith its paw-rents mysteriously blended in its sleeping smiles.

*North.* I am mute.

*Shepherd.* I wush it wou'd only chap twal—for I'm gettin' desperate hungry. Ha! there's the warnin'—in three minutes we sall see the gawcie face o' Awmrose wi' the oysters.

*North.* “From such celestial colloquy sublime,” how can we descend to shell-fish?

*Shepherd.* Wait a wee, and I'll show you that, sir. But wha sall we abuse neist?

*North.* Sir Walter Scott.

*Shepherd.* Sir Walter! Oh! but that wou'd be wicket. Howsom-



ever, he's but mortal—sae begin the abuse—and though I wullna just say that I'll join in't, yet——

*North.* You'll enjoy it.

*Shepherd.* Aiblins, sic is human natur. You're fleein' at high ggemm the nicht, sir.

*North.* Reach me over his Demonology.

*Shepherd.* Where? Ou aye, on the brace-piece.

*North.* I told you, you may remember, at our last meeting, that—

*Shepherd.* I dinna remember ae single syllable o' what was said, either by you or me, at the last Noctes—nor, indeed, at any o' the half hunder Nocteses celebrated in Gabriel's Road and Picardy since the Great Year o' the Chaldee.\* I never remembers naething—but a' that ever occurs to my mind has the appearance o' bein' imagination. A' thae Fifty-Two Nocteses—what are they noo but dreams aboot dreams! Sometimes when I read the record o' ane o' them in the Maggazin, I wonner wha's that Shepherd that speaks about the Forest—till a' at ance I begin to jalooose that he's my verra ain sell, and that I really maun hae been carrying on the war bravely that night at Ambrose's, though in what year—I'm sure aneuch o' the century—it passed by like a sugh, naething is there in the wild words to tell—nor in the guffaws that a' luk sae silent, sir, in prent yellowed by time, aye melancholy and mournful amaist as the smilin face o' a dear freen in a pictur, when ane luks at it, wi' a sigh, years after the original is dead! But let's cut up Sir Walter. Hark.

*(The timepiece strikes twelve, and enter PICARDY and his tail, with "The Treasures of the Deep.")*

*North.* Let me read aloud to you, my dear James, with suitable emphasis, a few paragraphs from the beginning, and tell me what you think of the composition.

*Shepherd.* Read awa, sir—read awa. I'm a freen' till the deveesion o' labour. Readin's ae department, and eatin's another, o' the great biz-ziness o' social life. I'm nae great haun at the first—sae I relinquish it to ane wha's a master in the art; but as to the ither, I'll play second knife and fork till nae man o' woman born—settin' aside unnatural monsters o' gabiators. Dinna mummle.

*North.* "You have asked of me, my dear friend, that I should assist the Family Library with the history of a dark chapter in human nature which the increasing civilization of all well-instructed countries has now almost blotted out, though the subject attracted no ordinary degree of consideration in the olden times of their history."

*Shepherd.* What's your wull?

*North.* The "history of a chapter" is not a very happy expression, James, neither is "a chapter in human nature." "The increasing civi-

\* The Chaldee manuscript was published (and suppressed), in October, 1817 —M.

lization of all well-instructed countries," is very bad indeed, James; and it is not true that it has now almost blotted out "that dark chapter in human nature," for that dark chapter may be read now in the Book of Nature as plainly as before, provided we seek for it in the right place.

*Shepherd.* In Dahomey, Coomassie, Gondar. Oh! sic eisters!

*North.* "Though the *subject*"—what subject?—"attracted no ordinary degree of consideration" is poor writing; and then mark the cacophonous repetition, James, of the word *history* at the close of the sentence.

*Shepherd.* I canna defend it. Whar's the vinegar cruet!

*North.* "Among much reading of my *early days*, it is no doubt true that I travelled a good deal in the twilight regions of superstitious disquisition. Many *hours have I lost*. 'I would their debt were less.'"

*Shepherd.* He didna lose them, sir. He carried them to a gude market.

*North.* "In examining old, as well as more *recent* narratives of this character, and *even in looking into some of the criminal trials* so frequent in *early days* upon a *subject* which our fathers considered as matter of the last importance; and of late years the very curious extracts published by Mr. Pitcairn, from the Criminal Records of Scotland, are, besides their historical value, of a nature so much calculated to illustrate the credulity of our ancestors *on such subjects*, that by perusing them, I have been induced *more recently* to recall what I had read and thought upon *the subject* at a former period." "As, however, my information is only miscellaneous, and I make no pretensions, either to combat the systems of those by whom I am anticipated in the *consideration of the subject*," &c., &c. "A few general remarks on the nature of demonology, and the original cause of the almost universal belief in communication betwixt mortals and beings of a power superior to themselves, and of a nature not to be comprehended by human organs, are a necessary introduction to the *subject*." Here we have "early days" twice within the compass of two sentences—"a subject which our fathers considered of the last importance," is a clumsy repetition of "the subject attracted no ordinary degree of consideration"—the word *subject* occurs *six* times, so as by its jingle "to attract no ordinary degree of consideration,"—and "nature" *four* times—while several other words are repeated with equal poverty of language—and not one sentence I have read, James, that is not cramped, clumsy, awkward, or inaccurate.

*Shepherd.* That's mortal bad writing, sir. The pepper.

*North.* I shall not set you asleep, James, by reciting the two next paragraphs.

*Shepherd.* Nae fears. Look at the brodd.

*North.* "The conviction that such an indestructible essence *exists*,

the belief expressed by the poet in a different sense, *non omnis moriar*, must infer the *existence* of," &c. "Some ideas of the *existence* of a deity," and "these spirits, in a state of *separate existence*, being admitted to exist!" "To the multitude, the indubitable fact that so many millions of spirits *exist*," "the most numerous part of mankind cannot form in their mind the idea of the spirit of the deceased *existing*," and "spectres which only *exist* in the mind," &c.

*Shepherd.* Ma faith! gin I was to write in that gate, hoo the critics would be on ma tap!

*North.* "More than one learned physician, who have given *their attestation to the existence* of this most distressing complaint, have *agreed that it actually occurs*"—

*Shepherd.* Stap—stap—stap—, sir, nae forgery—that canna be sic towological repetition o' ane and the same sack.

*North.* 'Tis odd—but let me get on to a specimen of Sir Walter's philosophy.

*Shepherd.* Do. Here's a mouthfu'!

*North.* Sir Walter tells us that "unfortunately, as is now universally *known* and admitted, there certainly *exists* more than one disorder *known* to professional men, of which one important symptom is a disposition to see apparitions. This frightful disorder is not properly insanity, although it is *somewhat allied* to that most horrible of maladies, and may, in many constitutions, be the means of bringing it on, and all such hallucinations are proper to both. The difference I conceive to be, that in cases of insanity the mind of the patient is principally affected, while the senses, or organic system, offer in vain to the lunatic their decided testimony against the fantasy of a deranged imagination."

*Shepherd.* I'll try this ane wi' moostard.

*North.* Sir Walter must have read little indeed on insanity, or he never could have written so. No doubt that in all cases of insanity the mind of the patient is *principally* affected; but in none is the organic system sound—in few, have we reason to know that the senses do not deceive—and in many—indeed in by far the greater number—we have reason to know that they do deceive, and are wofully disordered. The difference, therefore, which Sir Walter points out, is rarely indeed the real difference. *That* lies always wholly in the mind.

*Shepherd.* I'm inclined to gang alang wi' you, sir.

*North.* You *must* go along with me, James.

*Shepherd.* Na—no unless I like.

*North.* However, suppose that Sir Walter had stated the real difference, how does he illustrate it?

*Shepherd.* Hoo can I tell?

*North.* By the story of an insane patient in the Infirmary of Edinburgh, who, though all his meals consisted of porridge, believed that he

had every day a dinner of three regular courses and a dessert—and yet confessed, that somehow or other every thing he ate tasted of porridge! The case, says Sir Walter, is obvious—the disease lay in the extreme vivacity of the patient's imagination, deluded in other instances, but not absolutely powerful enough to contend with the honest evidences of his stomach and palate. Here, therefore, Sir Walter adds, "is one instance of actual insanity, in which the sense of taste *controlled and attempted to restrain the ideal hypothesis* adopted by a deranged imagination." But who knows that all this insane patient's senses were not diseased. He acted as if they were so—though his palate was still sensible to the porridge taste. They might, or they might not be diseased—but Sir Walter's conclusion is most illogical. The "sense of taste controlling and attempting to restrain an ideal hypothesis," is language altogether new in mental philosophy.

*Shepherd.* Sae muckle the better.

*North.* No—so much the worse.

*Shepherd.* Oh, sir! but ye're dictatorial the nicht.

*North.* Hitherto Sir Walter, though not happy in his illustrations, is yet intelligible, and not absolutely self-inconsistent. But by and by he falls into sad self-contradiction.

*Shepherd.* It's wonnerful, sir, hoo common that is. I really maun publish ma "Logic." Do you think the brods o' eisters pushionush?

*North.* "The disorder to which I previously alluded is *entirely of a bodily character*, and consists principally, in a disease of the visual organs, which present to the patient a set of spectres, or appearances, which have no actual existence. It is a disease of the same nature which renders many men incapable of distinguishing colours, only *the patients go a step farther*, and pervert the external form of objects. In this case, therefore, contrary to that of the maniac, *it is not the mind*, or rather the imagination, which imposes upon, and overpowers the evidence of the senses, but the sense of seeing or hearing, which betrays its duty, and conveys false ideas to a *sane* intellect."

*Shepherd.* Weel then, isna a' that intelligible aneuch?

*North.* Perfectly so—but wait, James, for the illustrations.

*Shepherd.* I'm quite wullun' to wait for illustrations, sir, as lang's there's a Pandoor on the brodd.

*North.* Meanwhile, how could Sir Walter say that the disease of the visual organs, which presents to the patient a set of spectres or appearances which have no existence, is a disease of the same nature with that which renders many men incapable of distinguishing colours? The latter is but a *defect*—the other is indeed a *disease*; but I suppose Sir Walter merely means that they both belong to the eye.

*Shepherd.* Aiblins.

*North.* There is something to my mind not a little ludicrous in Sir

Walter's simplicity, when he says, "*only the patients go a step farther, and pervert the external form of objects.*"

*Shepherd.* An' a patient *gangs yet anither step farther* when he dees—that is his last step—for after it, he's carried.

*North.* The two cases, James, which Sir Walter proposes, are essentially distinct and different.

*Shepherd.* They are sae—but noo for your objections to Sir Walter's illustrations.

*North.* Sir Walter has been at great pains to tell us, that "*this disease is entirely of a bodily character*"—"it is *not the mind*, or rather the imagination, which imposes"—

*Shepherd.* I ken a' that—gang on.

*North.* You may ken a' that, James, but Sir Walter, in the very next page, has forgotten it, and with difficulty could I *believe my eyes*, James, when in the paragraph immediately following I read—"The most frequent source of the malady is in the dissipated and intemperate habits of those who, by a continued series of intoxication, become subject to what is popularly called the Blue Devils, instances of WHICH MENTAL DISORDER (!) may be known to most who have lived in society where hard drinking was a common vice." Here Sir Walter not only loses sight of his own distinction, which he had so pompously laid down, but he dishes it at one blow. This disease, which he told us before was "*entirely of a bodily character*," is now, it seems, a "*mental disorder*."

*Shepherd.* It's a pity to see folk writin' on subjects they hae na considered, and therefore canna understaun. It's a cut-throat o' a contradiction.

*North.* Sir Walter then goes on to illustrate "*this disease, which is entirely of a bodily character*," and thereby distinguishable from insanity, and yet is at the same time "*a mental disorder*," by the case of a young gentleman, one of whose principal complaints was the frequent presence of a set of apparitions resembling a band of figures dressed in green. Sir Walter then tells us, with astounding forgetfulness of his own theory, that the whole "*corps de ballet* existed only in the patient's *imagination*." If they did, then the disease was of the imagination, and not of the sense, but the story is told to show that the disease was one of the sense, and not of the imagination!

*Shepherd.* Eh? eh? That is really stoopit in Sir Walter.

*North.* Sir Walter again speaks of the patient's depraved imagination—and adds a word or two about association, which, if they have any meaning at all, must likewise refer to a mental, and not to a bodily disease. But it was of a bodily disease, and not of a mental disorder, that he formally announced his ambition to speak, and to illustrate it by a tale!

*Shepherd.* The Baronet has wrott that before he had been fairly

wauken'd oot o' a soon sleep, and had got a' his wanderin' wuts colleckit.

*North.* Just so. I beg leave to recommend the shower-bath.

*Shepherd.* Or the plunge.

*North.* One other sample of confusion of ideas, James, and I have done with Demonology. Sir Walter wishes to explain and illustrate the effect sometimes produced on the mind in sleep, by the dreamer touching with his hand some other part of his own person.

*Shepherd.* I ken aboot that. He's right there.

*North.* No. He is wrong. The dreamer, says Sir Walter, is clearly in this case "both the actor and patient, both the proprietor of the member touching, and of that which is touched! while to increase the complication, the hand is both toucher of the limb on which it rests, and receives an impression of touch from it; and the same is the case with the limb, which at one and the same time receives an impression from the hand, and conveys to the mind a report respecting the size, substance, and the like, of the member touching."

*Shepherd.* That's gaen kittle.

*North.* It is so only because badly expressed—and indeed the last part of the sentence does not contain the meaning which the Baronet supposes or intends—but let that pass—

*Shepherd.* You're no lett'n't pass, you savage.

*North.* But hark what follows. "Now, as during sleep the patient is unconscious," quoth Sir Walter, "that both limbs are his own identical property, his mind is apt to be much disturbed by the complication of sensations arising from two parts of his person being at once acted upon, and from their reciprocal action; and false impressions are thus received, which, accurately inquired into, would afford a clew to many puzzling phenomena in the theory of dreams."

*Shepherd.* What! is a patient in sleep unconscious that baith limbs are his ain identical property?—I canna swallow that.

*North.* But suppose we do swallow it, James, and then consequences the very reverse of those Sir Walter mentions must ensue. For by this unconsciousness, all the complication of sensations which Sir Walter so clumsily explains the cause of, is prevented from taking place. It becomes impossible.

*Shepherd.* Sae it does, sir. I never observed that afore, till you pointed it oot. 'Tis anither cut-throat contradiction.

*North.* But, countryman, lend me your ears. As an illustration of the effect of this complication of sensations that may be produced in a dream, Sir Walter tells us a story of a nobleman who once awoke in horror, still feeling the cold dead grasp of a corpse's hand on his right wrist. It was a minute before he discovered that his own left hand was in a state of numbness, and with it he had accidentally encircled his right arm. Now, James, this story, which Sir Walter tells to illus-

trate how the "patient's mind was disturbed by the complication of sensations arising from two parts of his person," illustrates the very reverse, namely, how the patient's mind was disturbed, but by one simple sensation, that of a corpse's hand, his own hand being perfectly numb, that is, without sensation at all, and acting therefore precisely as a corpse's hand, or a piece of lead. So much for Sir Walter's metaphysics.

*Shepherd.* Hurraw—hurraw—hurraw!—hollo! Gurney!

*(The time-piece strikes Twelve—and enter St. Ambrose and his Monks with a roasted goose, son of the celebrated prize-goose who won the stubble-sweepstakes in 1829; and ditto hare, the identical animal killed by Lord Eglinton's goshawk, by which he won the cup at the last meeting of the Ardrrossan Coursing-Club. GURNEY emerges from the Ear of Dionysius, and the Noctes close.)*

SCENE—*The Snuggery.*—*Time, Nine.*—*Present, NORTH, SHEPHERD, and TICKLER.*

*Tickler.* Centaur! No more like a Centaur, James, than he is like a whale. Ducrow is not "demi-corpsed"—as Shakspeare said of Laertes—with what he bestrides; how could he, with half a dozen horses at a time? If the blockheads will but look at a centaur, they will see that he is not six horses and one man, but one manhorse or horseman, galloping on four feet, with one tail, and one face much more humane than either of ours——

*Shepherd.* Confine yoursell to your ain face, Mr. Tickler. A centaur wou'd hae sma' diffeeculty in ha'in' a face mair humane nor yours, sir—for it's mair like the face o' Notus or Eurus nor a Christian's; but as for ma face, sir, it's meeker and milder than that o' Charon himsell——

*North.* Chiron, James.

*Shepherd.* Weel then, Cheeron be't—when he was instillin' wisdom, music, and heroism intil the sowle o' Achilles, him that afterwards grew up the maist beautifu' and dreadfu' o' a' the sons o' men.

*Tickler.* The glory of Ducrow lies in his poetical impersonations. Why, the horse is but the air, as it were, on which he flies? What godlike grace in that volant motion, fresh from Olympus, e'er yet "new-lighted on some heaven-kissing hill!" What seems "the feather'd Mercury" to care for the horse, whose side his toe but touches, as if it were a cloud in the ether? As the flight accelerates, the animal absolutely disappears, if not from the sight of our bodily eye, certainly from that of our imagination, and we behold but the messenger of Jove, worthy to be joined in marriage with Iris.

*Shepherd.* I'm no just sae poetical's you, Mr. Tickler, when I'm at the Circus; and ma bodily een, as ye ca' them, that's to say, the een, ane on ilka side o' ma nose, are far owre gleg ever to lose sight o' yon bonny din meere.

*North.* A dun mare, 'worthy indeed to waft Green Turban,

"Far descended of the Prophet line,"

across the sands of the Desert.

*Shepherd.* Ma verra thocht! As she flew round like lichtnin,' the



saw-dust o' the amphitheatre becam the sand-dust o' Arawbia—the heaven-doomed region, for ever and aye, o' the sons o' Ishmael.

*Tickler.* Gentlemen, you are forgetting Ducrow.

*Shepherd.* Na. It's only you that's forgettin' the din meere. His Mercury's beautifu'; but his Glawdiator's shooblime.

*Tickler.* Roman soldier, you mean, James.

*Shepherd.* Haud your tongue, Tickler. Isna a Roman sodger a Glawdiator? Does na the verra word, Glawdiawtor, come frae the Latin for swurd? Nae wunner the Romans conquered a' the warld, gin a' their sodgers foucht like yon! Sune as Ducraw tyeuck his attetud, as steadfast on the steed as on a stane, there ye beheld, staunin' afore you, wi' helmet, swurd, and buckler, the eemage o' a warrior-king. The hero looked as gin he were about to engage in single combat wi' some hero o' the tither side—some giant Gaul—perhaps himsell a king—in sicht o' baith armies—and by the eagle-crest cou'd ye hae sworn, that sune wou'd the barbaric host be in panic-flicht. What iither man o' woman born cou'd sustain sic strokes, deliver'd wi' sovereign micht and sovereign majesty, as if Mars himsell had descended in mortal guise, to be the champion o' his ain eternal city!

*North.* Ma verra thocht!

*Shepherd.* Your thocht! you bit puir, useless, triflin' cretur! Ax your pardon, sir—for really, in the enthusiasm o' the moment, I had forgotten wha's vice it was, and thocht it was Mr. Tickler's.

*Tickler.* Whose?

*Shepherd.* Sit still, sir. I wunner gin the Romans, in battle, used, like our sodgers, to cry, "Huzzaw, huzzaw, huzzaw!"

*North.* We learned it from them, James. And ere all was done, we became their masters in that martial vociferation. Its echoes frightened them at last among the Grampians; and they set sail from unconquered Caledon.

*Shepherd.* What a bluidy beatin' Galgacus gied Agricola!

*North.* He did so, indeed, James—yet see how that fellow his son-in-law, Tacitus, lies like a bulletin. He swears the Britons lost the battle.

*Shepherd.* Haw, haw, haw! What? I've been at the verra spat—and the tradition's as fresh as if it had been but the verra day after the battle, that the Romans were cut aff till a man.

*North.* Not one escaped?

*Shepherd.* Deevil the ane—the hills, whare the chief carnage rotted, are greener nor the lave till this hour. Nae white clover grows there—nae white daisies—wud you believe me, sir, they're a' red. The life-draps seepit through the grun'—and were a body to dig doun far eneuch, wha kens but he wou'dna come to coagulated gore, strengthening the soil aneath, till it sends up showers o' thae sanguinary gowans and clover, the product o' inextinguishable Roman bluid!

*Tickler.* The Living Statues!

*North.* Perfect. The very Prometheus of Æschylus. Oh! James! what high and profound Poetry was the Poetry of the world of old! To steal fire from heaven—what a glorious conception of the soul in its consciousness of immortality!

*Shepherd.* And what a glorious conception o' the sowle, in its consciousness o' immortality, o' Divine Justice! O the mercy o' Almighty Jove! To punish the Fire-stealer by fastenin' him down to a rock, and sendin' a vulture to prey on his liver—perpetually to keep prey—preyin' on his puir liver—sirs—waur even nor the worm that never dees—or if no waur, at least as ill—rug—ruggin', gnaw—gnawin', tear—tearin', howk—howkin', at his meeserable liver aye wantin' and aye waxin' aneath that unpacified beak—that beak noo cuttin' like a knife, noo clippin' like scissors, noo chirtin' like pinchers, noo hagglin' like a cleaver! A' the while the body of the glorious sinner bun' needlessly till a rock-block—needlessly bun', I say, sir, for stirless is Prometheus in his endurance o' the doom he drees, as if he were but a Stane-eeimage, or ane o' the unsufferin' dead!

*North.* A troubled mystery!

*Shepherd.* Ane amaist fears to pity him, lest he wrang fortitude sae majestic. Yet see, it stirs! Ha! 'twas but the vultur. Prometheus himself is still—in the micht, think ye, sir, o' curse or prayer? Oh! yonner's just ae single slight shudder—as the demon, to get a stronger purchase at his food, taks up new grun wi' his tawlongs, and gies a fluff and flap wi' his huge wings again' the ribs o' his victim, utterin'—was't horrid fancy?—a gurglin' throat-croak choked savagely in bluid!

*North.* The Spirit's triumph over Pain, that reaches but cannot pierce its core—

“In Pangs sublime, magnificent in Death!”

*Tickler.* Life in Death! Exultation in Agony! Earth victorious over Heaven! Prometheus bound in manglings on a sea-cliff, more godlike than Jove himself, when

“Nutu tremefecit Olympum!”

*Shepherd.* Natur victorious owre the verra Fate her ain imagination has creawted! And in the dread confusion o' her superstitious dreams, glorifyin' the passive magnanimity o' man, far ayont the active vengeance o' the highest o' her gods! A wild bewilderment, sirs, that ought to convince us, that nae licht can ever be thrown on the moral government that reigns owre the region o' human life—nae licht that's mair astoundin' than the blackness o' darkness—but that o' Revelation that ae day or ither shall illumine the uttermost parts o' the earth.

*North.* Noble. These impersonations by Ducrow, James, prove that he is a man of genius.

*Shepherd.* Are they a' his ain inventions, sir?

*North.* Few or none. Why, if they were, he would be the greatest of sculptors. But thus to convert his frame into such forms—shapes—attitude—postures—as the Greek imagination moulded into perfect expression of the highest states of the soul—that, James, shows that Ducrow has a spirit kindred to those who in marble made their mythology immortal.\*

*Shepherd.* That's bonny—na, that's gran'. It gars a body grue—just like ane o' thae lines in poetry that suddenly dirls through you—just like ae smite on a single string by a master's haun' that gars shiver the haille harp.

*Tickler.* Ducrow was not so successful in his Apollo.

*North.* 'Twas the Apollo of the painters, Tickler; not of the sculptors.

*Tickler.* True. But why not give us the Belvidere?

*North.* I doubt if that be in the power of mortal man. But even were Ducrow to show us that statue with the same perfection that crowns all his other impersonations, unless he were to stand for hours before us, we should not feel, to the full, its divine majesty; for in the marble it grows and grows upon us as our own spirits dilate, till the Sun-god at last almost commands our belief in his radiant being, and we hear ever the fabled Python groan!

*Tickler.* Yes, North, our emotion is progressive—just as the wor-shipper, who seeks the inner shrine, feels his adoration rising higher and higher at every step he takes up the magnificent flight in front of the temple.

*Shepherd.* Na, na, na—this 'll never do. It's manifest that you twa hae entered intil a combination again' me, and are comin' ower me wi' your set speeches, a' written doon, and gotten aff the nicht afore, to dumbfounner the Shepherd. What bit o' paper's that, Mr. Tickler, keekin' out o' the pocket o' your vest? Notts. Notts in short haun'—and a' the time you was pretendin' to be crunklin't up to licht the tip o' your segawr, hae you been cleekin' haud o' the catch-word—and that's the gate you deceive the Snuggery intil admiration o' your extemporaneous eeloquence! The secret's out noo—an' I wunner it was never blawn afore; for, noo that ma een are opened, they set till richts ma lugs; and on considerin' hoo matters used to staun' in the past, I really canna charge ma memory wi' a' mair feckless cretur than yoursell at a reply.

*North.* You do me cruel injustice, James—were I to prepare a single paragraph, I should stick——

\* Ducrow, who was much more than a mere equestrian (though he was unrivalled as such), used to personate the statues of antiquity, so as to shew, as it were, the Poetry of Posture.—M.

*Shepherd.* Oh! man, hoo I wou'd enjoy to see you stick! stickin' a set speech in a ha' fu' o' admirin', that is, wunnerin' hunders o' your fellow-citizens, on Parliamentary Reform, for instance, or Slavery in the West Indies, or——

*North.* The supposition, sir, is odious; I——

*Shepherd.* No in the least degree odious, sir—but superlatively' absurd, and ludicrous far ayont the boun's o' lauchter—excepp that lauchter that torments a' the inside o' a listener and a looker-on, an internal earthquake that convulses a body frae the pow till the paw, frae the fingers till the feet, till a' the pent-up power o' risibility bursts out through the mouth, like the lang-smouldering fire vomited out o' the crater o' a volcawno, and then the astonished warld hears, for the first time, what heaven and earth acknowledge by their echoes to be indeed—a Guffaw!

*North.* James, you are getting extremely impertinent.

*Shepherd.* Nae personality, sir; nae personality shall be alloo'd, in ma presence at least, at a Noctes. That's to say, nae personality towards the persons present—for as to a' the rest o' the warld, men, women, and children, I care na though you personally insult, ane after anither, a' the human race.

*North.* I insult!

*Shepherd.* Yes—you insult. Haena ye made the hail civileezed warld your enemy by that tongue and that pen o' yours, that spares neither age nor sect?

*North.* I ???

*Shepherd.* You!!!

*Tickler.* Come, come, gentlemen, remember where you are, and in whose presence you are sitting; but look here—here is the APOLLO BELVIDERE. (*TICKLER is transformed into Apollo Belvidere.*)

*Shepherd.* That's no canny.

*North.* In his lip "what beautiful disdain!"

*Shepherd.* As if he were smellin' at a rotten egg.

*North.* There "the Heavenly Archer stands."

*Shepherd.* I wadna counsel him to shoot for the Guse Medal. Henry Watson wou'd ding him till sticks.

*North.* I remember, James, once hearing an outrageous dispute between two impassioned connoisseurs, amateurs, men of *vertu*, cognoscenti, dilettanti, about this very Apollo Belvidere.

*Shepherd.* Confoun' me, gin he's no monstrous like marble! His verra claes seem to ha drapped aff him—and I'ee no pit on my specs, for fear he should pruve to be naked. What was the natur' o' the dispoot?

*North.* Simply whether Apollo advanced his right or left foot——

*Shepherd.* Ane o' the disputants maun hae been a great fule. Shou'dna Apollo pit his best fit foremost, that is the right ane, on such

an occasion as shootin' a Peethon? Hut-tut—Stop a wee—let's consider. Na, it maun be the left fit foremost—unless he was kerr-haun'd. Lets try't.

*(The SHEPHERD rises, and puts himself into the attitude of the Apollo Belvidere—insensibly transforming himself into another TICKLER of a shorter and stouter size.)*

*North.* I could believe myself in the Louvre, before Mrs. Hemans wrote her beautiful poem on the Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy. Were the two brought to the hammer, an auctioneer might knock them down for ten thousand pounds each.

*Shepherd.* Whilk of us is the maist Appollonic, sir?

*North.* Why, James, you have the advantage of Tickler, in being, as it were, in the prime of youth—for though by the parish register you have passed the sixtieth year-stone on the road of life, you look as fresh as if you had not finished the first stage.

*Shepherd.* Do you hear that, Mr. Tickler?

*North.* You have also most conspicuously the better of Mr. Tickler in the article of hair. Yours are locks—his leeks.

*Shepherd.* Mr. Tickler, are you as deaf and dumb's a statue, as weel's as stiff?

*North.* As to features, the bridge of Mr. Tickler's nose—begging his pardon—is of too prominent a build. The arch reminds me of the old bridge across the Esk, at Musselburgh.

*Shepherd.* What say you to that, Mr. Tickler?

*North.* "Tis more an antique Roman than a"—

*Shepherd.* Mr. Tickler?

*North.* But neither is the nose of the gentle Shepherd pure Grecian.

*Tickler.* Pure Peebles!

*Shepherd.* Oho! You've fun' the use o' your tongue.

*North.* Of noses so extremely——

*Shepherd.* Mine's, I ken, 's a cockit one. Oor mooths?

*North.* Why, there, I must say, gentlemen, there's a wide opening for——

*Tickler.* Don't blink the buck teeth.

*Shepherd.* Better than nane ava'.

*North.* Of Tickler's attitude I should say generally—that is——

*(Here TICKLER reassumes SOUTHSIDE, and taking the Snuggery at a stride, usurps THE CHAIR, and outstretches himself to his extreme length, with head leaning on the ridge, and his feet some yards off on the fender.)*

*Shepherd (leaping about).* Huzzaw—huzzaw—huzzaw! I've beaten him at Apollo! Noo for Pan.

*(The SHEPHERD performs Pan in a style that would have seduced Pomona.)*

*Tickler.* Aye—that's more in character.

*North.* Sufficient, certainly, to frighten an army.

*Tickler.* The very picture of our Popular Devil.

*North.* Say, rather with Wordsworth—

"Pan himself,  
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god."

*Shepherd.* Keep your een on me—keep your een on me—and you'll soon see a change that will strike you wi' astonishment. But rax me owre the poker, Mr. North—rax me owre the poker.

(NORTH puts the poker into Pan's paws and instanter he is Hercules.)

*Tickler* (clapping his hands). Bravo! Bravissimo!

*North.* I had better remove the crystal. (*Wheels the circular closer to the hearth.*) James, remember the mirror.

*Tickler.* At that blow dies the Nemean lion.

(The SHEPHERD flinging down the poker-club, seems to drag up the carcass of the Monster with a prodigious display of muscularity, and then stooping his neck, heaves it over his head as into some profound abyss.)

*North.* Ducrow's Double!

*Shepherd* (proudly). Say rather the Dooble, that's Twa, o' Ducraw. Ducraw's nae mair fit to ack Hercules wi' me, than he is to ack Sampson.

*Tickler.* I believe it.

*Shepherd.* I cou'd tell ye a droll story about me and Mr. Ducraw. Ae nicht I got intil an argument wi' him at the Caffée, about the true scriptral gate o' ackin' the Fear o' the Philistines, and I was pressin' him gaen hard aboot his method o' puin doon the pillars, when he turns aboot upon me—and bein' putten o' his metal—says, "Mr. Hogg, why did not you object to my representing in one scene—and at one time—Sampson carrying away the gates of Gaza, and also pullin' down the pillars?"

*North.* There he had you on the hip, James.

*Shepherd.* I hadna a word to say for't—but confessed at aince that it's just the way o' a' critics wha stumble ower molehills, and yet mak naething o' mountains. The truth is, that a' us that are maisters in the fine arts, kens ilka ane respectively about his ain art a thoosan' times mair nor ony possible body else—and I thocht on the pedant lecturin' Hannibal on war, or ony ither pedant me on poetry, or St. Cecilia on music, or Christopher North on literatur, or Sir Isaac Newton on the stars, or——

*North.* Now, James, that you may not say that I ever sulkily or sullenly refuse to contribute my quota of "weel-timed daffin" to the Noctes—behold me in HERCULES FURENS.

(*NORTH off with coat and waistcoat in a jiffy, and goes to work.*)

*Shepherd.* That's fearsome! Dinna tear your shirt to rags—dinna tear your shirt to rags, sir!

*Tickler.* The poison searches his marrow-bones now!

*Shepherd.* His bluid's liquid fire!

*Tickler.* Lava.

*Shepherd.* Linens is cheap the noo, to be sure—dinna tear your shirt, sir—dinna tear your shirt. What pains maun a' that shuin' on the breast and collar hae cost Mrs. Gentle!

*Tickler.* O Denjanira! Denjanira! Denjanira!

*Shepherd.* That out-hercules's Hercules! Foamin' at the mooth like a mad dowg! The Epilepsy! The quiverin' o' his hauns! The whites o' his een, noo flickerin' and noo fixed! Oh! dire mishapen lauchter, drawin' his mooth awa up along the tae side o' his face, out-owre till ane o' his lugs! Puir Son o' Alknomook!

*Tickler.* Alcmena, James.

*Shepherd.* A' his labours are near an end noo! A' the fifty, if crooded and crammed intil ane, no sae terrible as the last! Loup—loup—loup—tumble—tumble—tumble—sprawl—sprawl—sprawl—row—row—row—roun' aboot—roun' aboot—roun' aboot—like an axletree—then ae sudden streek out until a' his length, and there lies he straught, stiff, and stark, after the dead-thraws, like a gnarled oak-trunk that had kept knottin' for a thoosan' years.

*Tickler.* But for an awkward club-foot too much, would I exclaim,

"Cedite Romani imitatores! Cedite Graii."

*Shepherd* (*raising NORTH from the floor*). Do you ken, sir, you fairly tyeuck me in—and I'm in a trumple. It's like Boaz frichtenin' Ingleby wi' his ain ba's.

*North.* Rather hot work, my dear James. I'm beginning to perspire.

*Shepherd* (*feeling NORTH's forehead*). Beginnin' till perspire!! Never afore, in this weary warld, was a man in sic an even-doon poor o' sweat! A perspiration-fa'! The same wi' your breest! What? You cou'dna hae been watter had you stood after a thunder-plump for an hoor unner a roan.

*North.* Say spout, James, roan is vulgar—it is Scotch—and your English is so pure now, that a word like that grates harshly on the ear, so that were you in England, you would undeceive and alarin the natives. But let us recur to the subject under spirited discussion immediately before Raphael's Dream—I mean the Jug.

*Shepherd.* Let us come our wa's intil the fire.

(*The three are again at "the wee bit ingle blinking bonnily."*)

*North.* Where were we?

*Shepherd.* Ou aye. I was beginnin' to pent a pictur o you, sir, stickin' a speech on Slavery or Reform. Slowly you rise—and at the uprisin' "o' the auld man eeloquent" hushed is that assemblage as sleep. But wide awake are a' een—a' fixed on Christopher North, the orator o' the human race.

*Tickler.* As is usual to say on such occasions—you might hear a pin fall—say a needle, which having no head, falls lighter.

*Shepherd.* He begins laigh, and wi' a dimness in and around his een—a kind o' halo, sic as obscures the moon afore a storm. But sune his vice gets louder and louder, musical at its tapmost hicht, as the breath o' a silver trumpet. Action he has little or nane—noo and then the richt haun' on his heart, and the left arm at richt angles till the body—just sae—like Mr. Pitt's—only this far no like Mr. Pitt's—for there's nae sense in that—no up and doon like the haunle o' a well-pump. What reasuin! What imagination! Fancy free and fertile as an auld green flowery lea! Pathos pure as dew—and wit bricht as the rinnin' waters, translucent

"At touch ethereal o' heaven's fiery rod!"

*Tickler.* Spare his blushes, Shepherd, spare his blushes.

*Shepherd.* Wae's me—pity on him—but I canna spare his blushes.—sae, sir, just hang down your head a wee, till I conclude. In the verra middle o' a lang train o' ratiocination—(I'm gratefu' for havin' gotten through that word)—surrounded, ahint and afore, and on a' sides, wi' countless series o' syllogisms—in the very central heart o' a forest o' feegurs, containin' many a garden o' flowers o' speech—within sicht, nay amaiest within touch, o' the feenal climax, at which the assemblage o' livin' sowles were a' waitin' to break oot intil thunder, like the waves of the sea impatient for the first smiting o' a storm seen afar on the main—at the verra crisis and agony o' his fame, Christopher is seized with a sudden stupification o' the head and a' its faculties, his brain whirls dizzily roun', as if he were a' at aince waukenin' out o' a dream, at the edge o' a precipice, or on a "coign o' disadvantage," outside the battlements o' a cloud-capt tower; his eyes get bewildered, his cheeks wax white, struck seems his tongue wi' palsy, he stutters—stutters—stutters—and "of his stutterin' finds no end" till—HE STICKS!

*Tickler.* Fast as a wagon mired up to the axletree, while Roger, with the loosened team, steers his course back to the farm-steadin', with arms akimbo on old Smiler's rump.

*Shepherd.* He fents! a cry for cauld spring-water—

*North (frowning).* Hark ye—when devoid of all probability—nay, at war with possibility—fiction is falsehood, fun folly, mirth mere



maundering, humour forsooth! idiotcy, would-be wit "wersh as parritch without saut," James a merry-Andrew, and the Shepherd—sad and sorry am I to say it—a Buffoon!

*Shepherd.* Haw! haw! haw! O man, but you're angry. It's aye the way o't. Them that's aye tryin' ineffectually to make a fule o' ithers, when the tables are turned on them, gang red-wuk-stark-staring mad a'thegither, and scarcely leave theirsells the likeness o' a dowg. But forgie me, sir—forgie me. I concur wi' you that the description was nothing but a tissue—as you hae sae ceevily and coortusly said—o' falsehood, folly, maunderin' idiotcy, and wersh parritch—

*Tickler.* James a merry-Andrew, and the Shepherd a Buffoon.

*Shepherd.* Dinna "loose your tinkler jaw, sir," as Burns said o' Charlie Fox, on me, Mr. Tickler—for I'll no thole frae you a tithe, Timothy, o' what I'll enjoy frae Mr. North—an' it's no twice in the towmount I ventur to ca' him Kit. Oh! my dear fren, Mr. North, do you ken, sir, that in lookin' owre some six year auld accounts—

*Tickler.* Paid?

*Shepherd.* No by you at least—for a bill o' butter for smearin', what shou'd come till haun but a sort o' droll attempt at a sang by that dead facetious fallow, the late Bishop o' Bristol.\*

*Tickler.* Scotty!

*Shepherd.* Doctor Scott;

*Tickler.* The Doctor!

*North.* The Odontist!

*Shepherd.* Puir Pultusky!

*North.* A simple soul!

*Shepherd.* Amaist an innocent! Yet what wut! Here it is—for his sake I'll chant it affetuosity—amaist lakrimoso—for I see the doctor sitting afore me as distinct in his drollness, as if in the flesh.

#### THE FIVE CHAMPIONS OF MAGA.

A SONG BY THE LATE DR. SCOTT.

(*As sung by the Ettrick Shepherd, at the Noctes Ambrosianae, with the usual applause.*)

##### 1.

There once was an Irishman, and he was very fat;  
He wore a wig upon his head, and on his wig a hat;  
The Cockneys, in his presence, ceased to gibe at North and Hogg, sir,  
*Bekaise* he gave them blarney, and bothered them with brogue, sir.  
Och! by my *soul*, this Irishman most sturdily attack would,  
Whoever dared to sport his *chaff*, or run a-muck at Blackwood.

\* Vide "Christopher in His Tent" where Scott, the dentist, is passed off as the Bishop of Bristol.—M.

## 2.

There once was a Scotchman, and he was very lean:  
 A prettier man in philibegs was nowhere to be seen:  
 For fighting in the cause of Kit, he was a perfect satyr;  
 Upon the Whiggish ranks he rush'd, and spilt their blood like water;  
 Though wanting "*inexpressibles*," he constantly attack would,  
 With fury *inexpressible*, the enemies of Blackwood.

## 3.

There once was an Englishman, and he was very short,  
 For every mutton-chop he ate, he swigg'd a quart of port.  
 Of Tickler, Mullion, North, and Hogg, he did nought but dream all night, sir,  
 And in the daytime, for their cause, he nothing did but fight, sir.  
 Whigs, Cockneys, Revolutionists, he furiously attack would,  
 And floor them with his *bunch of fives*—this champion stout of Blackwood.

## 4.

There once was a Welshman, and he was very tall,  
 When North's opponents heard his voice, they look'd out for a squall:  
 In Maga's cause he was as fierce as General Napper-Tandy:  
 All foemen were alike to him—the bully or the dandy;  
 He thrash'd them right, he thrash'd them left, their hurdies he attack would,  
 With Christopher's own potent knout—in honour all of Blackwood.

## 5.

There once was a Yankee, and he was very sage,  
 Who 'gainst the foes of Christopher a bloody war did wage,  
 Those who his rifle to escape were so exceeding lucky,  
 Ran off, I guess, and hid themselves in Erie and Kentucky.  
 The Cherokees and Chickasaws he furiously attack would,  
 And shoot their chiefs and kiss their squaws, if they spoke ill of Blackwood.\*

*North.* Next time you pay me a visit, James, at No. 99—I'll show you THE PICTURE.

*Shepherd.* I understand you, sir—Titian's Venus—or is't his Danaw yielding to her yellow Jupiter victorious in a shower o' gold! O the selfish hizzie!

*North.* James, such subjects—

*Shepherd.* You had better, sir, no say anither syllable about them—it may answer verra weel for an auld bachelor like you, sir, to keep that sort o' a serawlio, naked limmers in iles, a shame to ony honest cauvass, whatever may hae been the genius o' the Penter that sent them sprawling here; but as for me, I'm a married man, and—

*North.* My dear James, you are under a gross delusion—

*Shepherd.* It's nae delusion. Nae pictur o' the sort, na no e'en altho' ane o' the greatest of the auld Maisters, sall ever hang on ma wa's—I

\* If indeed any particular individuals were actually referred to here:—I would say that the Irishman was Odoherty; the Scotchman was Tickler; the Englishman, Buller, of Brazennose; the Welshman, Dr. Peter Morris; and the Yankee, John Neal, who at one time had written a great deal, political, personal, and literary, for *Blackwood*.—M.

should be ashamed to look the servant lasses in the face when they come in to scoop the floor or ripe the ribs—

*North (rising with dignity).* No picture, sir, shall ever hang on my walls, on which *her* eye might not dwell—

*Shepherd.* Mrs. Gentle! a bit dainty body—wi' a' the modesty, and without ony o' the demureness, o' the Quaker leddie; and as for yon pictur o' her aboon the brace-piece o' your Sanctum, by Sir Thomas Lawrence—

*North.* Watson Gordon, if you please, my dear James.

*Shepherd.* It has the face o' an angel.

*North (sitting down with dignity).* I was about to ask you, James, to come and see my last work—my master-piece—my chef-d'œuvre—

*Shepherd.* The soobjeck?

*North.* The Defence of Socrates.

*Shepherd.* A noble soobjeck indeed, sir, and weel adapted for your high intellectual and moral genie.

*North.* My chief object, James, has been to represent the character of Socrates. I have conceived of that character, as one in which unshaken strength of high and clear Intellect—and a moral Will fortified against all earthly trials—sublime and pure—were both subordinate to the principle of Love.\*

*Shepherd.* Gude, sir—gude. He was the Freen o' Man.

*North.* I felt a great difficulty in my art, James—from the circumstances purely historical—that neither the figure nor the countenance of Socrates were naturally commanding—

*Shepherd.* An' hae ye conquered it to your satisfaction, sir?

*North.* I have. Another difficulty met me too, James, in this—that in his mind there was a cast of intellect—a play of comic wit—inseparable from his discourse—and which must not be forgotten in any representation of it.

*Shepherd.* Profoond as true.

*North.* To give dignity and beauty to the expression of features, and a figure of which the form was neither dignified nor beautiful, was indeed a severe trial for the power of art.

*Shepherd.* An' hae ye conquered it too, sir?

*North.* Most successfully. In the countenance, therefore, my dear James, to answer what I have assigned as the highest principle in the character, love, there is a prevailing character of gentleness—the calm of that unalterable mind has taken the appearance of a celestial serenity—an expression caught, methinks, from the peaceful heart of the unclouded sky brooding in love over rejoicing nature.

*Shepherd.* That's right, sir.

\* Beautifully did Curran give a correct idea of the great philosopher of Antiquity, when he spoke of "the anticipated Christianity of Socrates." Xenophon's description of his death is almost sublime in its affecting simplicity.—M.

*North.* Such expression I have breathed over the forehead, the lips, and the eyes; yet there is not wanting either the grandeur, nor the fire, nor the power of intellect, nor the boldness of conscious innocence.

*Shepherd.* I'll come and see't, sir, the morn's mornin', afore breakfast. Fowre eggs.

*North.* That one purpose I have pursued and fulfilled by the expression of all the Groups in the piece.

*Shepherd.* Naething in pentin' kitler than groopin'.

*North.* You behold a prevalent expression of Love in the countenances of his friends and followers—of love greater than even reverence, admiration, sorrow, anxiety, and fear!

*Shepherd.* Though dootless a' thae emotions, too, will be expressed—and familiar hae thae been to you, sir, through the coorse o' a strangely chequered though not unhappy life.

*North.* Then, too, James, have I had to express—and I have expressed it—the habitual character belonging to many there—besides the expression of the moment; countenances of generous, loving, open-souled youth; middle-aged men of calm benign aspect, but not without earnest thought; and not unobscured, one aged man, James, almost the counterpart of Socrates himself, only without his high intellectual power, a face composed, I may almost say, of peace, the only one of all perfectly untroubled.

*Shepherd.* That's an expressive thocht, sir—and it's original—that's to say, it never occurred to me afore you mentioned it.

*North.* He, like Socrates, reconciled to that certain death, familiar with the looks of the near term of life, and not without hopes beyond it.

*Shepherd.* Believed thae sages, think ye, sir, in the immortality o' the sowle?

*North.* I think, James, that they did—assuredly Socrates.\*

*Shepherd.* I'm glad o't for their sakes, though they hae a' been dead for thoosans o' years.

*North.* Then, James, how have I managed his Judges?

*Shepherd.* Hoo?

*North.* In all their faces, with many expressions, there is one expression—answering to the predominant disposition assigned to the character of Socrates—the expression of Malignity towards Love.

*Shepherd.* You've hit it, sir; you've hit it. Here's your health.

*North.* An expression of malignity in some almost lost on a face of timidity, fear, or awe, in others blended almost brutally with impenetrable ignorance.

*Shepherd.* That comes o' studyin' the Passions. I think but little noo o' Collins's Odd.

\* Socrates maintained not only the existence of one Supreme Intelligence, whose providence is over all his works, but also, the existence of a future state.—M.

*North.* Then, James, I have given the countenances of the people.

*Shepherd.* A fickle people—ever ready to strike doon offensive Virtue—and ever as ready to shed tears o' overactin' remorse on her ashes!

*North.* In the countenances of the people, James, I have laboured long, but succeeded methinks at last, in personifying as it were the Vices which drove them on to sacrifice the father of the city—to dim the eye and silence the tongue of Athens, who was herself the soul of Greece.

*Shepherd.* A gran' idea, sir,—and natural as gran'—ane that could only visit the sowle o' a great Maister.

*North.* There you see anger, wrath, rage, hatred, spite, envy, jealousy, exemplified in many different natures. That Figure, prominent in the hardened pride of intellect, with his evil nature scowling through, eyeing Socrates with malignant, stern, and deadly revenge—is the King of the Sophists.

*Shepherd.* About to re-erect his throne, as he hopes, on the ruins o' that Natural Theology which Socrates taught the heathens.

*North.* You see then, James,—you feel that the purpose of the painter on the whole picture, has been to express, as I said, his conceptions of the character of Socrates—a various and manifold reflection of one image; but the image itself, giving the same due proportion,—where Love sits on the height of moral and intellectual power, and Intellect in their triple union, though strong in its own character, is yet subordinate to Both.

*Shepherd.* What a pictur it maun be, if the execution be equal to the design!

*North.* Many conceptions, my dear James, troubled my imagination, before, in the steadfastness of my delight in love, I finally fixed upon this—which I humbly hope the world “will not willingly let die.”

*Shepherd.* It's the same wi' poems. They aye turn oot at last something seemingly quite different frae the origination form—but it's no sae—for a spirit o' the same divine sameness breathes throughout, though ye nae langer ken the bit bonny bud in “the bricht consummate flower.”

*North.* In one sketch—I will make you a present of it, my dear James—

*Shepherd.* Thank ye, sir—thank ye;—you're really owre kind—owre good to your Shepherd—but dinna forget, sir—see that you dinna forget—for you'll pardon me for hintin' that sometimes promises o' that sort slip your memory—

*North.* In one sketch, James, I have represented Socrates speaking—and I found it more difficult to give the character of the principal figure—because the fire of discourse, of necessity, gave a disproportionate force to the intellectual expression—while again, I found it easier to give the character of all the rest, who looked upon Socrates,

under the power of his eloquence, simply commanding, with almost an undivided expression, in which individual character was either lost or subdued.

*Shepherd.* Never mind—send me the sketch.

*North.* I will—and another. For, again, I choose that moment, when having closed his defence, Socrates stands looking upon the consulting judges, and awaiting their decision.

*Shepherd.* Oh! sir! and that was a time when his ain character, methinks, micht wi' mair ease be most beautifully expressed!

*North.* Most true. But then, the divided and conflicting expression of all other figures, some turned on the judges, with scrutinizing eagerness, to read the decision before it was on their lips—some certain of the result—looking on Socrates—or on the judges—with what different states of soul! These, James, I found difficult indeed to manage, and to bring them all under the one expression, which in that sketch too, as in my large picture, it was my aim to breathe over the canvass.

*Shepherd.* You maun try, sir, to mak a feenish'd pictur frae that sketch, sir—you maun indeed, sir. I'll lend it to you for that purpose—and no grudge't though ye keep it in your ain possession till next year.

*North.* I have not only made a sketch of another design, James, but worked in some of the colours.

*Shepherd.* The dead colours?

*North.* No—colours already instinct with life. I have chosen that calmer time, when after the pronouncing of the sentence, Socrates resumes his discourse—you may read it, James, in that divine dialogue of Plato—

*Shepherd.* But I'm no great haun' at the Greek.

*North.* Use Floyer Sydenham's translation, or—let me see—has he done that dialogue? Take then that noble old man's, Taylor of Norwich.\* Socrates resumes his discourse, and declares his satisfaction in death, and his trust in immortality. A moment, indeed, for the sublime in art; but affording to the painter an opportunity for a different purpose from that which was mine in my great picture. For

\* William Taylor of Norwich, was earlier on the wide field of German literature, than any other Englishman. A vigorous translation of Bürger's "Lenore" first made him known. In 1795, before it was published, Mrs. Barbauld, who was on a visit to Edinburgh, read it to a party at Dugald Stewart's. A friend, who was present, repeated his recollections of it to Scott, and these, although necessarily imperfect, led Scott to seek out the original German poem, and impelled him to make a rhymed translation of it, which he executed in one sitting, and showed to Miss Cranstoun, an intelligent friend, who admired it so much, that she had a few copies of it printed. This was the commencement of Scott's literary career, and I do not think the anecdote out of place in a notice of William Taylor. After the appearance of "Lenore," Taylor made other German translations, which appeared in Magazines and Periodicals, introduced him to the friendship of Southey, and obtained him an engagement on the Monthly Review, as critic upon Foreign literature. The articles he so wrote were collected in 1830, with notes, and published as a "Survey of German Poetry." He wrote a work also on English Synonymes. He died, 1836, and a memoir of his Life and Writings was published by Mr. Roberts, in 1843,—the year in which his friend Southey died.—M.

in this sketch, instead of intending, as my principal and paramount object, the representation of individual historical character—I have designed to express—rather—the Power among men of the sublime Spirit of their being—exemplified among a people dark with idolatry—using the historical subject as subservient to this my purpose—inasmuch as it shows a single mind raised up by the force of this feeling above nature—yea, shows the power of that feeling within that one mind, resting in awe upon a great multitude of men. For, surely, my dear James, it is not to be believed that at that moment, one countenance would preserve unchanged its bitter hostility, when revenge was in part defeated by seeing triumph arise out of doom—when malignant hate had got its victim—and when murder, that had struck its blow, might begin to feel its heart open to the terror of remorse.

*Shepherd.* My dear Mr. North, gie me baith your twa hauns. That's richt. Noo that I hae shucken, and noo that I hae squozen them in ma ain twa neives no unlike a vice, though you're no the king upon the throne, wi' a golden croon on his head, and a sceptre in his haund—that's King William the IVth, God bless him—yet you *are* a king; and, as a loyal subject, loyal but no servile, for never was a slave born i' the Forest, here do I, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, kneel down on ae knee—thus—and kiss the richt haun o' King Kit.

*(The SHEPHERD drops on his knee—does as he says, in spite of NORTH's struggles to hinder him—rises—wipes the dust from his pans—and resumes his seat.)*

*North.* "How many of my poorest subjects," James, "are now asleep!" Look at Tickler.

*Tickler.* Asleep! Broad awake as the Baltic in a blast. But when under the power of eloquence, I always sit with my eyes shut.

*Shepherd.* But what for anore? Hae ye nae mercy on the sick man through the partition.

*North.* After Painting, let us have some Politics.

*Shepherd.* Na—na—na—na—na! Come, Mr. Tickler, gie's a sang—to the fiddle. See hoo your Cremona is smilin' on you to haunle her frae her peg.

*(The SHEPHERD takes down the celebrated Cremona from the wall, and, after tuning it, gives it to TICKLER.)*

*Tickler (attempting a prelude).* Shade of Stabilini! heard'st thou ever grated such harsh discord as this? 'Tis like a litter o' pigs.

*(TICKLER tunes his instrument.)*

*Shepherd.* Oh, for Geordie Cruckshank! "TICKLER AT THE TUNING!" What for, Mr. North, dinna ye get Geordie to invent a Series o' Illustrations o' the Noctes, and pooblish a Selection in four vollums octawvo?

*North.* Wait, James, till "one with moderate haste might count a HUNDRED."

*Shepherd.* What if we're a' dead!

*North.* The world will go on without us.

*Shepherd.* Aye—but never see weel again. The verra Earth will feel a dirl at her heart, and pause for a moment pensively on her ain axis.

*Tickler* (sings to an accompaniment of his own composition for the *Cremona*.)

DEMOS.

My song is of *Demos*, and our well-meaning friend,  
Who lately was leading a peaceable life,  
But now is so changed, that there's really no end  
To his love of commotion, disturbance, and strife:  
He's got such strange fancies and whims in his head,  
And shows them so strangely wherever he goes,  
That I fear he requires to be physick'd and bled,  
For the more he is humour'd, the wilder he grows.

Thus *abroad* he again has insanely begun  
The career that once led him to sorrow and shame:  
And madly exulting in what he has done,  
He thinks his own echo the trumpet of Fame:  
He blusters, and bullies, and brags of it so,  
Yet mimics so strangely the land of the free,  
That you'd almost suppose he intended to show  
How truly absurd even *Freedom* can be!

There in heavy Holland, where a sceptre of lead,  
By nature should hold its Boeotian reign,  
He vows he must have the French bayonet instead,  
Just to keep his own pond'rous posteriors in pain!  
He sets fire to his house—he abandons his trade—  
He perplexes his person with warlike array,  
And fearlessly tells us he is not afraid,  
And will never submit to *legitimate* sway!

Then at home he despises the old-fashion'd air  
Of the vessel that's weather'd so many a storm,  
And tells all the crew that they now must prepare  
For a work of destruction, which he calls *Reform*:  
And much do I fear that the crew must submit,  
And yield to a blast that so fiercely prevails,  
For the Devil himself at the helm seems to sit,  
While Beelzebub's busy in filling the sails.

Oh, *Demos*! thy madness is madness indeed,  
As all will admit, in that ill-omen'd hour,  
When, from Princes, from Priests, and from Principles freed,  
You become the first victim of this your own power!  
For, trust me, my friend, you have merely to taste  
The sweets of your own *Il-legitimate* sway,  
To mourn o'er the path that can ne'er be retraced.  
And curse the false friends that have led you astray.



*Shepherd.* Soun' doctrine weel sung. Mr. North, when ma lug's in for music, I aye like to hear't flowin', if no in a continuous strain, yet just, as a body might say, wi' nae langer interruption than ane might toddle owre a bit green knowe, and come down on anither murmur in the hollow, as sweet and clear as that he has left.

*North.* After such an image, James, how can I refuse?

*Shepherd.* Here's your herp, sir.

(NORTH receives from the hand of the SHEPHERD perhaps the finest-toned Welsh harp in the world—the gift of Owen Evans of Penmanmawr.)

*North.* The air, you know, is my own, James. I shall sing it to-night to some beautiful words by my friend Robert Folkestone Williams\*—written, he tells me, expressly for the Noctes.

Oh! fill the wine-cup high,  
The sparkling liquor pour;  
For we will care and grief defy,  
They ne'er shall plague us more,  
And ere the snowy foam  
From off the wine departs,  
The precious draught shall find a  
home,  
A dwelling in our hearts.

Though bright may be the beams  
That woman's eyes display:  
They are not like the ruby gleams  
That in our goblets play.  
For though surpassing bright  
Their brilliancy may be,  
Age dims the lustre of their light  
But adds more worth to thee.

Give me another draught,  
The sparkling, and the strong;  
He who would learn the poet craft—  
He who would shine in song—  
Should pledge the flowing bowl  
With warm and generous wine;  
'Twas wine that warm'd Anacreon's  
soul,  
And made his songs divine.†

And e'en in tragedy,  
Who lives that never knew  
The honey of the Attic Bee  
Was gathered from thy dew!

He of the tragic muse,  
Whose praises bards rehearse;  
What power but thine could e'er dif-  
fuse  
Such sweetness o'er his verse!

Oh! would that I could raise  
The magic of that tongue;  
The spirit of those deathless lays,  
The Swan of Teios sung!  
Each song the bard has given  
Its beauty and its worth,  
Sounds sweet as if a voice from heaven  
Was echoed upon earth.

How mighty—how divine,  
Thy spirit seemeth when  
The rich draught of the purple vine  
Dwelt in these godlike men.  
It made each glowing page,  
Its eloquence, and truth,  
In the glory of their golden age,  
Outshine the fire of youth.

Joy to the lone heart—joy  
To the desolate—oppressed;  
For wine can every grief destroy  
That gathers in the breast.  
The sorrows and the care,  
That in our hearts abide,  
'Twill chase them from their dwell-  
ings there,  
To drown them in its tide.

\* Robert Folkestone Williams, author of the *Youth of Shakspeare*, *Shakspeare and his Friends*, and other works of romantic fiction.—M.

† Don Juan, Canto III—

Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
We will not think of themes like these!  
It made Anacreon's song divine."—M.

And now the heart grows warm  
 With feelings undefined,  
 Throwing their deep diffusive charm  
 O'er all the realms of mind.  
 The loveliness of truth  
 Flings out its brightest rays,  
 Clothed in the songs of early youth,  
 Or joys of other days.

We think of her, the young,  
 The beautiful, the bright,  
 We hear the music of her tongue,  
 Breathing its deep delight.  
 We see again each glance,  
 Each bright and dazzling beam,  
 We feel our throbbing hearts still  
 dance,  
 We live but in a dream.

From darkness, and from wo,  
 A power like lightning darts;  
 A glory cometh down to throw  
 Its shadows o'er our hearts.  
 And dimm'd by falling tears,  
 A spirit seems to rise,  
 That shows the friend of other years  
 Is mirror'd in our eyes.

But sorrow, grief, and care,  
 Had dimm'd his setting star;  
 And we think with tears of those that  
~~were,~~  
 To smile on those that *are*.  
 Yet though the grassy mound  
 Sits lightly on his head,  
 We'll pledge, in solemn silence round,  
 THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD!

The sparkling juice now pour,  
 With fond and liberal hand;  
 Oh! raise the laughing rim once more,  
 Here's to our FATHER LAND!  
 Up, every soul that hears,  
 Hurrah! with three times three;  
 And shout aloud, with deafening  
 cheers,  
 The "ISLAND OF THE FREE."

Then fill the wine-cup high,  
 The sparkling liquor pour;  
 For we will care and grief defy,  
 They ne'er shall plague us more,  
 And ere the snowy foam  
 From off the wine departs,  
 The precious draught shall find a  
 home—  
 A dwelling in our hearts.

*Shepherd.* Very gude—excellent—beautiful! I thoct at ae time it was gaun to be owre lang—and aiblins it micht be sae—at least for a sang—unner ither circumstances—but *here—noo'—wi' your vice an' herp*, it was owre sune owre—and here's to the health o' your freen, Robert Folkestone Williams—and may he be here to sing't himsell some nicht. Ken ye ony thing about American Poetry, Mr. North?

*North.* Not so much as I could wish. Would all the living best American bards send me over copies of their works, I should do them justice. I respect—nay I admire that people, James; though perhaps they don't know it. Yet I know less of their Poetry than their Politics, and of them not much—

*Tickler.* How Jonathan Jeremy Diddlers our Ministries! "Have you got such a thing as a half-crown about you?" And B flat, obedient to A sharp, shells out the ready rhino from his own impoverished exchequer, into that of his "Transatlantic brother," overflowing with dollars.

*Shepherd.* But the little you do ken o' their poetry, let's hear't.

*North.* I have lately looked over—in three volumes—Specimens of American poetry, with Critical and Biographical Notices, and have

met with many most interesting little poems, and passages of poems. The editor has been desirous of showing what had been achieved under the inspiration of the American Muses before the days of Irving and Cooper, Pierpont and Percival, and thinks, rightly, that the lays of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, the poets of the Western World, are as likely to bear some characteristic traits of national or individual character, as those of the Minnesingers and Trouveurs—or the “Gongorism of the Castilian rhymesters of old.”

*Shepherd.* Gongorism! What's that?

*North.* Accordingly, he goes as far back as 1612, and gives us a pretty long poem, called “Contemplations,” by Anne Bradstreet, daughter of one Governor of Massachusetts Colony, and wife of another, who seems to have been a fine spirit.

*Shepherd.* Was she, sir?

*North.* She is said to have been “a woman honoured and esteemed, where she lived, for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her virtuous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet managing of her family occasions; and more so, these poems are the fruits but of some few hours curtailed from her sleep, and other refreshments.”

*Shepherd.* Then Anne Bradstreet, sir, *was* a fine spirit! Just like ‘our ain poetesses—in England and Scotland—married or no married yet—and och! och! och! hoo unlike to her and them the literary limmers o’ France, rougin’ and leerin’ on their spinnle-shanked lovers, that maun hae loathed the sight and the smell o’ them, starin’ and stinkin’ their way to the grave!

*Tickler.* James!

*North.* The celebrated Cotton Mather—

*Shepherd.* Aye, I ken about him—born about fifty years after that date—the great mover in the mysterious matter o’ the Salem witchcraft.

*North.* He says that “her poems, eleven times printed, have afforded a plentiful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marbles.” And the learned and excellent Norton of Ipswich—

*Shepherd.* I kenna him—

*North.* — calls her “The mirror of her age, and glory of her sex.”

*Shepherd.* Recolleck ye ony verses o’ her Contemplations?

*North.* Anne is walking in her contemplations through a wood—and she saith,\*

\* Anne, daughter of Governor Dudley, married Governor Bradstreet, of Massachusetts. Her volume of poetry was printed, at Cambridge, in 1640, when she was twenty-six years old. She died in 1672. The “Contemplations” from which North quotes, forms one of her minor poems; and thirteen stanzas, quoted by Dr. Griswold in his “Poets and Poetry of America,” show that it merits the high praise given to it by North.—M.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,  
 And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,  
 The sweet-tongued Philomel perch'd o'er my head  
 And chanted forth a most melodious strain,  
 Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,  
 I judg'd my hearing better than my sight,  
 And wish'd me wings with her a while to take my flight.

"O Merry Bird!" said I, "that fears no snares,  
 That neither toils, nor hoards up in thy barns,  
 Feels no sad thought, nor cruciating cares  
 To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm;  
 Thy clothes ne'er wear, thy meat is every where,  
 Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,  
 Remind'st not what has past, nor what's to come dost fear

"The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,  
 Set'st hundred notes unto thy feather'd crew,  
 So each one tunes his pretty instrument,  
 And warbling out the old, begins anew;  
 And thus they pass their youth in summer season,  
 Then follow thee into a better region,  
 Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion!"

*Shepherd.* Oh! man, but they're bonny, incorrect, sweet, simple lines  
 thae—and after sic a life as Anne Bradstreet led, can there be ony  
 doubt that she is in heaven?

*North.* In my mind none. Nearly a hundred years after the birth  
 —and nearly forty after the death of Anne Bradstreet—was born in  
 Boston, Jane Colman, daughter of a clergyman, who was a school com-  
 panion of Cotton Mather. At eleven, she used to correspond with her  
 worthy father in verse—on entering her nineteenth year, she married  
 a Mr. Turel, of Medford.\*

*Shepherd.* Hoo can ye remember names in that wonnerfu' way, sir?  
 And yet you say ye hae nae memory? You forget naething.

*North.* — and died, James, in 1735, at the age of twenty-seven,  
 "having faithfully fulfilled those duties which shed the brightest lustre  
 on woman's name—the duties of the friend, the daughter, the mother,  
 and the wife."

*Shepherd.* Hae ye ony o' her verses by heart, sir?

*North.* A paraphrase of a Psalm you know well—

*Shepherd.* I ken weel a' the Psalms.

*North.* The following flows plaintively.

"From hearts oppress'd with grief, did they require  
 A sacred anthem on the sounding lyre:

\* Jane, only daughter of the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Colman, and married to this Mr. Turel, died  
 in 1735. Her father was a poet, of whom Dr. Griswold says "though his diction was more  
 elegant than that of most of his contemporaries, he had less originality."—M.

Come now, they cry, regale us with a song—  
 Music and mirth the fleeting hours prolong.  
 Shall Babel's daughter hear that blessed sound?  
 Shall songs divine be sung in heathen ground?  
 No! Heaven forbid that we should tune our voice,  
 Or touch the lyre, while—slaves—we can't rejoice!  
 O Palestine! our once so dear abode!  
 Thou once wert blest with peace, and loved of God  
 But now art desolate! a barren waste!  
 Thy fruitful fields by thorns and weeds disgraced.  
 If I forget Judea's mournful land,  
 May nothing prosper that I take in hand!  
 Or if I string my lyre, or tune my voice,  
 Till thy deliverance call me to rejoice;  
 O may my tongue forget the art to move,  
 And may I never more my speech improve!  
 Return, O Lord! avenge us of our foes,  
 Destroy the men that up against us rose!  
 Let Edom's sons thy just displeasure know,  
 And let them serve, like us, some foreign foe,  
 In distant realms—far from their native home,  
 To which dear seat, O! never let them come!"

*Shepherd.* I daursay, gin I cou'd get the soun' o' our ain mournfu' auld version out o' ma heart, that I sou'd like the lines unco weel—she mun has been a gentle creatur.

*North.* I mentioned, James, that she and her father used to correspond—

*Shepherd.* After her marriage?

*North.* Before and after—and in one of his letters—which I think must have been addressed to her *before*—before living with her husband at Medford—alluding to her having, in her paraphrase said,

"No helper in the waste and barren ground,  
 Only a mournful willow wither'd there."

her father writes to her thus—Strange, is it not, that part of his letter should be read at a Noctes!

*Shepherd.* I think I see him mendin' his pen in his study at Boston, New England, America, ae forenoon about twal o'clock, on the 21st January o' 1731—preceesely a hunder years!

*North.* The affectionate father says, "This serious melancholy Psalm is well turned by you in most parts of it, considering your years and advantages for such a performance. You speak of a single withered willow which they hung their harps on; but Euphrates was covered with willows along the banks of it, so that it has been called the river of willows. I hope, my dear, your lyre will not be hung on such a sorrowful shrub. Go on in sacred songs, and we'll hang it on the stately cedars of Lebanon, or let the pleasant elm before the door where you are suffice for you."

*Shepherd.* The pious pride o' paternal affection.

*North.* Jane Colman, during her eight years of wedded life, was no doubt happy—and in a calm spirit of happiness must have indited the soft, sweet, and simple close of an imitation of Horace.

*Shepherd.* O' Horace! Cou'd she read Latin?

*North.* Why not? Daughter—wife—of a clergyman!

No stately beds my humble roof adorn,  
No costly purple, by carved panthers borne;  
Nor can I boast Arabia's rich perfumes,  
Diffusing odours through our stately rooms;  
For me no fair Egyptian plies the loom,  
But my fine linen all is made at home.  
Though I no down or tapestry should spread,  
A clean soft pillow shall support your head,  
Fill'd with the wool from off my tender sheep  
On which with ease and safety you may sleep.  
The nightingale shall lull you to your rest,  
And all be calm and still as is your breast!

*Shepherd.* Far mair simplicity o' language seem to hae had the young leddies o' New England in thae days, sir, than them o' Auld England o' the present age. Come doon some half a century still nearer us, and fin' you ony virgin or wife o' poetical genie at that pint o' time?

*North.* I come down to 1752, and find Ann Eliza Schuyler, the daughter of Mr. Brandt Schuyler, New York. At seventeen, she was married to Mr. Bleeker of New Rochelle, and removed with him to Tomhannock, a beautiful solitary village, eighteen miles above Albany. There they passed several years, we are told, in the unbroken quiet of the wilderness; but then, were driven from the repose of that beautiful and romantic spot by the savages in alliance with Burgoyne. On their way from Albany, down the Hudson, they were forced to go ashore by the illness of their youngest daughter, where the poor creature died. Soon after, the capture of Burgoyne—(an unfortunate soldier, but an accomplished man—witness his celebrated comedy, *The Heiress*)—allowed them to return to their retreat in the country; but the loss of her daughter made so deep an impression on her mind, that the mother never recovered her former happiness. A few years afterwards, her husband, when assisting his men in taking in the harvest, was surprised by a party of the enemy from Canada, and carried off prisoner. The shock which she received was so great, that her health was gone for ever; and though her husband was soon rescued from thralldom, and they, after a visit to their friends in New York, returned to Tomhannock, there she shortly died, in the thirty-first year of her age.

*Shepherd.* And is her poetry as interesting as her life?

*North.* I have seen but little of it, and wish the editor of the *Specimens* had given us more; for he well observes, that a female cultivating the elegant arts of refined society at the *Ultima Thule* of civilized life, in regions of savage wildness, and among scenes of alarm, desolation, and blood, is a striking spectacle.

*Tickler, (as the timepiece smites twelve.)* A striking spectacle indeed!  
(*Enter PICARDY and Tail, with all the substantialities of the season.*)

*Shepherd.* I maun hear mair frae you, sir, anither time, about these American poetesses. Ony flourishing at this day? Eh! Eh! What'n a guse!

*North.* Several, James.

*Shepherd.* What? Several. Mr. Awmrose—dinna bring in a single ither guse, till we hae despatched our freen' at the head o' the table. Mr. Tickler, whare'll ye sit? and what'll ye eat? and what'll ye drink? and what'll ye want to hear? and what'll ye want to say? For, oh, sir! you've been plesant the nicht—in ane o' your loun, but no see-  
lent humours.

*Tickler.* The legs.

*Shepherd.* Baith!

*Tickler.* Do you mean to insult me? Certainly—both.

*Shepherd.* I've sprained ma thooms. Sae tak him to yoursell, and  
— (SHEPHERD *shoves over the goose to TICKLER.*)

*North.* Help yourself first, James.

*Shepherd.* Be easy, sir, on ma accoont. Alloo me to gie you some slices o' the breest aff ma ain plate, Mr. North, I've never touched them—

*North.* Do, James.

*Shepherd.* Na, niffer plates at enco—though yours is clean, and mine swoomin' wi' sappy shavin's aff the bonny bosom o' the best bird that ever waddled among stubble.

(SHEPHERD *insists on NORTH exchanging trenchers.*)

*North.* You know the way, James, to the old man's heart?

*Shepherd.* It's like the grave. What for? 'Cause the "paths o' glory lead" till it! Thank ye, Tickler, far the twa spawls.

(SHEPHERD, *with infinite alacrity and address, forks both legs with the same instrument, and leaves TICKLER desolate.*)

*Tickler.* Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
The rich repast prepare!  
Robb'd of a guse, I yet may share the feast.  
Close by the regal chair,  
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

Ambrose—a goose!—a goose!—my kingdom for a goose,—and Tappie! pot o' pota!

*Shepherd.* Gurney! Gurney! Guse, man, guse, ane's gane and anither's comin'—*g*:se, man—Gurney—guse, guse, guse!

(GURNEY appears and the *Noctes* vanish.)



SCENE—*The Snuggery—Time—Nine o'clock—Present—*  
NORTH, the SHEPHERD, and TICKLER.

*Shepherd.* The Snuggery, sir, has a power o' contraction an' expansion, that never belonged afore to ony room in this sublunary world. Let the pairty be three or thretty, it accommodates its dimensions to the gatherin'—still the Snuggery, though the Saloon.

*North.* I hope you approve of the Busts, James? among the finest of Macdonald's.\*

*Shepherd.* Life-in-death Eemages? A' busts, methinks, are solemn—as for thae, they are shooblime. Wha's that aboon your head, sir?

*North.* Socrates.

*Shepherd.* The Christopher North o' the ancient, as you are the Socrates o' the modern Athens. Baith o' you by natur, as may be read in your fiznomies, wi' a strang bias to animal—to sensual indulgences; an' baith o' you, by means o' self-study and self-government, pure in conduct, in heart, and in haun', as ony philosopher that ever strengthened, by his practice, his theory o' truth. Oh! sir, but the Sophists hate you wi' a malignant hatred—and fain wou'd they condemn you to drink the hemlock, ay, out o' that verra punch-bowl, the Dolphin himsell—

*North.* I have an antidote against all poison, James—

*Shepherd.* What is't?

*North.* Hush. An herb of sovereign virtue, gathered on the Sacred Mountains.

*Shepherd.* Wha's the eemage atowre ma pow?

*North.* Wordsworth—the Plato of poetry.

*Shepherd.* Bee't sae. I seldom read Plawto.

*Tickler.* Here we are, once more, James—the Knights of St. Ambrose—

*Shepherd.* An admirable, but an indescribable set o'—

*Tickler.* Satirists, caricaturists, madcaps, harebrains, bee-in-the-bonnets, scape-goats, scape-graces, idlers, dreamers, loungers, rambles, spectators, tattlers, amateurs, cognoscenti, artists, poets, painters, sculptors, novelists, critics, politicians, physicians, theologians, metaphysicians, statesmen, saints, sinners, heroes, patriots, martyrs—

*Shepherd.* Mankind's Epitome.

\* Lawrence Macdonald, a Scottish sculptor. He also wrote good verses, at this time.—M.

*North.* Our orgies, James, have thrown their share of light on human life.

*Tickler.* That motley masquerade called human life!

*North.* In which, here and elsewhere, we have contrived, not discredibly, to support our characters. I hope, my dear James, that you sometimes think of Ambrose's, when going out to meditate at eventide by the shores of St. Mary's Loch, or up away yonder to the Loch of the Lowes where, when stillness steepens the solitude, you even hear the Gray Mare's Tail—

*Shepherd.* Whuskin' through the wild, wi' an eerie sugh, till again a' is hushed as death—ay, as the verra grave.

*Tickler.* Think you sometimes of us, then, James?

*Shepherd.* I ha'e startled to hear that Timepiece smiting the hour in the wilderness; and a' at aince has believed mysell in the heart o' Embro'—here in the Snuggery—wi' your twa endless legs, Mr. Tickler, emblems o' infinitude and eternity, stretched awa' intil the regions ahint the grate, far ayont the bounds o' this "visible diurnal sphere," and creawtin' superstitious terrors in the inhabitants o' Sawturn.

*North.* Tickler?

*Shepherd.* Oh, sir! how many tailors are for how many years, night and day employed, without respect to Sabbaths, in gettin' up for you ae pair o' leggins?

*Tickler.* You are pleased to be facetious, sir.

*Shepherd.* Maist facetious—but it's no in the poor o' the wut o' mortal man to do justice to the soobjeck.

*North.* You do, however, my dear Shepherd, sometimes think of us in the Forest?

*Shepherd.* Hoo thochts and feelings, sir, do arise, and follow ane anither in the sowle, like flocks o' birds frae distant regions, and disappearing ahint the lift intil distant regions, flocks after flocks, withouten end, sometimes in wintry weather, when flakes are visibly augmenting the snaw-wreaths, and sometimes in autumn, when the leaves are rustlin' to the bit robin-breast—

*North.* What imagery!

*Shepherd.* —preparin', ere lang, to flit down the glen, and tak' up his domicile amang the dwellins o' us Christian cretura, that never grudge our crumbs to the birdie, safe in his scarlet shield frae the verra cats, wha, for fear o' the weans, daurna touch a feather, by love and pity consecrated ever syne the burial o' the Babes in the Wood—

*North.* A story, that in its touching simplicity, would almost seem to have been written, prophetically, for Blackwood's Magazine.

*Shepherd.* It's an out-o'-the-way place, the Forest, sirs, though a great road rins through't; for it's no easy to break the charm o' the seelence and the solitariness o' natur'. A great road rins through't; but aften ha'e I sat on a knowe commanding miles o't, and no ae single speck

astir, far as the ee cou'd reach—no a single speck, but aiblins a sheep crossin', or a craw alichtin', or an old croushin' beggar-woman, that ye thocht was leanin' motionless on her stick, till, by and by, ye discerned the colour o' her red cloak, and a gae while afterwards, saw, rather than heard her, prayin' for an awmous, wi' shrievelled hauns faulded on her breast, or in their palsy held up heavenwards, sae beseechingly as to awauken charity in a meeser's heart!

*North.* But no miser, James, art thou—though but a poor man, thou hast a hand “open as day to melting charity.”

*Shepherd.* What Heaven has been pleased to give me o' this life's needments, o' that I never grudged a share to ony son or dochter o' affliction.

*North.* True as holy writ.

*Shepherd.* And holy writ it was that taucht me—for our natur', sir, is selfish, and it's my belief that mony and mony a time wud the best o' us neglect the commonest duties o' humanity, if it werena for religion. We hae a', at times, hard cauld hearts; and I dinna scruple to confess, that I've felt my anger risin' at beggars—even at auld bowed-down widow-beggars—when three or fowre o' them in the course of a lang simmer day hae come creepin' in succession, at a snail's pace, in at the yett, and then takin their station at the verra parlour-window, wi' a sort o' meek obstinacy and wae-begone dourness that wou'd na understan' the repulse o' neglect, or even o' a waff o' the haun to be awa' wi' their-sells—when suddenly some holy text has been revived in my heart, perhaps that ane tellin' o' the widow and her mite, and a' at aince, as if an angel had jogged my elbow, I hae ca'd the puir auld body in; and then to be sure the wife hersel' wasna slaw, without waitin' for a word frae me, to come wi' her ain twa comely hauns fu' o' meal, and empty them tidily intil the wallet, ffo unobserved, sir, by Him wha taught us to say, “Give us this day our daily bread.”

*Tickler.* Yes, my dear James, the blessing of many a wayfaring man and woman—

*Shepherd.* Wi' troops o' weans—

*Tickler.* —has been on Mount Benger.

*Shepherd.* It needed them a', for it's a gae cauld place staunin' yowner on a knowe in a funnel, in the thoroughfare o' a perpetual sugh. Yet 'twas cheerful' in the sun-glints, and hallowed be the chawmer in which my bairns were born! Howsomever, we're fully as comfortable noo at Altrive Lake—a far louner spat—and yon nyeuck o' the garden, wi' the bit bourtree-bower, oh, sir! but it's an inspirin' retreat fae the din and daffin' o' the weans, for the inditin' o' a bit cheerfu' or pensie sang! Sometimes, indeed, wee Jamie fin's me out, and thrusts the sweet laughing face o' him through the thornless branches, to frichten me, as he thinks—God bless the bonnie bogle!—but I scauld him aff wi' a pretended anger, and a froon fu' o' luve, and awa' veers he thro' amang

the flowers like a butterfly, while out o' my heart gushes the sang like a shower-swollen stream.

*Tickler.* Childless Eld feels as if he were a father, James, at such a picture.

*Shepherd.* You and Mr. North should baith marry yet. Indeed Mrs. Gentle maun be——

*North.* James! (*putting his finger to his lips.*)

*Shepherd.* Forgie me, sir.

*North.* Have you read the last number of the Quarterly Review, James!

*Shepherd.* Na. It hasna come our length yet.

*North.* 'Tis therein said, James, that in these our Noctes you are absurdly represented as a "boozing buffoon."

*Shepherd.* What? In the Quarterly? Na—na—sir. I can swallow a gude deal frae you—but that's bacon I canna bolt.\* The yeditor kens better—for——

*North.* But, like other editors, James, he sometimes naps when he should only be nodding, and sometimes nods when he should be broad awake as a full northwest moon.

*Shepherd.* Eh?

*North.* Some hypocritical humbug has had the audacity, however, to palm that falsehood upon our dozing friend, and, through him on the pensive public;—some brainless big-wig, who believes that the Baltic has been drunk half dry by a whale.

*Shepherd.* Haw! haw! haw! haw!

*North.* At this moment, James, that "budge doctor of the Stoic Fur" fears that the world thinks you are a ten-gallon-man, that you have a sma'-still in your bedroom, and that you have bribed the gauger by making him a parlour-boarder.

*Shepherd.* Haw! haw! haw! haw!

*North.* Every thing the Cockney reads he takes for gospel.

*Shepherd.* Except, aiblins, the Bible.

*Tickler.* Good, James—good.

*North.* That the rhinoceros drinks a river every morning before breakfast——

*Tickler.* And the war-horse literally devours the ground between him and his enemies—swallowing at lunch five acres, four roods, and three perches.

*Shepherd.* Haw! haw! haw! haw!

*North.* So, being a man of the strictest veracity, and of the highest authority in the moral world, the mandarin shakes his head at our Noc-

\* At this time, evidently from a friendly feeling towards Hogg, for whom one of the pensions of the Royal Society of Literature was solicited, there was a notice in the *Quarterly* to the effect that he was a steady, industrious, sober man, and not the boozing buffoon he was exhibited as, in the Noctes.—M.

tes, and gives not only the lie circumstantial, but the lie direct to a fact unfortunately established, I fear, in the conviction of the Pensive Public, that we three have frequently demolished at a sitting the Tower of Babel.

*Tickler.* Were the worthy gentleman here now, why he would be under the table in a state of civilization superior to any thing seen since the last debauch of Sardanapalus.

*North.* 'Tis a sad dog—and, to my knowledge—with a wife and a dozen children—keeps a——

*Shepherd.* O fie, sir, nae personalities. We maun pity and forgie stupidity when it begins to maunder—even though it maunder malice.

*Tickler.* I presume he has made a pilgrimage to the grave of Sir Roger de Coverley.

*North.* Sleeping in the sunshine side by side with Will Wimble.

*Tickler.* He believes devoutly, no doubt, that the Spectator had a short nose—

*North.* And got boozy thrice a-week at Button's.

*Tickler.* The world is well stocked just now, James, with matter-of-fact men—

*Shepherd.* What? Ca' ye't a matter-o'-fact that a boozin' buffoon ever Glenlivetized at the Noctes?

*Tickler.* It is a matter-of-fact lie, James—and that the Cockney knoweth right well; but he wished to do you a kindness, without in his dotage clearly comprehending how to set about it, and with the best intentions in the world, has accordingly committed one of the usual calumnies of the Cockneys, manifestly priding himself all the while in the idea of having essentially served the Ettrick Shepherd, and given him a shove up the hill of preferment.

*North.* Somewhat of the latest—a feeble fumble of falsehood at the eleventh hour.

*Shepherd.* I'm sure I ought to be muckle obleeged to the weak, but weel-meanin' man for his vindication o' my character. But I houp the wark o' supererogation may na be ill for his constitution; and it's the first time I ever heard o' ony body's pityin' Atlas for supportin' on his back and shouthers the starry heavens.

*North.* He then tells the Pensive Public, that at our Noctes the entire talk is of "Party Politics."

*Shepherd.* Na! that's an even-doon lee—and gin a writer wull indulge in trash, he should spice 't wi' at least ae grain o' truth, or he'll be in danger, in a fit o' coughing, to choke on his ain slaver.

*Tickler.* Don't be coarse, James.

*Shepherd.* Coorse! Wha's fine but fules? Muckle nonsense we de speak at the Noctes—but pairty-politics we leave to the twa Houses o' Parliament—an' discuss, when we hae discussion, the universal and eternal interests o' mankind.

*Tickler.* The truth is, gents, that the jackass must have had his long ears pulled, and his tawty hide knouted by Maga, and Joannes has with his well-known good nature indulged him in a quarterly bray—

*Shepherd.* A jackass brayin' at the moon! a comical eemage.

*North.* But still he must be cudgelled off the premises, and "taught never to come there no more,"—if it were only for the sake of the poor echoes.

*Shepherd.* Do you ken, sirs, that it's a curious fack in natur that the bray o' an ass has nae echo? Gin it had an echo, sic is the disposition o' the cretur, that it would keep brayin' till it drapped doon dead, forgetfu' o' its thustles: whereas, by the present constitution o' the breed, nae lang-continued brayin' can take place accept where there are a multitude o' asses by some strange chance colleckit thegither; and then, indeed, ilka ane imagines that a' the rest are but his echoes, and thus, in pride o' heart, the gang do astonish the heavens. But in the Quarterly Review, the ass aforesaid maun find himsell a solitary beast, and will sune loot doon his lang leather and lanthorn jaws in seelence amang the dockens.

*Tickler.* I only hope he won't cross the breed, James, else, instead of the ethereal coursers of the sun that run in that chariot, ere long we shall see a team of mules that, in their native obstinacy, will *reest* when they meet with any up-hill work, or bolt obliquely into the sea.

*Shepherd.* Nae fears.

*Tickler.* I am delighted to see that the Quarterly—like some other periodicals—has the spunk to imitate Maga in her Double Numbers.\* The last was, in general, admirable, and is to be followed immediately—next time I hope the two will appear simultaneously—by another, which I doubt not will be worthy of its predecessor, now justly making a distinguished figure in the world.

*North.* The Quarterly Review is a great national work, and may it live for ever. Notwithstanding his not unfrequent oversights, not a man alive could edit it in such a style as Mr. Lockhart.

*Shepherd.* No ane. But wha's he this?

*North.* The wisecraze, James, has been pleased to inform the Royal Society of Literature, that, in spite of the Noctes, the Ettrick Shepherd is a sober man, and a loyal subject.

*Shepherd.* Hoo kens he that?

*North.* He also says, James, that Altrive is as melancholy a solitude as can be imagined—

*Shepherd.* What? and wee Jamie there!

*North.* And speaks of you as a fit object, not only of patronage, but of pity.

\* This occurred only once. The publication of the Review had been delayed, owing to the doubt, in the early part of Lord Grey's official course, as to what turn matters would take, and then the overdue number was followed, very quickly, by another, a little earlier than usual.—M.

*Shepherd.* Pity I spurn—patronage I never asked—but for the patronage of enlightened men, if it ever be bestowed upon me, I hope that I shall have deserved it.

*North.* James, let us, for a moment, be serious on this subject. All Britain—and many other lands besides—have delighted in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, of which you are the Life and the Soul. Ours has been ever “weel-timed daffin;” our mirth

“On the wan cheek of sorrow has waken’d a smile,  
And illumined the eye that was dim with a tear!”

*Shepherd.* Aften, sir—I ken aften—

*North.* In our higher moods, we have opened our hearts to one another, nor concealed one secret there that ought to be divulged in the sacred intercourse of friendship between man and man.

*Shepherd.* Aften, sir, aften.

*North.* We have unburdened to one another our hearts of cares and sorrows, which we share in common with all our brethren of mankind;

“All our secret hoards of unsunn’d griefs.”

have—as far as might and ought to be—been laid out in the light of confident affection, and been aired by the gracious gales of heaven.

*Shepherd.* Now and then sic has indeed been the case.

*North.* We have looked over the fields of human life, and we have made our reflections on the on-goings there, sometimes, perhaps, in no unlearned spirit, not seldom in a spirit which I do not fear to call religious, and almost always in a spirit of humanity—blaming none but the worthless—honouring the good—and celebrating the great—whatever tongues they speak, whatever climes they inhabit.

*Shepherd.* We have done that, sir, to the best o’ our abeelity—and our abeelity’s no sma’, unless the world be a leear.

*North.* Seldom do we talk about politics at all, here, James; but when we do, assuredly not about party politics, as I said a moment ago; but about such measures of the Ministry or Government as affect the well-being of the State. Occasionally we have taken a glance at the Continent, where revolutions are brewing, or have burst, and where the deafest ear may hear, like subterranean music, a hubbub foretelling war. Now and then, when excursively disposed, we

“Survey mankind from China to Peru;”

and more than once, embarking in our Ship of Heaven, with Imagination at the helm, we have doubled Cape Horn.

*Shepherd.* Circumnavigawtors!

*North.* Nor have we feared, James, at times

— “to pierce  
The caves obscure of old Philosophy.

*Tickler.* And to bring up in a bucket Truth from the bottom of her well.

*North.* In short, James, there is no subject which, at our Noctes, we have not touched; and none have we touched that we did not adorn;—making

“Beauty still more beauteous.”

*Shepherd.* And ugliness mair ugsome, till the stammach o’ the universe scunner’d at vice.

*North.* And of such Dialogues, diviner than those of Plato—yea, even than his Banquet—our friend presumes to say that the staple is boozing buffoonery, and party-politics!

*Shepherd.* He’s wrang there.

*North.* Now, James, *what* were the politics of the Quarterly Review—I speak of a period previous to its present management—during, perhaps, the most perilous crisis in which this country had ever been placed? I ought rather to say *where* were its politics? Why, according to a tardy confession in the last number, they were kept sealed up by Mr. Canning, with his official impress, in the conscience of Mr. Gifford.

*Shepherd.* Eh? What? Hoo?

*North.* While we, James,—while Maga, James,—while the Noctes, James, were defending the principles of the British constitution, bearding its enemies, and administering to them the knout, the Quarterly Review was mute and mum as a mouse——

*Tickler.* Afraid to lose the countenance and occasional assistance of Mr. Canning!

*North.* There indeed, James, was a beautiful exhibition of party-politics—a dignified exhibition of personal independence——

*Tickler.* Of Tory-truckling enough to make the Collector of the Jacobite Relics a Whig.

*North.* The old gentleman informs the Royal Society of Literature, that they must not suffer themselves to be deluded by the Noctes into a belief that the Ettrick Shepherd is not a “loyal subject!” Do traitors compose new King’s anthems? Set loyal songs to their own music? Rout and root out Radicals? Baste the Blue-and-Yellow till it is black in the back? And, while the lips of hirelings are locked, chant hymns

“To the pilot that weathered the storm!”

*Shepherd.* Ma poem on Pitt’s prime.



*Tickler.* Maga has been the mouthpiece of constitutional monarchy—

*Shepherd.* Ever syne the Chaldee.

*North.* Methinks that, with respect to politics, either party or national, the Quarterly Review, of bygone days at least, ought not thus to take such high ground above Maga, seeing that it has, by its own voluntary acknowledgment, hitherto occupied the lowest ever assigned to servility; and that the mutes of Mr. Canning's mute should remain mute still about Maga, who never suffered Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary to shut her mouth, although Christopher North loved and admired George Canning as well as ever William Gifford did, they being, I do not fear to say it, far more congenial spirits; though, to be sure, there was no debtor and creditor account between them, except such as may be kept open between independent men, and closed by either party at pleasure.

*Tickler.* He was a fine—a noble spirit.

*North.* He was. But though his smiles charmed, his frowns quailed not Maga; and can it be questioned by the gentlemen of England, that the Quarterly should have deserted Canning rather than the country, at a time that seemed to be alike the crisis of either, and that gratitude to a friend, had he been a bosom-brother, should have yielded to love of one's father-land?

*Shepherd.* I'm in the dark, like Moses when the candle went out, about this, my boy. What are ye tawkin about?

*Tickler.* Change the subject, Kit. Yet one word, if you please, on the Quarterly's benefactions to the Ettrick Shepherd. Has she all along shown the same fiery zeal in defence, support, and exculpation of our friend, now exhibited in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" by this Curious Antique?

*North.* James, nearly twenty years have elapsed since the publication of the Queen's Wake. The Edinburgh Review did justice to the genius that shines in that poem. But because you turned out to be a loyal Tory, instead of a disloyal Whig, never again did Mr. Jeffrey do honour to the Shepherd's plaid. Nay, a poor creature attacked you personally in an article on your Jacobite relics—and as a proof of your total want of taste, and your utter unfitness for the task, quoted as the best of all these old ballads, Donald M'Gillivray, not one of the worst of your own; his ignorance neutralizing his malice, and his stupidity paying unconsciously the highest tribute to your genius.

*Shepherd.* I had the blockhead on the hip, there, sir, and in Maga I gi'ed him his licks till his hips were like indigo.

*North.* You did. But during all these twenty years, when you were nobly struggling on, swimming against the stream, with bold heart and sinewy arms giving buffet for buffet, and though sometimes losing way, yet recovering it by your own energies, and like a water-

dragon, cresting the spate, pray what assistance or encouragement gave the Quarterly to the bard, seemingly about, at times, to be carried down into the waters of oblivion? None.

*Shepherd.* Nane, indeed, or a sma' share waur than nane.

*North.* A sneering article on your Poetic Mirror, "damning with faint praise," was all her generosity could afford, all her justice could grant; and I hope you were thankful for the largess.

*Shepherd.* I remember naething about it.

*North.* Seeing that you were known to be such a loyal subject, why was not the Ettrick Shepherd cheered in the Forest by the voice of praise, which would have at least soothed if it could not relieve his virtuous poverty?

*Shepherd.* I surely deserved better at their hauns, for I'm willing to pitch the Queen's Wake again' ony Oxford poem that ever was wrotht by ony Oxford Professor.

*Tickler.* No sneers at Milman—the most imaginative of all our poets of the classical school.

*Shepherd.* Is't a sneer at the Fa' o' Jerusalem to offer to compare we't in pint o' genie—for I gie up the polish o' the feenishin' o' the execution—wi' the Queen's Wake? Ma certes!

*North.* Each successive poem of that beautiful writer was highly—not too highly—praised in the Quarterly Review, to which he has been one of the most powerful contributors. On every account he deserved such eulogies. But why were you forgotten, James? First, because a Scotchman—and, secondly, because you were a shepherd.

*Shepherd.* And a shepherd's as gude ony day as a shoemaker—though Bloomfield was ane;\*—as for Gifford, I jalouse he was never mair nor a cobbler.†

*North.* James, in this age, genius often lives the life, and dies the death of a slave. True devotion is lost in idol worship, a shepherd has no chance against a lord—his sweet solitary pipe is drowned in the clangour of many trumpets.

*Shepherd.* I'm easy. Mine 'll aye continue to be heard at intervals, like the sang o' the linty amang the broom in the season o' spring,—and them that loves to listen to Allan Ramsay, and Robie Burns, and

\* Robert Bloomfield was not long engaged upon a farm,—his actual occupation being that of a shoemaker,—but must have been exceedingly observant, for his "Farmer's Boy" not only ably but closely depicts the charms of rural life,—more fully, indeed, scarcely less ably, than Thomson in his "Seasons."—M.

† Gifford was an apprentice to the trade of a shoemaker, until his 20th year, when a subscription was raised to buy him out and send him to Oxford, where he met the father of Lord Belgrave. He accompanied his Lordship in his travels over the Continent, as tutor, and on his return settled in London as a writer. In 1791, he published *The Baviad*, lashing the verse-makers of the day, and the *Maviad*, a satire on the degraded state of the drama in 1794. He subsequently became editor of the *Anti-Jacobin*, a weekly paper established by Mr. Canning. His translation of *Juvenal* appeared in 1802, and his edition of Massinger's plays in 1803,—followed by the works of Ben Jonson, Ford, and Shirley. From the commencement of the *Quarterly Review* (in February 1809), until 1824, when he relinquished it from ill-health, Gifford was the editor. On his death in 1836, he was honored with a grave in Westminster Abbey.—M.

Allan Kinninghame, 'Il never forget a'thegether the Ettrick Shepherd. That thocht's aneuch for me—an I'm content wi' my fame, sic as it is, amang my native braes.

*North.* Right. Your name will never die.

*Shepherd.* Thank you, sir, here's your health. You've been suffering under a sair hoast, I hear; but thae lozenges maun be Crichton's best, for though last week as hoarse as a crow, your vice is noo musical as that o' the nightingale.

*North.* Now, James, look on this picture, and then on this,—from the Quarterly turn to Maga, and exclaim with Wordsworth's lover—

“Oh!  
The difference to me!”

From the Chaldee to the Winter Rhapsody, she never has been weary of singing your praise. She scorned to flatter—to butter you, James, though well she knew that never yet was flattery lost on poet's ear, nor butter lost on poet's cheek; but she gained and kept for you a clear field and no favour, on which you had elbow-room, James, to contend with all your rivals, and on which you had perpetual opportunities of appearing, with your best foot foremost, before the Pensive Public. Her pages were always open to your genius; and how often, by your genius, have they been illuminated! What if, since the 1817, when Maga first effulged on a benighted world, she had treated you as the Quarterly did, who now, somewhat late in life, has assured the Royal Society of Literature, that in spite of these wicked Noctes Ambrosianæ which have “frighted the isle from her propriety,” the Ettrick Shepherd is a loyal subject? Why, let me not hesitate to say, James, that bright as your genius is, the shades of obscurity or of oblivion would long ere now have fallen over it in the Forest.

*Shepherd.* May be. Burns himsell was little thocht o' in Embro' when he was leevin' in Dumfries.

*North.* After your death, my dear James, your fame would have revived, for genius is imperishable; but Maga, and Christopher North, and yourself, my incomparable Shepherd, by our united power, strong in steadiest friendship, kept the flame of your genius, and the fame of your name, alive during your life, which is better far than that it should have been left, after flickering or going out while its possessor was above ground, to be rekindled on your grave.

*Shepherd.* Posthumous fame's a wersh thocht without a prein' o' the present! for oh, sir! what a difference atween the quick and the dead!

*Tickler.* Did this Censor—

*Shepherd.* Hear till Mr. Tickler—dinna interrupt Mr. Tickler. Mr. Tickler, what was ye etlin to say when Mr. North took the word out o' your mouth?

*Tickler.* Did the old gentleman who drawls about the boozing buffoonery of the Noctes, ever hear of a celebrated lawyer, one Pleydell,\* who, in his leisure hours, was strenuously addicted to High Jinks?

*Shepherd.* I daursay never—he'll prove to be the individual that never heard o' Sir Walter Scott. My freen, Mr. Cadell, ance tell't me o' either himsell or an acquaintance fargathering on the tap o' cotch wi' a weel informed man, in black claes, wha had never heard o' Sir Walter, o' Abbotsford, or the Scotch Novels. *He* maun be the contributor.

*North.* How he came not only to hear of you, James, but to be among the number, if we believe him, of your familiars, is as puzzling as his ignorance of the existence of the greatest man alive; yet, in his simplicity, he supposes the Royal Society of Literature to stand in need of some recondite information from his pen, about the life and character and genius of a Bard, whose name—the Ettrick Shepherd—has long been a household word all over Britain.

*Tickler.* In what unknown cave do these seers abide, supposed to be thus unacquainted with all the ongoing of the upper world?

*North.* They live in London—

*Shepherd.* And me in the Forest. Fowre hunder miles, aften o' mist and snaw, intrudes between them and me—and I'm muckle obliged, after a', to the honest gentleman, for remindin' them o' my existence, and for clearin' my character, aboon a' things, frae the stain o' disloyalty contracted frae the traitors wha hae sae lang been plottin' against Church and King at the Noctes Ambrosianæ. I thank him also for telling their worships that I'm a sober man—though I canna quite agree wi' him in conceevin't to be ony proof to the contrar, that some sax times a-year I indulge in a gaudeamus in the Snuggery. Thank him, too, for assuring the Society, that our meetings here are no purely imaginary, as some coofs jalouse—and that this Glenlivet—oh! but it outdoes itself the night—is no mere pented air, sic as ane endeavours unavailingly to drink in his dreams. He has removed the Noctes frae the shadowy and unsubstantial realms o' Faery, intil the solid world o' reality, established for perpetuity “their local habitation and their name” in the minds of all the people of Britain and elsewhere—yea, embalmed their remembrance in the more than Egyptian wisdom o' his ain genius—

*Tickler.* A pair of mummies, that, when countless generations have passed away, and left no memorial of their being, will be preserved in the museums of the curious and scientific, and poetry penned upon them by the wonder of bards flourishing during the Millennium.

*North.* I should be sorry, my dear James, to let the world believe,

\* In the novel of Guy Mannering. —M.

with the lachrymose eulogist of your sobriety and loyalty—virtues as native to your orb as light and heat to that of the sun,—a luminary, by the by, which he ought forthwith to vindicate from the generally credited calumny, that he seldom goes to bed, or rises from it, without drinking an unconscionable draught of the sea,—I should be sorry, I say, James, to let the world believe that you are a melancholy man, living in a melancholy place, the victim of unmerited misfortunes, and the misunderstood and misrepresented interlocutor in these our Dialogues, at once the disgrace and the delight of the age—countenanced though they be by Kings on their thrones, Bishops and Judges on their benches, Peers and Peasants in hall and hut, Ladies in silk, and Lasses in gingham—

*Tickler.* By “Laughter holding both his sides.”

*North.* And by *Il Penseroso*, “under the shade of melancholy boughs,” feeling himself gradually growing into *L’Allegro*—

*Tickler.* Or coming out of the Cave of Trophonius, with “nods and becks and wreathed smiles,” so potent the magic of *Maga*, folded in a Double Number across his fortified heart.

*North.* Most musical thou art, O Shepherd, but not most melancholy; nor hast thou cause, any more than the nightingale, to be other than a merry Bird of Song. True, that with all thy skill and science—witness *Hogg on Sheep*—thy pastoral farm has not been more prosperous than those of thy compeers; but during all thy struggles, thou didst preserve an unspotted name, nor was there wanting one staunch friend to stand by thee in thy difficulties, whether a new edition of the *Wake* was deemed advisable, or the publication of *Queen Hynde*, or a collection of thy matchless Songs, many of them first chanted in this Snuggery, James—and how vocal its roof!—or if thy racy articles, beloved by *Maga*, were sent in from the Forest to brave the *Balaam-Box*—that tomb of so many *Capulets*—one staunch friend, James, whom none but the base abuse—

*Shepherd.* WILLIAM BLACKWOOD. The Bailie has aye been a gude freen to me—but let me, say, sir, that I aye gied as gude’s I got—and that we staun on the same level o’ mutual obligation.

*North.* He is your debtor, James—and is proud to be so—

*Shepherd.* Na—he’s no. But in a’ his dealings wi’ me, he’s been the gentleman, which is something mair nor I can say o’ some that ance held their head sae high, and far mair than I can say o’ ithers, who while they trumpet their payment, are as penurious in their poverty as the blusterin’ wund that, amidst a gliint o’ seeming sunshine, brings naething but a cauld blash o’ sleet.\*

\* In his Autobiography, however, *Hogg* rather accuses *Blackwood* of not wholly having done him justice—but what author has ever existed who could own the soft impeachment of being entirely satisfied with his publisher? when such a man be found, let him be *Barnumized*, in a glass case, together with that *lame nature*—a lover who has never felt a thought of discontent or dissatisfaction with his mistress!—*M.*

*North.* Your works, my dear James, in prose and verse, most of them full of the inspiration of true genius, and none of them without its breath, have been, with few mouths' intermission, appearing before the world, often in Maga, for upwards of twenty years—and during all that time, your character has been known to thousands of your admiring and affectionate countrymen. Should any Society, whose noble object it is to reward genius and virtue by solid pudding, and not by empty praise, befriend you in the calm and bright afternoon of your life—for 'tis not yet the gloaming, the evening is still far off, and long, long may it be ere cometh to thee the night in which no man can work—there will be a blessing in their bounty—not on you only, but on themselves.\*

*Shepherd.* Whisht, sir, whisht. Poor as I am—I'm independent—at least I'm no idle—and conscious o' my integrity, I'm as happy as a bird, though often, you ken, sir, the happiest bird wull sit mute and pensive on the bough, aside its nest, when its loving mate is cowerin' owre their young anes, as if it was thinkin' within itsell what wud become o' them, if it fell aneath the fowler, and the grun' were to be a' covered wi' spring snaw!

*North.* God bless you, my dear James, such melancholy moments but serve to brighten sunshine and gladden song.

*Shepherd.* Oh! but I was cheerfu' at the curlin'!

*Tickler.* The beef and greens.

*North.* We have put, I think, this matter in the proper light—re-

\* The Royal Society of Literature was founded in London, in the year 1821, at the suggestion and under the special patronage of George IV., who authorized its being incorporated by a charter from the Crown; and contributed a thousand guineas annually to it, and two hundred guineas more, for two medals to be awarded every year for distinguished literary merit. It was suggested, no doubt, by the "Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres" of Louis XIV., and was to do for general Literature what other Societies were doing for National Antiquities, the Fine Arts, and general science. The immediate object was to reward literary merit and excite literary talent. Sir Walter Scott, who was consulted on the project, before it was fully completed, decidedly objected to it, thinking that men of letters got on best by themselves. George IV., who knew Scott intimately, shrewdly said that where he did not lead, he was not disposed to aid, far less to follow, and the Society was formed. In 1827, notwithstanding his former antagonism, the Society did Scott and itself justice by voting him one of its gold medals. Washington Irving, subsequently, was the recipient of another. The original purpose was to give £100 life-pensions to thirty deserving, but not worldly-prosperous men of letters. Want of means limited these pensions to ten, and the £1000 annually subscribed by the King was the source whence these payments were made. The Royal Associates (as these pensioners were denominated) had relied upon this bounty as permanent. But, some time after William IV. had become King, it was intimated that the Royal purse could not afford such a drain upon it. (He had a numerous family of illegitimates, who were to be provided for.) The persons thus suddenly deprived of their principal source of income were S. T. Coleridge; Rev. E. Davies, author of *Celtic Researches*, &c.; Dr. John Jamieson, of Edinburgh, author of the *Dictionary of Scottish dialect*; T. R. Malthus (who had no claim on the plea of necessity, being the well-paid Professor of History and Political Economy, in the East India Company's College at Haileybury); T. J. Mathias, author of *Pursuits of Literature*; J. Millingen; Sir William Ouseley, the Oriental scholar; William Rowe, the historian of the Medici; Todd, Editor of *Johnson's Dictionary*; and Sharon Turner, historian of the Anglo-Saxons.—As the withdrawal of the royal bounty had not taken place until the Whig Ministry took office, this ungracious act was attributed upon them—but, indeed, appears more likely to have been done by the King himself. It was so much condemned that, after some delay, the greater number of the pensions were restored—the burden of payment being shifted, however, from the royal privy purse, and taken from the national revenue.—M.

moved from it all misapprehension—and courteously and kindly reminded the Quarterly, that should the genius and virtues of the author of the *Queen's Wake* and the *Ettrick Shepherd* receive their due and dignified reward from any enlightened patronage, whether of an individual or a society, no praise can, in that case, by possibility, be deserved by that rich but rather stingy periodical; because that, whatever merit may belong to any one besides the poet himself and those who may prove his benefactors, it most assuredly does belong to William Blackwood, Christopher North, and Maga—to whom—

*Shepherd.* I beg leave to add, wi' a heart fu' o' everlastin' gratitude, John Gibson Lockhart, and Sir Walter Scott.\*

*North.* On whom, now and ever, be all blessings poured from heaven—and may the light of their hearths burn bright as that of their fame!

*Shepherd.* Amen,—hurraw! hurraw! hurraw! Noo I'll sing you a bit sang, out o' the colleckshun.

O, weel befa' the maiden gay,  
In cottage, bught, or penn,  
An' weel befa' the bonny May  
That wons in yonder glen;  
Wha loes the modest truth sae weel,  
Wha's aye sae kind, an' aye sae leal,  
An' pure as blooming asphodel  
Amang sae mony men.  
O, weel befa' the bonny thing  
That wons in yonder glen!

O, had it no' been for the blush  
O' maiden's virgin flame.  
Dear beauty never had been known,  
An' never had a name;  
But aye sin' that dear thing o' blame  
Was modell'd by an angel's frame,  
The power o' beauty reigns supreme  
O'er a' the sons o' men;  
But deadliest far the sacred flame  
Burns in a lonely glen!

'Tis sweet to hear the music float  
Along the gloaming lea;  
'Tis sweet to hear the blackbird's note  
Come pealing frae the tree;  
To see the lambkin's lightsome race—  
The speckled kid in wanton chase—  
The young deer cower in lonely place,  
Deep in her flowing den;  
But sweeter far the bonny face  
That smiles in yonder glen!

There's beauty in the violet's vest—  
There's hinny in the haw—  
There's dew within the rose's breast,  
The sweetest o' them a'.  
The sun will raise and set again,  
An' lace wi' burning goud the main—  
The rainbow bend outow'r the plain,  
Sae lovely to the ken;  
But lovelier far the bonny thing  
That wons in yonder glen!

*Tickler.* Clearly and croosely crawled, my cock.

*North.* Sweetly and silvery sung, my nightingale.

*Shepherd.* It's a gran' thing, sirs, to be the cock o' the company, occasionally; at other times, pensie as a pullet.

*Tickler.* Any thing but a hen.

*Shepherd.* At lesterary soopers, I like to see a blue-stockin' playin the how-towddie.

*North.* How?

\* Sir Walter Scott had strongly recommended Hogg as a proper person to be nominated one of the pensioned Associates. The application was fruitless.—M.

*Shepherd.* Chucklin' intil hersell, when a spruce young cockie is lettin' his wing drap close aside hers, and half-receivin' half-declinin' his advances, like ony ither Christian lassie wha may na hae the gift o' writin' verses ayont a Valentine. Far better sic undertoned and underhaund natural dealins', maist innocent a', than cacklin' about Coleridge, or blooterin' about Byron, or cheepin', as if she had the pip, o' Barry Cornwall.

*North.* Some maidens I know, James, bright as the muses, whose souls, as well as frames, are made of the finest clay, who before the eyes of the uninitiated pass for commonplace characters, because unpresumptuous in their genius, and retiring in their sensibility, oft "the house affairs do call them thence;" because, to their lips none so familiar as household words; and because to their hearts dearer are the tender humanities of life, than bright to their imaginations the poetic visions, that yet "swarm on every bough," when they walk in their beautiful happiness by Windermere or Loch Lomond.

*Tickler.* I, too, like occasionally to play the first fiddle.

*Shepherd.* An' you're entitled to do sae; for you've a fine finger; and a bauld bow-haun'.

*North.* I love best of all to sit sympathetically mute among my friends, and by a benign countenance to encourage the artless fluency of young lips, overflowing with the music of untamed delight in life, "a stranger yet to pain."

*Shepherd.* A benign countenance!

*North.* Few words have been more perverted from their true meaning, by being narrowed, than the words one so frequently hears, now-a-days, from not unvulgar lips—"Good Society"—"The Best Society."

*Tickler.* "The highest circles."

*North.* In my opinion, James, a man may commit a worse mistake, in aspiring to association with persons above his own rank, than in descending somewhat, perhaps, below it, in the intercourse of private and domestic life.

*Shepherd.* Many sumpsh o' baith sexes do. There may be pride in ilka case; but the pride o' the first maun aften gnaw its thoomb. The pride of the second aftner wats its thoomb to join't to that o' a brither, though born in laigh degree, probably as gude or a better man than himsell; and whan that's foun' out, pride dees, and in its place there grows up a richtfu' affection.

*North.* All men of sense know their natural position in society—whether it has been allotted to them by birth, by wealth, by profession, by virtue, by talent, by learning, or by genius.

*Shepherd.* Happy he—and fortunate—to whom have been given all these gifts.

*North.* Yet some, my dear James, to whom they all have been given, have abused them—aye, even genius and virtue—and their friends have been speechless of them ever after their funerals.



*Tickler.* Some use the terms "good society," as if they thought all society but that which they have in their eye, bad; and they superciliously shun all other, as not only *infra dig.*, but in itself absolutely low, and such as they could not even casually enter without loss of honour—without degradation.

*North.* Yet, when one asks himself, Tim, "who are *they*?" it is not, at least, of their pedigree they have to be proud, for, perhaps,

"Their ignoble blood  
Has crept though scoundrels ever since the flood;"

but by means of some showy accomplishment, or some acquired elegance, perhaps of demeanour, or some *suave* subservience that sits so naturally upon them, that they—all unlike though it be—mistake it for the easy manner of the higher class to which they have been permitted to become an appendage—they believe, at last, that they belong to the privileged orders, and look down on people who would not have shaken hands with their father, had he given them half the gold his itching palm had purloined.

*Tickler.* Such aspirants generally sink as they had soared; and after their dangling days are done, you may chance to meet them shabby-genteel, in streets not only unfashionable, but unfrequented, somewhat old-looking and ready to return your unexpected nod with an obsequious bow.

*Shepherd.* Puir chie!s!

*North.* We all fall—if we be wise—of our own accord—and according to the operation of laws plain and unperplexing—into our proper place in the intercommunion of life. Thence we can gaze pleasantly, and cheerfully, and socially, around, above, and below us—unimpatient of peer, and unashamed of peasant—but most at home at firesides most like our own—a modest mansion—half-way, perchance, between hall and hut—that golden mean which all sages have prayed for, and which religion herself has called blest!

*Shepherd.* A' doors alike are open to you, sir, and every heart loup wi' welcomin' at the clank o' your crutch on the marble—the stane—the sclate—the wooden, or the earthen stair.

*North.* I am no flatterer of the great, James; but—

*Shepherd.* The Freen' o' the sma'.

*North.* Small? Who is—or need sing small, who bears within his bosom an honest heart?

*Shepherd.* But why look sae fearsome in uttering sic a sentiment?

*North.* Because I thought of "the proud man's contumely," the oppressor's—

*Shepherd.* There's less oppression in this land than in any ither that

ever basked in sunshine, or was swept by storm; sae lay by the crutch, sir, and let that face subside, for

"Blackness comes across it like a squall  
Darkening the sea;"

ay, ay, thank ye, sir, thank ye, sir, 'tis again like the sky in the mornin' licht.

*Tickler.* Not quite so blue, I hope.

*Shepherd.* Nae sarcasm, Tickler; better blue nor yellow. May I ask hae ye gotten the jaundice?

*Tickler.* Merely the reflection of that bright yellow vest o' yours, James, which, I fear, won't stand the washing.

*Shepherd.* It'll scoor.

*North.* Yet, delightful indeed, James, as you know, are the manners of high birth. There is a mighty power in manners, James, connected with the imagination.

*Shepherd.* What's your wull?

*North.* Why, in societies highly cultivated, some of the lightest and most exquisite motions of imagination exercise acknowledged authority over the framework of life.

*Shepherd.* Eh, sir?

*North.* As it might have been said at Paris, for example, James, in its height of civilization, that among its highest circles, even the delicate play of Fancy, in lightest conversation, cultivated as it was as an accomplishment, and worn as the titular ornament of those among whom life was polished to its most sparkling lustre, even that grace of courtly wit, and playing fancy, had force in binding together the minds of men, and in maintaining at the summit of life, the peace and union of society. How strongly the quick clear sense of the slight shades of manners marked out to them those who belonged, and those who did not belong to their order! In that delicate perception of manners, they held a criterion of rank by which they bound together as strongly their own society, as they separated it from all others. And thus the punctilios of manners, which appear so insignificant to ordinary observers, are, as they more finely discriminate the relations of men, of absolute power in the essential regulation and subordination of ranks.

*Shepherd.* Fine philosophy, I daursay, but rather owre fine for the fingers o' my apprehension, clumsy at the uptak o' silk threeds, but strang when clasped roun' a rape or a cable.

*North.* Now, James, passing from France under the old *régime*, when it was acknowledged all over Europe that the French were the politest people in the world, and their nobility the exemplars, in manners, of all nobilities, allow me to say that in all countries, where there is a hereditary peerage, theirs is a life under the finest influences; and

that in the delicate faculties of the mind, in its subtlest workings, in its gentlest pleasures, in even its morbid sensibilities, we are to look for the principles which govern with power their social condition. Why, the literature of this country is a bulwark of its political peace; not by the wisdom of knowledge thus imparted, but the character it has impressed on the life of great classes of its inhabitants, drawing the pleasures of their ordinary life into the sphere of intellect.

*Shepherd.* But arena you rinnin' awa' frae the soobjeck?

*North.* No, James—if you will allow me to proceed.

*Shepherd.* Ou ay, I alloo you—proceed.

*North.* By a control, then, of whatever kind, exercised upon the most finely sensitive faculties of the mind, the higher classes of civilized nations are bound together in the union of society. But the cultivation of this sensibility is a work that is continually going on among themselves, and is carried to greater perfection, as they are less disturbed by intermixture of those who are strangers to their own refinement. It goes on from one age to another; it is transmitted in families; it is an exclusive and hereditary privilege and distinction of the privileged orders of the community.

*Shepherd.* I see your drift now.

*North.* Now, this cultivated sensibility—of whatever importance, of which I now say nothing—which characterizes, governs, and guards the highest classes of a long civilized society, which war broke up and confounded in France by a political revolution, has been disturbed in our country by the changes which the excess of commercial prosperity has above all things brought on in the social relations of the people.

*Shepherd.* Mr. Tickler, what for do you no join in?

*Tickler.* Thank heaven for that cough. Observe, James, how commerce, which is continually raising up multitudes of men high above the condition of their birth, has thrown up such numbers into a high condition of political importance, so that they have begun to fill what were once the exclusively privileged orders with sometimes—rude enough and raw recruits. The consequence is, and will farther be, that distinction of ancient birth, which even fifty years ago was still kept very pure, is very fast blotting out from the nation.

*Shepherd.* Weel continued and carried on, Mr. Tickler, in the same spirit wi' North's original and originating remarks. But nae great matter if the distinctions should be mingled thegither, though no just blotted oot—I cu'd na thole that—we maun hae “our Lords and Dukes and mighty Earls.”

*North.* I do not mean to justify, James, the severity with which this distinction is in some countries maintained; but I have no idea that such a distinction, of such ancient importance, can be rapidly done away with impunity.

*Tickler.* Assuredly, sir, it cannot. The sensibilities and principles,

whatever they are, which are become hereditary with birth, are abolished with the distinction. However low their own worth may be—but they are not low—they are of vast political importance by the distinctive character they give, by the ostensible and fastidious separation with which they hedge in the highest political order in the state—

*North.* And seldom indeed, Mr. Tickler, are they without their own high worth. In none of the great states of modern Europe have they been so. In this country, the principles of opinion, and the characteristic feelings which were avowed, cherished, and upheld by the Aristocracy and Noblesse, were of great dignity and importance.

*Shepherd.* Only look at their picturs on the galleries o' auld castles! What beautiful and brave faces! What loveliness and majesty! Though noo and then, to be sure, a dowdy or a droich.

*North.* The character can no longer maintain itself, James, when any cause, as commerce, throws into the class of the gentry, numbers who were not born to their rank. For the character is maintained by exclusion; in part by education within their own houses, where it may be said to be of hereditary transmission; in part by the power of opinion acting from one to another throughout their order. With the new members, it is evident, that as far as they compose the class, one cause cannot be in force; but more than this, they defeat by their admission the force of opinion among the others; for opinion holds its force solely by its sameness, and soon as that is violated, its force is gone.

*Shepherd.* Is the change, then, sir, on the whole, think ye, for good or evil?

*North.* I cannot say, James. But this I will say, that now aristocracy of rank must be supported by aristocracy of talent and virtue, or it, in another century at latest, will fall.

*Shepherd.* And is't not.

*North.* It is. And therefore, for that, as for a hundred other reasons, I abhor the radicals—and go forth fearlessly to battle against them with—

*Shepherd.* The crutch.

*North.* The changes which the commercial system is working, may ultimately be for good; at any rate, they will proceed while that system endures. But the designs of low-minded, low-hearted, base and brutal Jacobins must be resisted, not by law—for it must not be stretched to reach them—but by literature; not by the gibbet—for that is barbarous—but by the—Press.

*Shepherd.* Noble sentiments, sir. Let the devils ply their hollow engines, but let the angels overwhelm them with solid hills. But as ye say, sir, let there be no a hole in a' the claes o' the nobility themselves—nae stain on their skutcheons—and then they'll indure to the end o' time.

*North.* I believe, indeed I know, that unfortunately among the higher

ranks of society, there prevails a great ignorance of the character of the lower ranks—their enjoyments, their pursuits, their manners, their morals, and their minds. They think of them too often almost as an inferior race. From their birth many of them have been trained and taught to do so; and in the condescension of the most enlightened, there is a mixture of pride repulsive to its object, and not to be accepted without some sacrifice of independence.

*Shepherd.* I aye thocht ye had been freendly to the distinction of ranks.

*North.* So I am, James—to a harmonious blending of distinct ranks—

*Shepherd.* Frae the king till the beggar.

*North.* Just so—from the King to the Beggar.

*Shepherd.* I wud rather be the King o' the Beggars, wi' a croon o' strae and coort-duds, than some ither kings I cou'd mention—

*Tickler.* No politics, James.

*North.* What strength could be in that State where each order knew the peculiar and appropriate virtues of all the rest—knew, loved, respected and honoured them; and what a spirit of preservation!

*Tickler.* The worst enemy of his country, and of his kind, is he who seeks to set one order against the other, by false aspersions on their prevalent character—the poor against the rich, the rich against the poor,—so with the high the humble born—

*Shepherd.* And aboon a', the flocks again their shepherds—the shepherds o' their sowles. I never was wrang yet, in settin' down the fallow for a knave wha jeeringly pronounced the word “parson.”

*North.* 'Tis become a slang-word with many who pretend to be the friends of the people, and anxious, above all things, to promote their education. What would mighty England be without her Church?

*Tickler.* Her mind had not been “a thing so majestical,” but for her glorious army of martyrs and apostles—in long array, the succession of her philosophic divines.

*Shepherd.* Oh! dear me! what wad I no gie thee noo for a *whatt!*

(*Enter MR. AMBROSE with a Board of Oysters—the Council of Five Hundred—and TAPPYTOURIE with Ale and Porter, bottled and draught.*)

*Tickler.* Clear decks.

*North.* The Circular!

(*The Whatt is deposited with all its Paraphernalia on the Circular.*)

*Shepherd.* Awmrose, ma man, I'm thrusty—yill.

*Tickler.* Ditto—Ambrose.

*North.* Mr. Ambrose—ditto.

*Shepherd (after a long draught).* That is yill.

*Tickler (after a longer).* Consummate!

*North (at last).* Superb!

*Omnes.* Giles, or Berwick?

*Ambrose.* Neither, gentlemen. 'Tis a sample sent me, in free gift, by Messrs. Maitland and Davison—

*Tickler.* Of St. Anne's Brewery, Croftangry?

*Ambrose.* Yes, Southside.

*Shepherd.* Croftangry? Is na that a name in the Chronicles o' the Canongate? Our freen's Brewery's quite classical.

*North.* Nothing in this world can beat Berwick.

*Tickler.* Nor bang Giles—

*Shepherd.* I cud hae ta'en my Bible-oath it was Berwick.

*Tickler.* And I could have 'sworn upon that old almanack, history that it was Giles.

*North.* I had my suspicions. There is in Berwick a ripe, a racy, and a reamy richness, unknown to any other malt that ever felt the power of barn, whose influence, gradual as the genial growth of spring, laps the soul in Elysium, till the coruscations of fancy play far and wide over a Noctes, like the Aurora Borealis—while in Giles there is a pure spirit of unadulterated strength, that, as it raises the soul to the height of heroic emotion, breathing deliberate colour, so beneath its power has many a cit and soldier

“Bow'd his anointed head as low as death.”

Maitland and Davison—again—has inspired my being with a *new* feeling, for which no language I am acquainted with can supply an adequate name. That feeling impels me to say these simple words on behalf of the spirit of ale in general—speaking through me its organ—*Ale loquitur*—“If not suffered by Fate to fix my abode in barrels of Berwick or Giles, where I have long reigned alternate years, in all my glory, scarcely should I feel myself privileged to blame my stars, were I ordered for a while to sojourn in one of Maitland—and Davison!”

*Shepherd.* What poor it has gi'en the pallet ower the inmost flavour o' the eisters.

*Tickler.* Shrimps.

*Shepherd.* Nae such shrimps, sir; but they melt like snaw-flakes,

“A moment white, then gone for ever!”

*North.* Already are they decimated.

*Shepherd.* Weelnigh decimated, indeed—for out o' the Coonsel o' Five Hundred, there's no fowrscore noo on the brodd.

*Tickler.* “With speedy gleams the darkness swallowed.”

*North.* From my labours I thus fall back in dignified repose.

*Shepherd.* I never was sae sune stawed wi' eisters in a' my life.

*Tickler.* What! Have you pulled up already, James.

*Shepherd.* That's the *manners ane*. She's a sair temptation, wi' that bonny plump bosom o' hers; but I'm ower muckle o' a gentleman to tak advantage of her unprotected singleness, sae we'll let her be.

*North.* Affecting subject for an elegy—The last Oyster!

*Shepherd.* I canna thole to look at it. Tickler, pu' the bell.

(*Enter AMBROSE and KING PEPIN to remove the Board.*)

*Shepherd (in continuation).* Pippy—she's yours.

(*KING PEPIN, with a bunch of empty Pots in each hand—stoops his Mouth to the Board, and sucks the lonely Damsel into his vortex.*)

*Tickler.* Let us resume our philosophical conversation.

*Shepherd.* Wi' a' my heart. My stamach's no fu'er the noo o' eisters than my head is o' ideas. Opium! what's opium to yill? Opium dazes—yill dazzles—opium carries a man intil the cluds—yill raises him to the sky.

*Tickler.* We were speaking, sir, of education.

*North.* Education! what manner of man is he whom we wish to have produced? Who in civil and private life will be "the happy warrior?" Must he not be high-mindedly courageous—generous in his intercourse with all his fellow-creatures—full of deep and tender affections, which are the support and happiness of those nearest and dearest to him—capable of sympathy with all joy and all suffering—with an imagination, not only the source of enjoyment to himself, but aiding to make all the aspects of things, serious, solemn, religious, to his spirit,—

*Shepherd.* Nae grandeur o' national character, sir, you say weel, without imagination. But, noo-a-days, a' her records are accoonted auld wives' tales, and the speerit o' Poetry is driven out o' edication, sought to be imposed on the people, as if it were the plague. The verra claes o' a callant noo that has been found porin' ower an auld ballad, maun be fumigated afore he is suffered to re-enter the school,—he maun perform quaranteen, sir, like a ship frae Constantinople or Smyrna, afore the passengers are alloo'd to land on our untainted shores. Is this an impruvement, think ye, sirs, on the wusdom o' our forefathers? If this plan be persisted in, after twa or three generations, what will be the Spirit o' the Age? A barren spirit, and a' aneath it bare as broon bent in summer-drought, without ony drappin' o' the sweet heaven-dews. Milton weel says, that in the sowle are many lesser faculties—Reason the chief—but what sort o' a chief will Reason be without his tail? Without his clan, noo a' sickly or extinck, ance poorfu' alike in peace and in war, to preserve or destroy, to build up and to pu' doon, beautifyin' wi' perpetual renovation and decay the hail face o' the earth. O, sirs! in anither century or less, 'twill be a maist monstrous world, fit only for your Utilitawrians—and in less nor a second century, no fit even for them.

*North.* Intellectual all-in-alla, who will perish of hunger and thirst, destitute of the bread of life, and of its living waters.

*Shepherd.* I really believe, sirs, that were I lang to habituate myself to this Glasgow rum, it wou'd drive out the Glenlivet—accept for caulkers. Only pree this het tumler o' toddy.

*North (sipping).* A Christmas-box, James, from my valued friend, the Modern Pythagorean. Quite a nosegay.

*Shepherd.* Ma snell's gane—and sae maun yours, wi' a' that snuffin, man; Prince's mixtar, Prince's mixtar, unce after unce, I wunner ye dinna arivel; but what for do ye aye keep thoomb thoombin at it in the shell—it's an ugly custom. What's this I was gaun to say? Hae ye read the Modern Pythagorean's wark on Sleep?

*North.* Several times entirely—and often by snatches. It is admirable.

*Tickler.* Come, I must keep you, Kit, to the subject in hand. That treatise deserves a separate article from your own pen.

*North.* And—sooner or later—it shall have it. Keep, then, to the subject in hand. What was it?

*Tickler.* A thousand powers, each bringing its own blessing, spring up by feeling, and in feeling have their own justification—which such an education never can give, but which it will deaden or destroy.

*Shepherd.* Eh?

*Tickler.* They are justified, James, by the idea which they themselves bring of themselves, in the mind which produces and harbours them; they bear witness for themselves; the man has felt them good—*sua bona novit*—and he clings to them unto death. Who taught you patriotism?

*Shepherd.* Mysel'.

*Tickler.* Not the Schoolmaster, who is now abroad—at Botany Bay, perhaps, for forgery—but the Schoolmaster at home—your own heart, James—teaching itself the task it conned on the side of the sunny brae, or the ingle of your father's hut—

*Shepherd.* What ken you about my edication, sir! Yet the lang-legged chiel's no far wrang after a'.

*Tickler.* What kind of a nation, my dear Shepherd, does your heart rejoice in?

*Shepherd.* In the British—especially the Scotch.

*Tickler.* Are they better now, in any one sense whatever, than of old?

*Shepherd.* In a few things, better—in a hantle, waur.

*Tickler.* What do we want in a nation? Not a quantity of reasonable—contented—steady—sober—industrious inhabitants—mere Chineses—

*Shepherd.* Chineses?

*Tickler.* And nothing more—but you want men, who, if they are



INTELLECT.

invaded, will spring up as one man—loving their ancestors  
not do any thing for them——

*Shepherd.* That's truth—but wha hae dune for them in  
and inappreciable things——

*Tickler.* And doing everything for their posterity, who  
and can do nothing for them——

*Shepherd.* True again.

*Tickler.* Men among whom crime is restrained, not by  
police, but by an awful sense of right and wrong.

*Shepherd.* Existing naewhere but in minds deeply in  
religion.

*Tickler.* Who love their soil, though unable to analyse it—

*Shepherd.* Gude!

*Tickler.* To whom poverty and its scanty hard-wrung pittance  
the gift of God—who are sustained and animated in this li-  
operation on their minds of their belief in another—a people  
vigorous spirit joy is strong under all sorts of external pres-  
difficulty——

*Shepherd.* That's no easy—neither is't impossible.

*Tickler.* I speak, James, of a country naturally poor—such  
land——

*Shepherd.* Scotland's no pair—she's rich—if no in the si-  
yearth, in the sile o' the sowle——

*Tickler.* Were I to speak of England——

*Shepherd.* Shut his mouth, Mr. North, on England, for h-  
land-mad——

*Tickler.* Well, then, James, I sink England, and say, that  
depends also upon Feeling, as a principle of action opposed  
Intellect—and that this is not known to many of our pop-  
preaching, and itinerant educationists. True, that “Honest  
best Policy;” but Policy without Honesty does not find  
Honesty, both pecuniary and immaterial, to wit, that will no  
another in any way, by word, or deed, or thought, as a nation  
rests upon kindly, generous feeling. Courage, frank and fear-  
kind-heartedness, by the very terms, rest on the same foundat-

*Shepherd.* And what then?

*North.* What then, James? Why, that all this present fi-  
fuss about intellectual education will never produce the desire  
but in all probability, impede the growth of true national virt-

*Shepherd.* You've aften heard me say that, sir.

*North.* So much the likelier is it to be true, James. Intelle-  
in certain evidences of things—treating objects of positive kn-  
—fixed relations—mathematical axioms—and truths drawn fr-  
—facts given by the senses.

*Shepherd.* A' verra true and very important. Say awa', si-

*North.* The character of intellect is, that it is satisfied when it can refer what is now presented to it, to what it already knows; then, and then only, it seems to understand. But when Feeling springs up *upon* occasion, it springs up *for* the occasion, new, original, peculiar, not to be referred. The man does not say to himself, "I recollect that I felt so on such an occasion, acted upon it, and found it to answer;" but the feeling, even if he has so felt and done, comes up as if he had never felt it before—sees only the actual circumstances, the case, the person, the moment of opportunity, and imperatively wills the action.

*Shepherd.* That's the sort o' state o' the sowle I like—say awa', sir.

*North.* It is the unretrospection for authority, or precedent, as the unprospection of consequences, that makes the purity and essential character of feeling. We may reason and chastise our hearts, afterwards and before, in the time of reflection and meditation; but not then when the moment of feeling has arisen, and we are to act by the strength which we know very well is to be had from it.

*Shepherd.* Profoond, yet clear like a pool i' the Yarrow.

*North.* Now, James, the mind that relies habitually on intellect, and does not rely on feeling, will bring the estimate of consequences to the time when it should only feel.

*Shepherd.* A fatal error in chronology, indeed.

*North.* Such a mind, James, is disposed to distrust, nay, to discredit and resist, everything that offers itself, *per se*, and is irreducible to the experienced past. It resists, therefore, miracles, and sneers at Christianity.

*Shepherd.* That's sad.

*North.* Then see how stone-blind it is to much in which you and I rejoice. The common understanding forms a low estimate of the great facts of Imagination and Sensibility. They are to it unintelligible—and it will not even believe that they ever have been felt, except by imbecile enthusiasts.

*Shepherd.* They laugh at the Queen's Wake——

*North.* Aye, at the Paradise Lost. The deeper, the bolder, the more peculiar the feeling, of course the more it puzzles, estranges, repels such understanding. I do not well know myself, James, what feelings are the most deep, bold, and peculiar; but near to the most must be, I think, the purest and highest moral, the purest and highest religious feelings. For compare with them imagination, and surely they are deeper far.

*Shepherd.* Far, far, far!

*North.* There is reason enough, then, James, in Nature, why Understanding, cultivated without a corresponding culture of feeling, should be adverse to it, for their causative conditions are opposite. Either cultivated alone becomes adverse to the other. Cultivated together——

*North.* Will not a boy, whose heart is full of poetry, learn Greek in Homer, by the force of poetry, though he has a bad talent for languages?

*Shepherd.* Nae doot—nae doot. I sune learnt Erse in Ossian.

*North.* Will not thought and feeling make him a good speaker and writer at last, though he could never understand his grammar?

*Shepherd.* Confoon grammar!

*North.* The first thing is that the understanding grows in the Will, and the Will up through the heart of the understanding, and an Intellect ten or twelve years old, may, so far, have been powerfully educated without a single lesson.

*Shepherd.* Mine was yedicated sae—whether poorly or no, it's no for me to be tellin'.

*(Timepiece strikes Twelve—and enter AMBROSE, bending under his load, with his Tail and Supper.)*

*North.* Timothy—James—run to the support of mine host—or he faints and falls.

*(The ARCADIAN and SOUTHSIDE reach AMBROSE just in time to prevent his sinking to the floor.)*

*Ambrose.* Thank ye, gentlemen; this burden is beyond my strength.

*North.* What is it?

*Ambrose.* The GLASGOW GANDER, sir.

*North.* The great prize Glasgow gander! Rash man! even for one moment to have dreamt of bearing him in single-handed.

*Shepherd.* Mair strength! mair strength! Tappy, King Pips, Sir Dawvit!

*The Pech.* Coming, sir.

*North.* Let me give a lift.

*(By the united exertions of the Knights of the Household, the great Glasgow Gander is at last deposited, with some loss of gravy, on the table.)*

*Tickler.* How it groans!

*Shepherd.* What! the gander?

*Tickler.* No, the quadruped under him—the table.

*Shepherd.* Props, Awmrose—props!

*Ambrose.* The timbers are all sound, gentlemen, and now that they have stood the first shock of the pressure—

*Shepherd.* Is'e uphaud them for a croon.

*Tickler.* It is not the legs of the table that I tremble for, but the joists of the floor.

*Shepherd.* Wha's aneath?

*Ambrose.* The coffee-room, sir.

*North.* Why, Mr. Ambrose, in case of any accident, it might be a serious business; for to say nothing of the deaths of so many unoffending, yet I fear, unprepared individuals, actions of damages, at the

its head—not its head, but that which in that fury-haunted and infernal darkness seemed its head—the likeness—not the reality—but the likeness of a kingly crown had on! Poetry alone could give such an imagination as this—for painting would at once of necessity give outlines, features, realities, which, however enveloped in obscurity, would be fatal to the fearful effect, and embody too sensibly the here almost unembodied attributes of this seeming, shadowy, threatening, scarcely-existing, yet most terrific Impersonation!

*Shepherd.* Had ma twa een been shut the noo, like them o' a Methodist minister sayin' grace, I could hae sworn that you was Mr. North, Mr. Tickler. His verra vice! And then, as to the matter, the same licht o' truth fitfully brightening through the glimmer or gloom o' a mair or less perfect incomprehensibility. An' that's what you twa chieles ca' pheelosophical creetyschism?

*Tickler.* Pray recite, James, a passage from the *Excursion*, that I may make it undergo a similar process of investigation into the principles of composition.

*Shepherd.* Me receet a passage frae the *Excursion*?

*North.* What is your opinion of that poem, Tickler?

*Tickler.* The *Excursion* is full of fine poetry, but it is not what the author intended it to be, and believes that it is—a Great Poem. Mr. Wordsworth cannot conceive a mighty plan. His imagination is of the first order; but his intellect does not seem to me, who belong, you know, North, to the old school, commanding and comprehensive. His mind has many noble visions, but they come and go, each in its own glory; a phantasmagorical procession, beautiful, splendid, sublime, but not anywhere forming a whole, on which the spectator can gaze, entranced by the power of unity!

*Shepherd.* Entranced by the power o' Unity! Havers—clavers!

*Tickler.* Considered as a work that is to hand down his name to future ages, among those of our great English poets, our Spensers, and our Miltons, I must think it a failure, and that it will for ever exclude him from that band of immortals. But you have taught me, sir, to see that it contains passages of such surpassing excellence, in the description of external nature, and in the delineation of feeling, passion and thought, that I think they may be set by the side of the best passages of a similar kind to be found within the whole range of poetry.

*Shepherd.* That's praise aneuch to satisfy any reasonable man.

*North.* We are not now speaking for the satisfaction of Mr. Wordsworth, but of ourselves—

*Shepherd.* And the warld.

*North.* My admiration of Mr. Wordsworth's genius is well known to the universe, and has often been expressed with more enthusiasm than had been accompanied by the sympathies even of the wisest. I

hope it is nevertheless judicious; : my delight in his works. But th has, of late years, been anything : which it has been expressed, so ot his just and fair fame, than all the enemies. The Excursion has bee with Paradise Lost; and that pe know something of Mr. Wordswo become indignant and disgusted at consciously, to the bard himself, s which it was inevitable and right who had set him up as their idol. other worship.

*Tickler.* With Milton! Shakspe is, by the consent of all the civilize and most sublime poem that ever equally so in conception and in ex beings can feel or comprehend of destiny. The Excursion is an eloc days' walk among the mountains of of the party, in which every syllal was uttered by the three friends, connecting descriptions introduced the only one of the trio who had have said enough already to expose in the same breath of Paradise Lost

*Shepherd.* Quite aneuch.

*North.* I am delighted to find yo

*Tickler.* Nay, I am even an enth

*North.* Although the Plan of the and far from felicitous in any respect of Mr. Wordsworth's very original g of all that is grand and beautiful above the earth, and which is, on The Three Friends wander wherev and philosophizing in the solitud them awaken their spirits—the ro and not unfrequently they forget “ fine flights of imagination, visit the “ impulses of deeper kind that come edly obey; and soon as these im willing, according to the finest fe thresholds of “ huts where poor m them, cheerfully and benignantl; again arise, to walk into the Chui

muse and meditate among the stoneless turfs above the humble dead, or among the pillars of the sacred pile, on which hang the escutcheons, or are painted the armorial bearings of the high-born ancestry of hall and castle.

*Shepherd.* Ay, sir, these Books are delichtfu'—divine.

*North.* I love to hear you say so, my dear James. They are divine.

*Tickler.* Would that all those exquisite pictures had been by themselves, without the cumbrous machinery of the clumsy plan—if plan it may be called.

*North.* It is obvious that a parallel might be drawn, though I have no intention now of doing so, between the Excursion and the Task. Wordsworth, if not by nature, certainly by the influences of this life, has far higher enthusiasm of soul than Cowper. He has seen far more of the glories of creation than it was given that other great poet to see; and hence, when he speaks of external nature, his strains are generally of a loftier mood. But Cowper was not ambitious—and Wordsworth's chief fault is ambition. The author of *The Task* loved nature for her own sake—the author of *The Excursion* loves her chiefly for the sake of the power which she inspires within him—for the sake of the poetry that his gifted spirit flings over all her cliffs, and infuses into all her torrents. It often requires great effort to follow Wordsworth in his hymns—nor can any reader do so who has not enjoyed some of the same privileges in youth that have all his life long been open to that poet—above all, the privileges of freedom from this world's carking cares, enjoyed to the uttermost among the steadfast spectacles, or sudden apparitions of nature. But almost all persons alike, who have ever lived in the country at all, can go along with Cowper. Fields, hedges, groves, gardens, all common rural sights and sounds, and those too of all the seasons, are realized in *The Task* so easily and naturally, that we see and hear as we read, with minds seldom, perhaps, greatly elevated above the every-day mood, but touched with gentle and purest pleasure, and filled with a thousand delightful memories. Wordsworth's finest strains can be felt or understood only when our imagination is ready to ascend to its highest sphere—and to the uninitiated they must be unintelligible, and that is indeed their very highest praise. But the finest things in *The Task* may be enjoyed at all times, and almost by every cultivated mind. That too is their highest praise. To which of the two kinds of poetry the palm should be given, it would be hard to say; but it is easy to know which of the two must be the more popular. Were it for nothing else than its rural descriptions, *The Task* would still be a favourite poem with almost all classes of readers. Noble as they are, and, in our opinion, frequently equal, if not superior to any thing of the kind in poetry, the rural descriptions of Wordsworth (rural is but a poor word here) can never be sympathized with by

the million, for not ten in a thousand are, by constitution or custom, capable to understand their transcendent excellence.

*Tickler.* There must, I fear, be some wrong-headedness in the poet, who, from the whole range of human life, deliberately selected a pedlar for his highest philosophical character in a philosophical poem.

*Shepherd.* Dinna abuse pedlars, Mr. Tickler. In Scotland they're aye murder'd.

*Tickler.* Mr. Jeffrey murder'd the pedlar in the *Excursion*.

*Shepherd.* Na. Mr. Wordsworth.

*North.* No impertinence, gents.

*Shepherd.* Nae wut without a portion o' impertinence.

*North.* Therefore I am never witty.

*Shepherd.* But then, you see, you may be impertinent, as you was the noo, notwithstanding.

*North.* The first twenty pages of the *Excursion* enable the reader to know on what grounds, and for what reasons Mr. Wordsworth has chosen, in a moral work of the highest pretensions, to make his chief and most authoritative interlocutor, a pedlar. Much small wit has been sported on the subject, about pieces of tape and riband, thimbles, pen-knives, knee-buckles, pincushions, and other pedlar-ware; and perhaps such associations, and others, essentially mean or paltry, must, to a certain extent, connect themselves in most, or all minds, with the idea of such a calling. There is neither difficulty nor absurdity, however, in believing that an individual, richly endowed with natural gifts, may be a pedlar—and certainly that mode of life not only furnishes, but offers the best opportunity to a man of a thoughtful and a feeling mind, of becoming intimately and thoroughly acquainted with all the ongoings of humble life. Robert Burns was an exciseman. Yet it does not follow from this, that there is wisdom in the choice of such a small retired merchant for the chief spokesman in a series of dialogues, in which one of the greatest poets of England is to take a part. Of many things spoken of in these dialogues, such a pedlar, in virtue of his profession, was an excellent judge; but of many more the knowledge is not only not peculiarly appropriate to a pedlar, but such knowledge as could only, I conceive, have been accumulated and mastered by a man of finished classical education. We fear, therefore, that there is something absurd in his language about Thebes, and "Palmyra central in the desert," nor less so in the profound attention with which he listens to the "Poet's" still more eloquent, most poetical, and philosophical disquisition on the origin of the heathen mythology. But admitting this, none but the shallowest and weakest minds will allow themselves to be overcome by a word. Blot out the word pedlar from the poem, substitute, as Charles Lamb well remarked, the word palmer, and the poem is then relieved from this puny and futile objection. Let his previous history be unknown—his birth and parentage—and let him be

merely said to be A MAN of natural genius, great powers of reflection, a humane spirit, and understanding chiefly cultivated by self-education, though not unenlightened by knowledge of history, and especially of long and intimate experience of the habits, and occupations, and character of the poor, and we have a person before us, entitled to walk and talk even with Mr. Wordsworth, and if so, before all the world.

*Tickler.* My dear Shepherd, will you have the goodness to help me to wheel round yonder sofa-bed towards the right flank of the fire!

*Shepherd.* Surely, sir—but you're no gaun to sleep!

*Tickler.* Why, James, I waltzed from eleven last night till three this morning—

*Shepherd.* You what?

*Tickler.* Waltzed, and galloped, and mazourka'd.

*Shepherd.* The man's mad.

(*TICKLER lies down on the sofa-bed, and the SHEPHERD covers him cosily with cloaks.*)

*Tickler.* Pastor Fido!

*Shepherd.* I wunner what Procusty wou'd hae thoct o' you, sir! Noo—dinna snore nane. Though I snore mysell, I canna thole't in ithers—that's a gude callant—say your prayers—shut your een—and gang to sleep. Hushaby—hushaby—hushaby—hushaby! Remember, me, sir, to a' your freens in the Land o' Nod—a strange shadowy set, an unaccountable generation—leevin' unner laws that hae subsisted syne the Fa', and enjoyin' sic a perfeck system o' misrepresentation, that nae desire hae they o' Parliamentary Reform.

*Tickler. (indistinctly.)* "A plague on both your houses."

*Shepherd.* His een's fast glazin'—there's a bit snorie—and noo I think that may be safely ca'd sleep. (*Starting up.*) Mr. North, haud ma hauns!

*North.* Hold your hands! What do you mean, James?

*Shepherd.* I was seized just then wi' a spudderin' impetus to murder Mr. Tickler—and hod there been a knife on the table, I do devoutly believe I wou'd hae nicked his craig.

*North, (taking his crutch from its corner.)* I cannot just exactly say, James, that I altogether like the expression in these eyes of yours at present. Burke indeed is dead—but his accomplices are yet alive—

*Shepherd.* Oh, man! but you're easily frightened—you're a great cooart—

*North, (cautiously restoring the crutch to its corner, while he still eyes the SHEPHERD.)* Well then—well—James.

*Shepherd.* Wheesht, sir—wheesht. Speak loun, and ring the bell saftly—for eisters, and we'll cheat Tickler oot o' the brodd.

(*Enter the establishment with the oyster board—the Council of Five Hundred.*)



*North.* Now, my dear James, let us suck them up silently—not to disturb Timothy's dreams.

*Shepherd.* Excessive sappy?

*North.* Very.

*Shepherd.* Young though lusty—their beards are no grown yet—ay, here's ane wi' a pair o' whuskers——

*North.* The natural history of the oyster——

*Shepherd.* Oh sir! but I'm fonder and fonder every day o' the study o' natural history.

*North.* You have Bewick, I know, James, at your finger ends——

*Shepherd.* Na—you ken nae sic thing. I hae little or no knowledge at my finger ends, or ma tongue-tip either—it lies a' in my brain and in my heart. When, at times, the ideas come flashing out, my een are filled wi' fire—and when the emotions come flowin' up, wi' water; at least in the ae case there's brightness, and in the ither a haze. Aften the twa unite, like a cloud, veilin', but no hidin', the sun—like radiance on dew, showin' it mair translucent ere it melt awa' on the spring buds or the simmer flowers—an evanescence o' liquid lustre, out o' whose bosom the happy thochts flee awa' to ither regions o' delight, like bees obeyin' their instincts, that lead them, without chart or compass, to every nook in the wilderness where blows a family o' heather-bells.

*North.* I know you have the *Journal of a Naturalist*, published by Mr. Murray—a delightful volume—perhaps the most so—nor less instructive than delightful—given to natural history since White's Selborne.\*

*Shepherd.* You gied me't, and I never lend byeucks you gied me—for to lend a byeuck is to lose it—and borrowin's but a hypocritical pretence for stealin' and shou'd be punished wi' death——

*Tickler.* Without benefit of clergy.

*Shepherd.* True, indeed, sir: a clergyman cou'd be o' nae benefit to sic an unjustified sinner.

*North.* But there is another work, James, called "*The British Naturalist*," published by Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnott, Ave-Maria-Lane, which I must send out to you by the carrier——

*Shepherd.* What for no gie't to me the noo, and I'll put in my pouch?

*North.* 'Tis not in the Snuggery. Indeed, at present, both volumes are with Mrs. Gentle. The author is not only well versed in natural science, but he is a close observer of nature. He has a keen eye and a fine ear, and writes, not only with perspicuity, but like almost all good naturalists, with eloquence. He views his subjects in those masses in which we find them grouped in nature; and the plant or the animal

\* The Rev. Gilbert White was born at Selborne, in Hampshire, and spent his life on his paternal estate adjacent to that village. He devoted his leisure to literature, and the study of nature, and the fruit of his researches appeared in his "*Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*,"—a delightful book, as popular at this day, as on its publication more than half a century ago. Mr. White died in 1793, aged seventy-three.—M.

has been taken in conjunction with the scenery, and the general and particular use—and when that arose easily, the lesson of morality or natural religion.

*Shepherd.* A plan, I jalouse, at aince natural and feelosofical.

*North.* The woodcuts of the various animals and insects are designed and executed by Mr. W. H. Brooke—and those of the Lake and the Brook by Mr. Bonner, from drawings by Harry Wilson, Esq., who, by the way, has recently published some interesting Views of Foreign Cities.

*Shepherd.* What mean ye, sir, by the Lake and the Brook?

*North.* Why, the first volume of the British Naturalists consists of parts, entitled the Mountain, the Lake, the River, the Sea, the Moor, and the Brook.

*Shepherd.* Be sure to remember not to forget to keep it in your mind, sir, to attend to drappin' a hint to Mrs. Gentle, that ye has promised to send out the two volumms o' the British Naturalist to Altrive—and shou'd they only be in boards, you had as weel get them bun', plainly but strangly, for wee Jamie's mad about a' crawlin', creepin', soomin', and fleein' things, and I think o' getting him made an Honorary Member of the Wernerian Society.

*North.* I will send you out, at the same time, my dear James, "Menageries," written, I am told, by my most able and ingenious philosophic friend, Charles Knight, Editor (?) of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. The "Tower Menagerie," containing the natural history of the animals contained in that establishment, with anecdotes of their character and history—

*Shepherd.* That will be a feast to my darling.

*North.* —illustrated by portraits, taken from life, by that admirable artist, William Harvey, and engraved on wood by Branston and Wright, who stand in the first rank of their profession.

*Shepherd.* He'll wear his dear een out—God bless him—on the lions, teeggars, and leopards—for though a lamb in gentleness of disposition, the fiercer the animal, the deeper drauchts o' delight drinks his imagination frae the rings o' their een, and the spats on their hide, sae wild-like wi' the speerit o' the sandy deserts, yet mair beautifu' than ony tame creatures that walk peaceably aroun' the dwellin's o' men.

*North.* The literary department has been superintended by E. T. Bennet, Esq., F. L. S., an active member of the Zoological Society—and much valuable assistance afforded by N. A. Vigora, the Secretary—

*Shepherd.* Erudite, I doot not, on a' manner o' monsters—

*North.* Zoologists, James, of the first order. To the same gentlemen we owe a similar work, equally beautiful—"The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society, Vol. 1, Quadrupeds"—

*Shepherd.* Pit it intil the parshel. But dinna tak the trouble o' payin' the carriage—for I'll no grudge it, nor a couple o' caulkers to

Phenomenon had to let go his hold, and seeing it in vain to oppose the yeomanry, pursues Tabitha, the innocent cause of all this woe, into the coal-cellar, and there, like Paris and Helen,

“When first entranced, in Cranac’s Isle they lay,  
Lip pressed to lip, and breathed their souls away,”

entitled but not tempted to look at a king, the peerless pair begin to purr and play in that subterranean paradise, forgetful of the pile of cat-corpses that in that catastrophe was heaped half-way up the currant-bushes on the walls, so indiscriminate had been the Strages. All undreamed of by them the beauty of the rounded moon, now hanging over the city, once more steeped in stillness and in sleep!

*Shepherd.* Capital! Talkin’ o’ cats reminds ane o’ mice—and mice reminds ane o’ toasted cheese. Suppose, Mr. Tickler, we hae a Tin-Trencher?

*Tickler.* A Welsh Rabbit? Ring the bell.

(*Enter SIR DAVID GAM and TAPPITOURIE with Welsh Rabbits.*)

*Shepherd.* Noo, sirs, indulge me, if you please, wi’ some feelosofical conversation.

*Tickler.* Moral or physical?

*Shepherd.* Let me consider, Fizzical.

*North.* Nay—nay—James—remember there are three of us—and that it is share and share alike—remember, too, that Tickler had no oys—

*Shepherd.* Wheesht!

*Tickler.* Physical philosophy, gentlemen, is the most rigorous investigation of truth that the human mind has ever pursued. More than history—more than the legal examination of evidence—more than moral and metaphysical philosophy—more than religion. In it the matter of inquiry is more under command, the spirit of inquiry more just and sincere. It would seem that the discipline of truth which the human mind has undergone in its last hundred, one hundred and fifty, two hundred years—since Lord Bacon—of physical study, is the greatest, truest, most effectually fruitful that it has ever proved. Do we not feel the effects in the study of moral science, of history, philosophy? Do we not now look upon them with the purged eyes of Baconian pupils, with habits of thought, lights of examination, canons of judgment, a criticism of truth learnt in the school of physical philosophy? Do we not require other evidence, judge with another sobriety, look for another solidity in knowledge than we did? There were bolder, greater, more capable thinkers, not a stricter rule of thought. The great intellectual feature of the last age has been its success in physical science; not merely among the leaders, but among the multitude, so that every one could contribute, and has done. Let

us say this is not the end, but a step. Now it is time that the higher thinkers take another step. They do in Germany. The next step is that they cease to view man's physical as his greatest conquests, and recognize, as they used to do, a mightier field.

*North.* Yes. Let them become again moralists, not physicians.

*Shepherd.* Ay—let them become again moralists, no physicians. A savoury Welsh rabbit I never preed.

*Tickler.* The character of the physical philosophy of the last century is, that it is without hypotheses (comparatively) a kingdom of facts. Let moral philosophy be so. But first let us recognize the field, its extent, might, fruitfulness; that it is not less than the physical—that it has been lost sight of—that it must be seen after again; and this understood, things will resume their natural proportionate place. And now a change commences, which see. Physical philosophy having exerted its own rectifying, strengthening influence on the higher order of minds, will begin to leave them, to give way to more needed science, and to decline to an under rank of minds—and shall, according to a wonted and known law of society, pass gradually down to the lowest, producing in each rank as it descends, by its temporary activity, a salutary permanent influence—till it reaches the bottom, and at last gives way even from the lowest rank. But it will not, in truth, give way from and leave any rank; but from predominant will become subordinate, and take its due proportioned place in each.

*North.* I suppose, then, that we may bestir ourselves to advance the moral studies of the higher, and need not so much guide the intellectual of the lower.

*Tickler.* But meanwhile, Mr. North, the moral studies of the lower classes ought to be wholly involved in religion—as the moral studies of the higher may be safely enough distinct from it, without forgetting it.

*Shepherd.* Eh!

*North.* What is physical study? Consider the difference in the knowledge of the world since the Greek thought the sun a chariot, and the earth a flat circle or oblong, with Hyperboreans, Cyclops, Acephali, &c., a south uninhabited from heat, &c., as in Herodotus, with Ælian's natural history, &c., and its present state—geographical voyages, &c.

*Shepherd.* Et cetera.

*Tickler.* That was a dream of the world—this is knowledge. That was the age of imagination—this of understanding or reason, or an approach to it. What is the good of physical knowledge? Many. One is, that it helps to make man feel strong in his powers: justly. Reading the universe rightly, he is exalted by understanding in it the wisdom that made it. It is one case of "magnanimous to correspond with heaven." Further, he feels, by his power both to understand and

to control nature, how much his destiny is given into his own hands. He is excited similarly to search government, education, happiness—to investigate the internal world, and endeavour to control and mould it. Only, he must not think himself higher, or more self-dependent, than he is. But to know fully the true extent of his powers, is the way not to think falsely, or have an interest in doing so. His intellectual dominion is now so great, that it may satisfy his ambition; and he may be content to know where it stops, where he becomes finite and dependent. If he is ennobled by his just contemplation of the structure and design of the universe, shall not the whole race participate in his ennobling? Shall not the common man be raised by it—by knowing the results, without the process of deduction, without the science? Thus, I can well suppose that mechanics' lectures on Geography, Natural History, Astronomy, and some other branches, scientifically true in all their matter, but popular in their exposition—that is, made intelligible to a very moderately constructed understanding, and affecting to the imagination and feelings, might be very interesting and very useful indeed; therefore, let Dr. Birkbeck, spite of his politics, which are bad, flourish, and all Institutions.\*

*Shepherd.* That's leeberal and illeeberal in æe breath. Never heard I mortal man sæe voluble during a Welsh rabbit.

*North.* Listen to me, gentlemen.

*Shepherd.* Listen to you, sir,—what else hæe we been doin'—and I fear to little purpose—a' this lang interminable night?

*North.* The spirit which draws men individually towards knowledge, is not the same which invests it with reverence to the eyes of the world. The sages of rude times have been held in mysterious veneration; and their wisdom has been thought to proceed from beings of a higher nature, or even to command them. Imagination, ever seeking Deity, apprehends its presence not only in the powers that move in the natural world, but in human power, when much surpassing all that appears within the range of familiar knowledge. Thus it makes prophets, enchanters, and the favoured that have intercourse with spirits.

*Shepherd.* Michael Scott, in the olden day.† But times are changed, sir; and even Christopher North himself is by few reckoned a magician.

*North.* But this reverence for knowledge is imaginative and generous, and of the same birth with the love of knowledge, which is itself an inquisition after Deity. But in these times of ours, when imagi-

\* Dr. George Birkbeck, a native of Yorkshire, was so precocious in the acquisition of knowledge, that at the age of twenty-one, he was appointed professor of natural history in the Andersonian Institution of Glasgow. He established a Mechanics' Institution in Glasgow, and removed to London in 1822, where he founded the celebrated London Mechanics' Institution, from which nearly all the establishments of that nature throughout England were constituted. He lent the Society £3000, for erecting a museum, lecture-room, &c., and was their president. He died in 1841, aged sixty-five.—M.

† Sir Michael Scott, who died in 1293, and figures as a wizard in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, was so learned in the occult sciences that the unlettered considered him a magician.—M.

nation is almost expelled from the processes and counsels of human life, what then makes worship around knowledge? Truly, she that worshippeth Power. She that liveth in the eyes of men, and is ruled under their influences as her stars.

*Shepherd.* What's her name?

*North.* She sees that knowledge is great and strong in the world—that it commands power and fame; that it gets wealth; that it sways even in the great motions of the world; that it is set in honour, in places of old authority,—therefore it is for her reverence—therefore she will set her children to learn it—therefore she will give it her favour and her help, and will to some degree bow herself before it.

*Tickler.* Yes, North, that principle will govern even opinion of knowledge, among every society, wherever great causes act to produce a general contention of spirit for it beyond the pure love of it for its own sake. Or, to make clear sense at once, what are the principles that excite labour after knowledge, besides the pure delight in it?

*North.* There are two great original powers, Tickler, that drive onwards the human spirit in quest of knowledge; the necessity of life, and the delight of the soul. From the rudest to the most civilized state of society, the acquisition of knowledge that arises to men, from their contention with nature, to make her yield them life, is very great—immense. Suppose in our own country, James, one mind to possess all the knowledge by which, in ten thousand thousand hands, bread is earned.

*Shepherd.* What a Solomon he would be—a livin' Library o' Usefu' and Entertainin' Knowledge.

*North.* Setting aside, for a moment, the multiform application of simple principles by which the instruments of human art are produced—heavens! only think on the knowledge of Nature, James, which in every minute division is distributed throughout those various arts!

*Shepherd.* The thocht's overwhelmin'.

*North.* Suppose that all the facts as to the nature and properties of the different substances which are employed as materials or agents in various arts in Birmingham and Sheffield, were known to one mind as they are known to those who without higher knowledge practise them for their bread! Suppose an intelligent mind to possess the knowledge only which it might acquire in a course of workshops, from the conversation of those who worked in them—would it not, without study, without books—be most extensive—most——

*Shepherd.* The knowledge o' many a' gathered thegither in ae master-mind—yet aiblins withouten science.

*North.* But if you will look at those forms of life in which *each man*, James, is required to possess the whole of that knowledge of nature, which is necessary for obtaining from her the greater part of the means of his subsistence——

*Shepherd.* Am' nae I sic a man mysell, sir?

*North.* You are, my dear James. Think, Tickler, how any man who is much acquainted with labouring people, where they are generally neither depressed by poverty nor degraded by vicious habits prevailing among them, must have been surprised at times to find the extent of knowledge, which native intelligence, exerting itself upon those objects and facts which the plain necessities of life only made important, had amassed—without books—husbandmen—shepherds—mechanics—artificers!

*Shepherd.* Pour oot upon him, Tickler—deluge him, Timothy.

*Tickler.* If you would see the most extensive acquisition of knowledge enforced by the necessities of life, you must know what is the life of a savage, in those tribes where there is full power of mind, for in some the mind is extraordinarily degraded. For example, many of the tribes of the North American Indians, before they were visited with the curse of an intercourse with Europeans, possessed a high character of mind, both for heroic and intellectual qualities. Now, conceive one of these Indians cast amidst the boundlessness of nature—with a mind strong and ardent—not beginning life as we do—surrounded with a thousand helps to guard it from all sufferings and necessities, to spare it all use of its faculties—but cast upon the bosom of nature—to win from her the means of the preservation of his existence. From the moment he begins to understand and know—he sees what the course of his life is to be. He is to be a hunter and an inhabitant of the woods. Now, imagine all the multitude of natural facts, on the knowledge of which, for safety and sustenance, his mind is made to rest. He is a hunter—that is to say, that from the day he can use his hands at his will, he will begin his warfare against the animal race. What does that mean? That of every bird and animal of which his power can compass the destruction, he must begin to know the signs, the haunts, and the ways. He is already engaged as an observer in natural history. You may be sure he has very soon as exact a knowledge of the figure, colours, cries, &c., of many of them, and of the place and construction of the habitations of those which find, or make themselves habitations—of their young, or eggs—their number, their seasons, and precautions of breeding, &c., as any naturalist from Linnæus to Cuvier. Now, every thing he has to do to ensnare, entice, waylay them, is drawn entirely from observation of the various particulars of their modes of life. This knowledge, as he grows, he goes on extending to numbers of the birds and animals that people his dominion,—and when the savage has, by keen and extensive observation, (you have read Hearne, North!) acquired all the knowledge that affects his own well-being—of the appearance, the nature, the seasons, the modes of life of as many of these creatures as will come under the necessity or the wantonness of his art as a hunter, I ask, is it not plain that he must possess, very intimately and exactly, much of that knowledge which, when possessed by a naturalist is raised to the rank of science?

*Shepherd.* Ask Audubon.

*Tickler.* Combine with this the knowledge of the natural world that surrounds him, as implied by his dependence for sustenance on its vegetable productions—and all the various knowledge of the earth itself, and of the skies, which become important to him who is to make his way by recollection or conjecture through untracked wildernesses, forests, swamps, and precipices. How in an unknown wilderness so made up, even after he has chosen his course, by the stars, shall he know to trace a path through the dangers and immensity of nature, which human feet may tread? By observing, studying all his life long, the nature of mountains, torrents, marshes, vegetation. Then add to this—his observation of the air and the skies, from his dependence on their changes, and I think, my lads, if you have imagination to represent to yourselves one-twentieth part of the knowledge which a savage will thus be driven to possess by his mere physical necessities, you will be astonished to find how much liker a learned man he is than you be.

*Shepherd.* Maist yeloquent!

*Tickler.* Will this seem fanciful? I will give you a single instance. There is scarcely one point in natural history more celebrated and interesting than the beaver's building his house. Do you wish to be correctly informed upon this subject? Read all our naturalists from Buffon downwards, and you will be incorrectly instructed on the mind of these mysterious animals. Then go and read the account given by a man who had nothing to do with beavers, except that he was an agent in the fur trade, and who tells you what the Indian hunters told and showed him, and you will find much the most interesting, and the only exact account we possess of these builders.

*Shepherd.* Wha?

*North.* It is in Hearne's Travels in the northern parts of America.\* Here then I establish that a great part of that knowledge of external living nature which we hoard up among our treasures of science, is, through necessity, possessed, and I will say—much more accurately—by men in those rude forms of life, in which they are perpetually contending with nature for the supply of all their wants.

(*Silver Time-Piece chimes Twelve, and enter the Six Supper-Supporters, with Roasted Turkey, Lamb, Fillet of Veal, Salmon, Turbot, Cod, &c., &c., &c. &c. &c., &c.*)

*Shepherd.* I canna charge my memory wi' ever havin' been sae lang afore without breakin' my fast. It's bad for the health sittin' hour after hour on an empty stammach, mair especially when the mind as weel's the body's exhowsted wi' the wear and tear o' rational and irrational conversation. Tickler, tackle you to the turkey—North, lay

\* Samuel Hearne was a traveller who, from 1769 to 1792, was employed by the Hudson Bay Company, to explore the North-west Coast of America, and was the first European who succeeded in reaching the Arctic Ocean. His travels were published.—M



yourself out on the lamb—and as for me, I shall have some flirtation with the fillet.

*North.* Make ready!

*Tickler.* Present!

*Shepherd.* Fire!

*(A sort of snuzzling silence in the Snuggery for an hour or thereabouts. Timepiece smites One, and the Apparition of Picardy and his Tail comes and goes like the rainbow.)*

*North.* THE KING! *(With all the honours.)*

*Tickler.* Of whom recording history will say—"not that he found London of brick and left it of marble\*—but that he found his people in bondage, and left them free!"

*North.* Base Helot who first voided, and baser Helot still who ate up that loathsome lie, and splattered it out again undigested in his own poisonous slaver!

*Tickler.* Pitiful and paltry press!

*North.* Most wretched in its street-walking prostitution?

*Tickler.* "O tyrant swollen with insolence and pride!"

*North.* "Thou dog in forehead—but in heart a deer!"

*Shepherd.* Is there to be a revolution, sirs?

*North.* If there be, 'twill be a bloody one.

*Tickler.* Come—come—gents—let us talk over that matter at next Noctes.

*Shepherd.* The verra first thing the Radicals will do—will be to extinguish the Noctes Ambrosianæ.

*North.* The very last they shall be allowed to do—James—*Eccæ Signum!* *(Shoulders the crutch.)*

*Tickler.* Since you insist upon it, why then I will sing a new song—in the character of a Radical!

#### THE JACOBIN BILL.

*Tune—Nottingham Ale.*

##### 1.

Now the reign of the tyrant for ever is past,

And the day-star of freedom is beaming on high—

\* In his great speech upon Law Reform, in the spring of 1828, which enchained the attention of the House of Commons for nearly seven hours, Brougham had a beautiful allusion to what was said of Augustus, as regarded Rome. It occurs in the peroration—which, in its serious eloquence, equals, if it does not surpass, the most effective efforts of Burke, Sheridan, and Canning. Urging the necessity of reforming the administration of the law (which was costly, dilatory, and cumbrous), he said: "The praise which fawning courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harries, the Justinians of their day, will be the just tribute of the wise and good, to that monarch under whose sway so mighty a work shall be accomplished. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the lustre in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble: a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present reign [of George IV.] is not without claims. But how much nobler will be our Sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found the law dear, and left it cheap—found it a sealed book, left it a living letter—found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor—found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty, and the shield of innocence."—M.

When truth is now heard in the Senate at last,  
 And the shout of the million in grateful reply—  
     Let us sing and rejoice,  
     With heart and with voice,  
 And each man his bumper triumphantly fill—  
     For in this Age of Reason,  
     We know of no treason,  
 But refusing to drink to the Jacobin Bill!\*

## 2.

For many a hopeless and heart-breaking day,  
     The conflict unequal we strove to maintain—  
 But still, as the slaves of "legitimate" sway,  
     We demanded redress—but demanded in vain—  
     Debased and degraded—  
     Our birthrights invaded—  
 We fruitlessly sought the great truth to instil,  
     That our ruthless oppressor,  
     The present possessor,  
 Must taste all the sweets of a Jacobin Bill!

## 3.

But the debt of the people, so long in arrear,  
     By the Jacobin Bill will be speedily paid,—  
 And the step of the peasant will press on the peer,  
     And prove of what metal his "order" is made—  
     With Hunt at the steerage,  
     We'll pitch the whole Peerage,  
 Like the Prophet of old, the vex'd waters to still,—  
     And many a martyr  
     Of star and of garter,  
 Must now read his fate in the Jacobin Bill!

## 4.

And as for those righteous rulers in lawn,  
     Who pillage the poor with palaver of peace—  
 Those Shepherds, whose reverend minds are withdrawn  
     From the care of the flock, by the thoughts of the fleece,—  
     How odd the grimaces  
     Of many smug faces,  
 On finding they're nothing but tenants at will  
     When first we shall dish up  
     Some rosy Archbishop,  
 Who voted, perhaps, for the Jacobin Bill!

## 5.

The lawyer no longer need bother his brain  
     With the quibbles and quirks of his straw-splitting trade,  
 For the Law of our Bill is abundantly plain,  
     And needs not a hired misinterpreter's aid :  
     And as for the Judges,  
     There's nobody grudges

\* The Reform Bill, brought into the House of Commons for a first reading, on March 1, 1831, by Lord John Russell.—M.

To give them a touch of their friend the tread-mill—  
 If 'twere but to show them,  
 We feel what we owe them,  
 For days when none dreamt of a Jacobin Bill!

## 6.

Thus peer, priest and lawyer, each civilly sent  
 His bread in an honest calling to win,  
 And hearing no more of tithes, taxes, or rent,  
 The work of reform may be said to begin!  
 The great revolution  
 Of just distribution,  
 Its blessings unmeasured will thenceforth distil,  
 And cutting and carving,  
 For thousands now starving,  
 At once will be found in the Jacobin Bill!

## 7.

The mechanic who toils for his shilling a day,  
 May then get as drunk as the prince or the peer—  
 And citizen Russell, and citizen Grey,  
 Will see the true use of their thousands a-yea:  
 In Whig and in Tory-House,  
 Happy and glorious,  
 Day after day the parch'd people may swill—  
 And how pleasant to revel  
 On "the fat Bedford level,"  
 For love of our friend of the Jacobin Bill!\*

## 8.

Oh! England, the land of the tyrant and slave!  
 How happily changed will thy destinies be,  
 When the harlequin banner shall gallantly wave  
 O'er the patriot deeds of the brave and the free.  
 With streets barricaded,  
 And pikemen paraded,  
 What generous ardour each bosom will thrill  
 When in civil defiance  
 Of martial science,  
 We stand in defence of the Jacobin Bill!

## 9.

And when every man's hand is at every man's throat—  
 Oh! then what a pleasant Parisian Scene!  
 With our own *ça ira*, and our own *sans culottes*,  
 And perhaps, Heaven bless us! our own *guillotine*,  
 We've been too slow in learning—  
 Too dull in discerning,

\* What was called "the Bedford level" was a vast tract of land, which had once been a profitless swamp, but is now reclaimed, and forms part of the Duke of Bedford's estates.—The extensive property of this nobleman, in Bedfordshire and Devonshire, was Church plunder, confiscated by Henry VIII., and bestowed by him upon one of his creatures, a man named Russell.—M

These radical cures for each deep-seated ill—  
 But truly our neighbour  
 Has not lost her labour,  
 When at length she has taught us our Jacobin Bill!

*North.* Thank ye, Tickler. You write and sing a song as well, if not better, than any man in Scotland.

*Shepherd.* It cuts to the quick.

*North.* There is one public man in England, Tickler, over whose apostacy from one sacred cause—more in sorrow than in anger—I and thousands—yea millions—groaned.\* Yet from his eloquent lips lately fell words of warning wisdom; nor shall my praise of his patriotism be mingled at this moment with any unavailing lamentation or reproach—Sir Robert Peel. The conclusion of his admirable speech on Lord John Russell's motion for Reform in Parliament, has committed itself to my memory—

*Tickler.* Hear! hear! hear!

*North.* "We are arrived at 1831, and reform is again proposed, whilst the events of the last year in Paris and Brussels are bewildering the judgment of many, and provoking a restless, unquiet disposition, unfit for the calm consideration of such a question. I, too, refer to the condition of France, and I hold up the late Revolution in France, not as an example, but as a warning to this country. Granted that the resistance to authority was just; but look at the effects,—on the national prosperity, on industry, on individual happiness,—even of just resistance. Let us never be tempted to resign the well tempered freedom which we enjoy, in the ridiculous pursuit of the wild liberty which France has established. What avails that liberty which has neither justice nor wisdom for its companions—which neither brings peace nor prosperity in its train? It was the duty of the King's Government to abstain from agitating this question at such a period as the present—to abstain from the excitement throughout this land of that conflict—(God grant it may be only a moral conflict!) which must arise between the possessors of existing privileges, and those to whom they are to be transferred. It was the duty of the Government to calm, not to stimulate, the fever of popular excitement. They have adopted a different course—they have sent through the land the firebrand of agitation, and no one can now recall it. Let us hope that there are limits to their powers of mischief. They have, like the giant enemy of the Philistines, lighted three hundred brands, and scattered through the country discord and dismay; but God forbid that they should, like him, have the power to concentrate in death all the energies that belong to life, and to signalize

\* The Tories were many years before they forgave Sir Robert Peel for what they called his treachery and apostacy, in granting Catholic Emancipation, in 1829, after having spoken and voted against it for the preceding twenty years.—M.

their own destruction by bowing to the earth the pillars of that sacred edifice, which contains within its walls, according even to their own admission 'the noblest society of freemen in the world.'

*Tickler.* Much indeed might be forgiven in the past conduct of a statesman, who has courage so to speak at such a crisis.

*North.* May Reform come from such a statesman as spoke in that pregnant passage, and the country will at once be satisfied and strengthened.

*Tickler.* Amen.

*Shepherd.* Ax your pardon, sir, for puttin' rather an abrupt question; but does neither o' you twa smell ony thing out o' the common?

*Tickler.* I have no nose.

*Shepherd.* Nae nose? In that case, neither has an elephant.

*Tickler.* I mean no sense of smell.

*Shepherd.* Then I pity you, sir, in spring, up i' the mornin' early, in the Forest, when the sun is sae tenderly wooin' the dawn, and a shower o' bees is perpetually drapin' doon frae the bawmy bosom o' the southwest wind, on the bawmy bosom of the Earth, that is indeed flowin', as the Scriptur's says, wi' milk and honey, and a hotchin' wi' dew-reekin' sun-seekin' flowers, as if through a' her open pores were breathin' the irrepressible delight o' our great mother's heart.

*North.* How spiritual the scent of violets!

*Shepherd.* (*snuffing and smoking.*) Can it be Guse?

*North.* Poo, poo, James. 'Tis but "the strong imagination of a feast."

*Shepherd.* A feast? Fuilzie!

*Tickler.* "So scented the Grim Feature, and upturned  
His nostril wide into the murky air,  
Sagacious of his quarry from afar."

*Shepherd.* That quotation's no pat, sir; I'm no smelling a dead horse in a far awa' quarry, but the memory o' a roasted Guse in this verra room. THE GLASGOW GANDER'S NO YET EXTINK.

*North.* James, you are too metaphysical. The memory of a smell is a most abstract idea.

*Tickler.* I remember it in the Concrete.

*Shepherd.* It aften haunts me, sirs, at meals, till I lay doon the spoon wi' a scunner, and bock at the rummlete thumps. The family canna sympathheese wi' me—for it's the same wi' the scent as wi' the sight—tw a folk never yet, at ae time, either smelt or saw a ghost—and it's even sae wi' the stink o' the Gander.

*North.* Peace to his manes!

*Tickler.* Methinks I see him moulting. "In my mind's eye, Horatio."

*Shepherd.* Mooltin'! Puir fallow! in the pens! The Gander's in

a piteous condition then, sirs; a' ragged and raw, dowp red-bare, as if nettle-stung, and the sprootin' qutillies blushin' wi' bluid. Oh! but at that season he's sensitive—sensitive; and he drags along his meeserable existence in æ dolefu' hiss—a fent and feeble hiss—less like an ordinar Gander's than a bat's—

*Tickler.* I know it—a mixture of a bat's, a cat's, and an adder's, which, in the darkness and silence of nature, would be not unalarming, did not your knowledge of ornithology come instantly to your aid, and scientifically refer it to the enormous moulter.

*North.* As Goldsmith pathetically says,

“To stop too fearful, and too faint to go!”

*Shepherd.* If you but pint your finger at him, then, “he gangs distracted mad”——

*Tickler.* And gives vent at all points to such a gabble, that you look up to the lift, James, expecting a cloud of wild-geese from Norway——

*Shepherd.* But the sky is calm——

*North.* And so would be the common, but for the picturesque impersonation of pain, impertinence, and poltroonery——

*Tickler.* Who

“Plays such fantastic tricks beneath high heaven  
As make the angels weep.”

*Shepherd.* What an eamage! An angel weepin' at a guse! That's no orthodox. It wou'd be ayont the power o' the angel Gabriel himsell, or Michael, or Raphael either, ony mair than us Three, to gaze down on the Gander without fa'in intil guffaws.

*North.* In Lincolnshire—in the Fens—these unfortunate animals are plucked perennially in cavies——

*Shepherd.* What! A' the year through!

*North.* Ay, James, all the year through—from June to January—and from January to June.

*Shepherd.* Without bein' alloo'd æ single holiday, sir! I cou'dna carry on sic a system o' persecutions as that again' ony Guse or Gander that ever gabbled—for it borders on inhumanity; and sometimes, methinks, about the close o' the month, as I was hauldin' the noiseless tenor o' my way towards his cavey, to gie him his accustom'd plookin', my heart wou'd relent, seein' the pimples and pustules pabblin' a' ower him, just as parritch pabbles in the pat—the countless holes, sir, out of which the quills had been rugged,—and then, in place o' administerin' the usual discipline to his dowp, or what, wi' his tale, he thinks wings, ten to ane I would gie him a handfu' o' corn, mixed wi' cau'd potatoes, say somethin' kind and consolin' to the *sans culottes* citizens

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o' the cavey, and aiblins openin' the door, let him out to tak a waddle on thae absurd splay-feet o' his, beneath whose soles you canna, however, help pitying the poor grass, and heavin' a sigh for the inevitable brusin' o' much beetle.

*North.* I am not—either by nature or education—superstitious; yet I cannot help attaching some credit to the strange rumour——

*Shepherd.* What strange rumour! Let me hear't, sir; for there's naething I like sae weel's a strange rumour.

*North.* Why, that the great Glasgow Gander has been seen since the last Noctes.

*Shepherd.* Whaur?

*North.* At divers times and in sundry places.

*Shepherd.* But no in the flesh, sir—no in the flesh.

*Tickler.* THE GHOST OF THE GANDER!!!

*North.* "Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,  
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes, done in his days of nature,  
Are burnt and purged away."

*Tickler.* "But that it is forbid  
To tell the secrets of his prison-house,  
He could a tale unfold."

*North.* That "eternal blazon," Tickler, must be reserved for another Noctes. A description of his Purgatory by the Ghost of the Glasgow Gander will eclipse Dante's.

*Shepherd.* Wha saw't?

*North.* People in general.

*Shepherd.* Ay, that's the way wi' a' supernatural apparitions. I defy you to trace ony ane amang the best accredited o' them a' up to its first gloom or glimmer afore individual een—but it's neither the less true nor the less fearsome on that account—and that you'll alloo even to your ain lowpin heart, the first time you foregather wi' a ghaist—in a wood, or on a muir, or glowerin' out upon you frae the embrasure o' an auld castle, or risin' up as silent as the mist, in the verra heart o' the thunner o' some lanesome waterfa'.

*North.* Some, 'tis said, have seen it, as if escaped from the spit—trussed, yet endowed with locomotive power——

*Tickler.* Hissing like a steam-engine.

*North.* Others gashed with a thousand wounda, and dripping with gore and gravy——

*Tickler.* "In somnia ecce! ante oculos mæstissimus ANAX,  
Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus!  
Raptatus Tapitouro ut quondam, aterque cruento  
Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus loro tumentea"

*North.* "Hei mihi! qualis erat! Quantum mutatus ab illo ANSER."

*Tickler.* "O Lux Dardaniæ! Spes O Fidissima Teuerum  
Quæ tantæ tenuere moræ! Quibus ANSER ab oris  
Expectate venis!"

*North.* "Ut te, post multa tuorum  
Funera—  
Defessi adspicimus!"

*Tickler.* "Quæ caussa indigna serenos  
Fœdavit voltus? aut cur hæc volnera cerno!"

*North.* "Ille nihil; nec me querentem vana, moratur,  
Sed, graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens"—

*Tickler.* "Heu! fuge, NATE DEA!"

*Shepherd.* What! Does the Ghost of the Gander gabble Greek?

*Tickler.* The story runs, James, that

"Even in his ashes lives his wonted fire,"

and that he has been seen by the watchman, as he "walks his lonely round," impotently pursuing, up and down the Guse-dubs, some dingy dulcinea desired of yore, who, with loud shrieks, shuns his embraces, and finally, in desperation, plunges for shelter in among a drove of ducks, merry in the moonlight on the Peat-Bog, into whose sullen depths is afraid to plunge the hot and hissing Tarquin, who bitterly knows that fat cannot float without feathers—

*North.* He sticks to Terra Firma—"larding the lean earth as he moves along."

*Shepherd.* What seems he noo in the een o' the Bubbley?

*North.* The Bubbley sees through him—and wages warfare on the Gander's Ghost. But you may imagine the Bubbley's astonishment on finding the Gander evaporate beneath his tread as he leaps upon him, after having chased him three times round Nelson's Pillar.

*Tickler.* Methinks I see the Ghost of the Gander,

"At the close of the day, when the city is still,  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove."

waddling along that noble square, on the summit of Blythswood Hill, and moralizing to himself on the destinies of his species—

*Shepherd.* Wishin', a' in vain, that they wad but tak' a lesson frae his fate! A' in vain, sirs; for even let a spectre come frae the sewer to forewarn them o' their doom, yet wunna they keep their tongue



within their bills, but wull keep gapin', and hissin', and gablin' on till the end o' the chapter, which, aiblins, consists o' sic a catastrophe at Ambrose's, sir, as will be remembered to the latest posterity, and, translated intil a thousand languages, be perused by all people that on earth do dwell, lang after the Anglo-Scotch, and the Scoto-English, have been baith dead tongues. Example's lost on a' Fules—feathered and unfeathered—and that's aye been an argumen wi' me—accepp in cases o' verra rare culprits—again' capital punishments.

*North.* 'Tis said the Gawpus of the Ghost—

*Shepherd.* You mean the Ghost o' the Gawpus—

*North.* —has been seen in Edinburgh. The Black Cook of this establishment, James, is afraid to sleep by herself—

*Shepherd.* Canna she get Tappitoury, or the Pech—

*Tickler.* Hush—hush—James.

*North.* You know all feathers are among her perquisites—and she told King Pepin, that, t'other night, on lifting up the lid of the chest where that golden fleece reposed, among the plumage of inferior fowls, lo! the Ghost of the Gander, spurred on by instinctive passion, abhorrent of his nudity, insanely struggling to replume himself—

*Shepherd.* Haw—haw—haw!—and hopping about in the chest, amaisht as roomy as a Minister's Garnel, like a chiel risin' half-drunk in the mornin', and wha havin' gotten ane o' his legs intil the breeks, fin's it a'thegether ayont his capacity to get in the ither, but keeps stoiterin' and stacherin', and tumblin', outowre the floor frae wa' to wa', for a long while, doure on an impossible achievement, and feenally fa'in' backarts on a sack, wi' nae mair howp o' maisterin' his velveteens in this warld, than in the next o' insurin' his salvation.

*Tickler.* O thou Visionary!

*North.* Poor soul! in her situation, such an adventure—

*Shepherd.* Her situation! You're no serious, sir?

*North.* Too true, James. In her fright she let fall the lid—nor has she since had courage, his majesty informs me, to uplift it.

*Tickler.* The Ghost of the Gander will be smothered. He had better have kept in the sewer.

*North.* In future ages, James, generations of men seeing the Ghost of the Glasgow Gander, will vainly believe that in the nineteenth century all Ganders were of his size—

*Shepherd.* Aye—that there were giants in our days.

*Tickler.* He will cause great disturbance in Ornithology.

*Shepherd.* Among the tribe Anseres. Compared wi' him, the geese o' the three thousandth 'll dwinnle down to dyeucks.

*North.* In some future Démonology, the philosopher will endeavour to reduce him to ordinary dimensions, nay, even to prove him—all in vain—to be a mere phantom of the imagination.

*Shepherd.* Yet, sirs, mithers and nourices wull hush the babbies or

their breasts wi' the cry o' "the Ganner!" "the Ganner!" "gin you wunna lie quate, ye vile yammerin' imp, I'll gie ye to the Ghost o' the great Glasgow Ganner!" Na—tunes 'll be made to eemage forth his gabble, by the Webers o' unborn time—and Theatres be thick wi' folk, as trees wi' craws, to hear, on the hundredth nicht o' its performance, a maist unearthly piece o' music frae a multitudinous orchestra, ca'd the "Ganner's Chorus!"

*Tickler.* I am sorry he was slaughtered. He would have been an incomparable chimney-sweep.

*Shepherd.* To have admitted him, whatna flue!

*Tickler.* Come, North, cut the subject short with a song. Give us the Ghost of the Gander—a Tale of Terror—after the fashion of Mat Lewis.\* Poor Mat! he was a man of genius—now how forgotten!

*North.* I'm a little hoarse—

*Shepherd.* A little horse?

*Tickler.* That's always the affectation of you great singers.

*North.* Pray, Tickler, which, to your ear, is the more musical of the two, the gabble of a Gander, or the braying of a Jackass?

*Shepherd.* Dinna answer him, Mr. Tickler, for he's only wushin' to get aff the sang.

*Tickler.* 'Twould be bad, boorish manners, James, not to give an answer to a civil question. I prefer the Gander by sunrise from the sea—the jackass, when that luminary is setting behind the mountains.

*Shepherd.* What luminary?

*Tickler.* Neither the Gander nor the Jackass, James, but the Sun. Elated by the glowing charms of the rosy morn, my soul delights in the gabble of geese on a common—but as I wander pensive at to-fall of the day, then, then for love or money, your jackass, with ears, legs, lungs, and jaws, all "stepping westwards," and enacting, in a solo, for his own enjoyment, the Vicar of Bray, worthy to be a Bishop.

*Shepherd.* What say ye to a Mool?

*North.* The young American, in his most amusing volumes, "A Year in Spain," has exhausted the subject.†

*Shepherd.* What's your wull, sir?

*North.* "I hate a mule," quoth he, "most thoroughly, for there is something abortive in every thing it does, even to its very bray. An

\* Matthew Gregory Lewis, a distinguished author in his own day, is chiefly remembered now through his romance called "The Monk," and a play, sometimes acted, entitled "The Castle Spectre." He was wealthy, and sat in Parliament for the borough of Hindon. "The Monk" was published in 1795 (it is founded on the story of Santon Barusa, in The Guardian), exhibits some talent, but its details are so licentious that it is said a prosecution was threatened by the government. Lewis's "Tales of Wonder" contained several of Sir Walter Scott's earliest ballads,—such as William and Ellen, The Fire-King, The Chase, &c. Lewis died at sea, in 1818, on his return from the West Indies, where he had large estates, and it was believed that he was poisoned, for the sake of the valuables he had with him, by a negro attendant to whom he had given his freedom. When Scott was budding into authorship, Lewis was a good deal in Scotland.—M.  
† "A Year in Spain," which was successfully republished in England, was written by the late Alexander Slidell (afterwards Mackenzie) of the U. S. Navy.—M.

ass, on the contrary, has something hearty and whole-souled about it. Jack begins his bray with a modest whistle, rising gradually to the top of his powers, like the progressive eloquence of a well-adjusted oration, and then, as gradually declining to a natural conclusion; but the mule commences with a voice like thunder, and then, as if sorry for what he has done, he stops like a bully when throttled in the midst of a threat, or a clown who has begun a fine speech, and has not courage to finish it."

*Shepherd.* Haw! haw! haw! That's capital, man.

*North.* As Alexander of Macedon said of old, that had he not been Alexander, he would have wished to be Diogenes, so, we may presume, had the hero of Glasgow not been a Gander, he would have chosen to be a——

*Tickler.* A Mule or Jackass!

*Shepherd.* Aye—that is the question. Each——

*North.* Alternately——

*Shepherd.* Day about.

*North.* On Tuesday, beginning his bray with a modest whistle, and throughout his performance just such an original as the lively American has drawn the animated picture of—on Friday, like a bully throttled in the midst of a threat——

*Tickler.* And cudgelled along the Trongate——

*North.* Till his back was like the Edinburgh Review.

*Tickler.* The Blue and Yellow.

*North.* Or Blackwood's Magazine.

*Tickler.* A lively green.

*Shepherd.* Needing nae certificat'.

*Tickler.* But no more nonsense. Now for your song.

*North.* (*Clearing his pipes with a caulker.*)

#### THE GHOST OF THE GANDER.

Oh! what is that figure, and what can it mean,  
That comes forth in the stillness of night—  
That near the Guse-Dubs like a phantom is seen—  
That haunts the Salt-Market, the Gorbals, the Green,\*  
And avoids the approach of the light!

'Tis the Ghost of the Gander—the unavenged Ghost  
The spirit disturb'd and distress'd  
Of him who erewhile of his tribe was the boast,  
Whom 'twas shocking to slay, and inhuman to roast  
The unfortunate Goose of the West!

\* These localities almost deserve being called "the back slums" (vide Dickens) of Glasgow the City of the West.—M.

We all must remember—we never can cease  
 To think of his proudest display,  
 When first in the grand competition of Geese,  
 He appear'd like an over-fed Hero of Grease,  
 And triumphantly carried the day.

And oh! had he made but a different use  
 Of his triumph of shape and of size,  
 He still might have lived—a respectable Goose—  
 And the nettles might still have been proud to produce  
 The Gander that carried the prize!

But, flushed with his conquest, elated with fame,  
 And swoln with preposterous pride,  
 With gabble unheard-of in wild-geese or tame,  
 The Gander in person and conduct became  
 The Pest of the Queen of the Clyda.

We do not insist on his manner and mien—  
 For these we might find an excuse—  
 But his gabble was gross, and his conduct obscene,  
 And he openly dwelt among creatures unclean—  
 A shameless and scandalous Goose!

And, hating the blessings he never could share,  
 How loudly his anger arose  
 'Gainst the great, and the good, and the brave, and the fair  
 Whom, in the true spirit of spiteful despair,  
 He accounted his natural foes!

But the life of the Gander we need not relate,  
 Nor describe how he flourished and fell—  
 We all know his folly—and as for his fate,  
 Remembrance must long be oppress'd with the weight  
 Of that "strange insupportable smell!"

And now that his carcass at length is at rest,  
 And rankles in rotten repose—  
 When the regent of day has gone down in the West,  
 His spirit thus wanders, unpitied, unblest,  
 And noxious still to the nose!

The Ghost of a Goose is a curious sight—  
 A strange enough phantom at best;  
 But far may you travel before you shall light  
 On such a preposterous spirit of night  
 As the Ghost of the Goose of the West

His figure, his gesture, his aspect, his air,  
 His waddle—they still are the same—  
 But his ill-fated carcass is naked and bare,  
 Displaying the marks of a recent affair,  
 That his friends are unwilling to name.

And a spirit like this, in a garb of Goose-skin,  
 Where plumage refuses to grow,  
 Is doubly absurd, when there hangs at his chin,  
 The shadowy shape of a Trophy of Tin,  
 The Medal he gain'd at the show.

Thus nightly he waddles around and around  
 Each loved and familiar scene—  
 The Goose-Dubs, of course, are his favourite ground—  
 But sometimes the spectre may even be found  
 Near the door of the very Tontine! \*

And there when the usual party are met,  
 "Just thinking" of oysters and ale,  
 The plan of the ev'ning is quite overset,—  
 For the Ghost of a Goose is a very bad whet,—  
 And the Knights of the Shell turn tail!

By the church of Saint Mungo he often has sat,  
 On a tombstone, awaiting the day,  
 When the rest of the ghosts, and the owl, and the bat,  
 Alarm'd at a phantom so fetid and fat,  
 Have fled with a shriek of dismay!

And oh! but to hear him when making his moan  
 In that region remote and recluse—  
 It is not a gabble—it is not a groan—  
 Description despairs in describing the tone  
 Of the ill-fated Ghost of the Goose!

And although 'twas a rule among spirits of old  
 To speak not, except in reply,—  
 With the Ghost of the Gander this rule doesn't ho'd,  
 For he always is ready his "tale to unfold,"  
 With a sad and a sulphurous sigh!

With accent unearthly, and piteous look,  
 He curses the day he was dress'd—  
 He calls for revenge on the scullion, the cook—  
 But chief upon him who the task undertook  
 Of dissecting the Goose of the West!

But long may he wander alarming the night,  
 And vengeance invoking in vain—  
 For no one in Glasgow e'er pitied his plight,  
 And many there are who would even delight  
 If he could be dissected again!

There are Masses for many a spirit's repose,  
 And spells that can lay them at rest;  
 But who would e'er dream of assuaging the woes  
 Of one so offensive to eyes, ears, and nose,  
 As the Ghost of the Goose of the West!

A principal hotel at Glasgow, in 1831. I believe it has lately been converted into offices.—V.

*Tickler.* Bravissimo ! Bravissimo !

*Shepherd.* Anchor ! Anchor !

*North.* I have done so, James. I have brought my verse to an anchor.

*Tickler.* Encore ! Encore—encore—Kit—encore—

*Shepherd.* That's what I mean, sir. Hangcur ! Hangcur ? Hangcur !

*North.* No—gentlemen. Pardon me. But feeling myself in voice, I have no objection to compound with a parody on Tom Bowling. After that, let us set in to serious thinking. You must suppose the Gander buried in a dunghill.

*Tickler.* No violent supposition, certainly, sir.

*North.* (*sings.*)

*Air—Tom Bowling.*

1.

Here a foul hulk lies Glasgow's Gander  
The vilest of his race,—  
Alike unfit for spit or brander,  
This is his proper place !  
His aspect was the most ungainly,  
And those who knew him well,  
Say that you might discover plainly  
His presence by the smell !

2.

This bird of mud was still reviling  
Each of the Birds of Air,  
His columns still of filth compiling,—  
The splutter of despair !  
And toiling thus in his vocation,  
His Chronicle will tell  
How you might prove to demonstration  
His labours from the Smell !

3.

And when by this rash hand dissected  
On that unhappy Night,  
He proved, as might have been expected  
Indeed "a Sorry Sight !"  
The fainting-fits—the fumigation—  
On these my song would dwell,  
But it concludes in Suffocation  
From memory of that Smell !

*Tickler.* Faugh ! faugh ! faugh !

*Shepherd.* Feuch ! feuch ! feuch !

*North.* Steuch ! steuch ! steuch !

*Shepherd.* 'Tis gane. Do you ken, sirs, that I'm waxin' unco hungry, and think I cou'd eat some half-dizzen or sae o' hard-biled eggs !

*North.* I will join you, James, with the utmost alacrity.

*Tickler.* And so will I—*mordicus*.

*Shepherd.* We had as weel order twa dizzen, and that'll leave a few to come and gang on.

*Bell is rung—the PEOP appear, disappears, and re-appears with the aforesaid. GURNEY makes a bolt from the Ear of Dionysius, and sic transeunt Noctes.\**

\* Since the note upon page 301 was written, I have recovered the *ipissima verba* used by Cobbett respecting "Paradise Lost." They run thus:—(the Italics are *his*, also:)—"God, *almighty* and *all-foreseeing*, first permitting his chief angel to be disposed to sin against him; his permitting him to enlist whole squadrons of angels under his banner; his permitting this host to come and dispute with him the throne of heaven; his permitting the contest to be long and, at one time, doubtful; his permitting the devils to bring cannon into this battle in the clouds; his permitting one devil, or angel, I forget which, to be split down the middle, from crown to notch, as we split a pig; his permitting the two halves, intestines and all, to go slap up together again, and become a perfect body; his then causing all the devil host to be tumbled headlong down into a place called Hell, of the local situation of which no man can have an idea; his causing gates, (iron gates, too,) to be erected to keep the devil in; his permitting him to get out, nevertheless, and to come and destroy the peace and happiness of his new creation; his causing his son to take a pair of compasses out of a drawer, to trace the form of the earth; all this, and, indeed, the whole of Milton's poem, is such barbarous trash, so outrageously offensive to reason and to common sense, that one is naturally led to wonder how it can have been tolerated by a people, amongst whom astronomy, navigation, and chemistry are understood. But it is *the fashion* to turn up the eyes when Paradise Lost is mentioned; and if you fail herein you want *taste*; you want judgment if you do not admire this absurd and ridiculous stuff, when, *if one of your relations were to write a letter in the same strain, you would send him to a madhouse, and take his estate. It is the sacrificing reason to fashion.* As to the other 'Divine Bard,' the case is still more provoking."—And he treats Shakspeare not a whit better than he had treated Milton!—M.

*Tickler.* In my opinion, the circumstances you speak of with such abhorrence are the very things that alone render the whole concern in any sort tolerable. My good fellow, do but look round this room. You'll allow it contains about as many cubic feet as the *City of Athens*, and it is near planted by a river, and all about it are trees of lordly stature.

*North.* "And branches grow thereon."

*Tickler.* Well, dear, only conceive of this room being partitioned into some score of sections answering in shape and dimensions to the cabin, lady's cabin, state-rooms, steerage, &c. &c. &c. of a crack-steam-er, and people these *domiciliuncula* with such an omnigatherum of human mortals as Captain Macraw or Captain Maclaver is in the habit of transporting from Leith to London, or *vice versa*.

*North.* God forbid!—the half payers, milliners' apprentices, and all?

*Tickler.* Yes—every soul of them—shut them all up here together for three days and nights, more or less, to eat, drink, sleep, snore, walk, strut, hop, swagger, lounge, shave, brush, wash, comb, cough, hiccup, gargle, dispute, prose, declaim, sneer, laugh, whisper, sing, growl, smile, smirk, flirt, fondle, preach, lie, swear, snuff, chew, smoke, read, play, gasconize, gallivant, etcetera, etceterorum.

*North.* Stop, for God's sake—

*Tickler.* Not I—cage your Christians securely, give them at discretion great big greasy legs of Leicestershire mutton; red enormous rounds of Bedford beef; vast cold thick inexpugnable pies of Essex veal; broad, deep, yellow, fragrant Cheshire cheeses; smart, sharp, white, acidulous ginger beer,—strong, heavy, black, double X—new rough hot port in pint bottles; the very élite of Cape sherry "of the earth earthy;" basketfuls of cracked biscuits; slices of fat ham piled inch thick on two feet long blue and white *ashets*; beautiful round dumpy glazed jugs of tepid Thames water, charming whitey-brown porringers of nutty-brown soft sugar, corpulent bloated seedy lemons, with green-handled saw-edged steel knives to bisect them; gills of real malt whiskey, the most genuine Cognac brandy, the very grandest of old antique veritable Jamaica rum, and Schiedam Hollands—tall, thin, glaring, tallow candles in dim brazen candlesticks, planted few and far between on deal tables covered with frieze tablecloths, once green and nappy, now bare, tawny, and speckled with spots of gravy, vinegar, punch, toddy, beer, oil, tea, treacle, honey, jam, jelly, marmalade,



catsup, coffee, capillaire, soda-water, seidlitz draughts, cocoa, gin twist, Bell's ale, heavy wet, blue ruin, max, cider, rhubarb, Eau de Cologne, chocolate, onion sauce, tobacco, lavender, peppermint, sneeze, slop, barley-sugar, soy, liquorice, oranges, peaches, plums, apricots, cherries, beans, apples, pears, grosets, currants, turnips, lozenges, electuaries, abstersives, diuretics, eau-medicinale, egg, bacon, milk punch, herring, sausage, fried tripe, toasted Dunlop, livers, lights, soap, caudle, cauli flower, tamarinds, potted char, champagne, lunelle, claret, hock, purl, perry, saloop, tokay, ginger-bread, scalloped oysters, milk, ink, butter, jalap, pease-pudding, blood——

*North.* Oh! horrible—most horrible—enough, enough.

*Shepherd.* Hae dune, hae dune, man—od ye're enough to gar a sow scunner——

*Tickler.* You agree, then, with my original position. The only circumstances that render the concern in any shape or sort tolerable, are the very things you set out with abusing. The locomotion, the sea blast, the rocking of the waves, the creaking and hissing of the machinery—in short, whatever has a direct and constant tendency to remind us that our misery is but for a certain given number of hours—in other words, that you are not in hell, but only in purgatory. And I have said nothing as to the night-work—the Kilmarnocks—the flannels, the sights and the sounds——

*North.* I shall sconce you a bumper for every disgusting image you please yourself with cooking—stop at once—let us suppose your voyage over, and the immortal traveller treads once more the solid earth of Augusta Trinobantum. How long was it since you had been in town, Timothy?

*Tickler.* I never go up except when the Whigs are in power—ergo, I had seen nothing of the great city since the year of grace 1805. I confess I was curious to behold once more the dome of St. Paul's, and snuff yet again the air of Westminster, to walk down Regent Street, and hear a debate in St. Stephen's, and above all, to take by the hand some half-dozen good fellows of my own standing, who still keep up the fashions and customs, as well as principles of the better time—Sidmouth, for example, Eldon, Sir William Grant, and one or two more that have stuck to Pitt and Port through evil report and good. These, lads, are the salt of the earth!

*North.* And you found them all in good savour?—How does Old Bags\* look? And the worthy Doctor? I hope years sit light on that lofty fabric? And Grant, my own dear crony, can he still take his two bottles as in the days of yore?

\* Lord Eldon had been Lord Chancellor for about twenty-five years. The great Seal of England, of which he is custodian, is supposed to be kept in an embroidered bag, which is always borne before him on State occasions. Hence, in Hone's political satires, he was usually spoken of as "Old Bags," and the use of the *sobriquet* became pretty frequent.—M.

*Tickler.* Aye, or three, on due occasion.\* 'Faith we had some rare doings, I promise ye. One evening we were at The Thatched House, seven in number, not one of us under seventy-six, Eldon in the chair, and Tom Hill croupier—and how many bottles, think ye, shed the blood of old Oporto? sixteen, by Jupiter! over and above the Madeira, during dinner, and perhaps some three or four flasks of your light French stuff, which no man regardeth.

*North.* Bravely done, of a truth. But tell me how they all look? At least you must have seen a considerable change, my old friend?

*Tickler.* Why—yes—some. But that's a sore subject. However, I knew them all again at first sight; and, I am sorry to say, that's more than they did for me. Who do you think the Ex-Chancellor took me for when we first forgathered on the shady side of sweet Pall Mall? You may guess for a twelvemonth—even Sir Francis Burdett—and, I must confess, when the baronet was pointed out to me, a night or two after in the House of Commons, I did see something monstrous like what stares me in the face every morning at shaving time. But indeed there were more people that fell into the same mistake—Ha! ha! ha! Will you believe it? The lackeys at Lord Hill's *fête champêtre*, thundered out, "Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Francis Burdett!" whenever I put my head out of the carriage window; and, in spite of all my reclamations, I was ushered, under these colours, into the very presence of William the Fourth!

*Shepherd.* Sir Francis must be a grand-looking auld carle, I can tell him. Does he stand sax feet four in his stockings, at this time o' day, after a' his doings?

*Tickler.* Not quite—but at a little distance the mistake might be excusable. I flatter myself, in my new archer's coat and epaulets, I looked toll-lo! for an octogenarian, and my *double ganger* set his Windsor uniform deuced well too. The fact is, we are, as to the outward man, two uncommon respectable-looking specimens of the last age—but *entre nous*, I should not be much delighted to think the resemblance went farther. He's quite gone, poor creature—never was a more miserable break down than his attempt to answer Peel. It's all off with him in that way—mere drivels, my dears—never witnessed anything more humbling—voice cracked—gesture fretfully impotent—words a hodge-podge of the bald and the tumid—sentences without head or tail—the whole *oratio* a very whine of rant—equally remote from the simplicity of youth, the vigour of manhood, and the gravity of age.† Let me tell you, a man at my time of life, in possession of

\* Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, for many years, died in 1832, aged seventy-eight. He was of rather humble parentage, but emerged from obscurity, by the vigour of his own mind, without any adventitious aids from patronage. He was one of the best English equity judges of modern times.—M.

† A few years after this, Burdett apostatized from the liberal principles of which he had been the champion for forty years, and joined the Conservative party, then led by Peel.—M.

such faculties as it pleased God to give him, would gladly walk ten miles in a sleet, rather than find himself obliged to sit out such an ominous exhibition "as you."

*North.* Poor Sir Francis! The last time I heard him speak it was a different story. And by the by, he spoke in Latin. It was at a meeting of the Oxford Convocation about an Anti-Catholic petition, some twenty years ago, I suppose. I happened to be spending a few days with Tatham, and he carried me with him, and I shall never forget the stupor and horror which the Radical M.A.'s fluent, elegant, harangue created among some of the Gloucestershire parsons who had come up with their little dozy speeches, stuck full of *porro*, and *mehercle*, and *esse videtur*, all cut and dry in the crowns of their caps—but this is an old story, and he was then as fine-looking a Jacobin of fifty or so, as ever I clapt eyes on. *Sic transit.*

*Tickler.* We'll let that flie stick to the wa'. Well, he was the only man I heard speak on this great occasion that I had ever heard before, and I might be excused when I looked round among so many new faces, and wished some others of the elder day had been spared in place of this gentleman, who, in his best time was egregiously overrated, and who certainly cannot be underrated *now*. Well might Lord Mahon\* quote—

O for one hour of Wallace wight,  
Or well-skilled Bruce to rule the fight!

and express the sad regret with which, having the same morning conversed with Pitt's elder brother, entire in all his powers,† he considered the untimely blow that had deprived this second and darker crisis of Jacobinism of the great leader that conducted us through the first!

\* Lord Mahon, eldest son of the Earl of Stanhope, was a moderate Tory, when in Parliament, and was one of Peel's under-secretaries of State in 1834—5. He has devoted his literary powers, which are considerable, to the composition of biographical and historical works. Of these the most important (of which seven volumes had appeared, up to Midsummer, 1854) is a *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle*. His first work was, the *Life of Belisarius*. He is one of the literary executors of the late Sir Robert Peel.—M.

† The Earl of Chatham, eldest son of the first William Pitt, was military commander of the unfortunate expedition against Walcheren. The fortress of Flushing and the Isle of Walcheren were taken. Antwerp, then occupied by the French, should have been the point of attack, and might have been captured, as the British force consisted of 45,000 men, while the garrison at Antwerp was only 3000. Lord Chatham, deficient in energy, left Antwerp for the last. Sir Richard Strachan (pronounced Straun) was at the head of the naval armament. Neither appeared particularly eager to fight,—each attributed the delay to his colleague. Hence the rhymes—

The Earl of Chatham, with his sword drawn,  
Was waiting for Sir Richard Strachan.  
Sir Richard, eager to be at 'em,  
Was waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

Time was given, by the delay, to throw reinforcements into Antwerp. The French fleet in the Scheldt escaped, and after some months' occupation of Walcheren, the British troops returned home, the local malaria distemper, commonly called the Walcheren fever, having killed 7000 men, and so much invalidated 13,000 more as to render them unfit for future service.—There is something ludicrous in the idea of Lord Mahon's speaking of the weak and unsuccessful Walcheren veteran of 1809, as being "entire in all his powers" in 1831.—M.

I will be bound, as any person, not a professed reviewer, ever had patience for. Blood from a turnip! This is a queer world. Several great men have been very little ones; but is it not a strange fact that all very little men appear to have a notion that they are born for greatness?

*North.* You never forget your own six feet four.

*Tickler.* It is easy to say that; but it won't answer my question. I ask you if you ever met a very little man that had not an egregious conceit of himself?

*Shepherd.* They a' marry strappers o' women—that's a fact.

*Tickler.* Exactly—and it is the same with them throughout. Here, now, is a young gentleman of the highest quality, and endowed, I suppose, with *quantum suff.* of the other gifts of fortune—why could he not permit his small mind to inhabit quietly its well-matched tenement? Poetry, Tragedy, History, Oratory!—to be at once a Byron, a Baillie, a Hallam, and a Canning! And now to be a Pericles, too, or a Gracchus, or a Brissot—or God knows what! Well, we can't help laughing, notwithstanding all that has been, and is like to be!

“Ah! Corydon, Corydon! *quis te dementia cepit!*”

*North.* Your laugh is wild enough; but I confess I see as yet no symptoms of your “severest woe.”

*Tickler.* Pooh! 'tis not come to that yet. These lads have a sore tussle before them yet ere they gain their ends. (*Sings.*)

“To the Lords of Convention 'twas Clavers that spoke,  
Ere the king's crown goes down there be crowns to be broke.”

*North.* Say nothing about either kings or crowns, but tell us honestly, how does Lord John perform? I must have seen him, I suppose, and heard him, too, but my memory is treacherous.

*Tickler.* Why, he's a very small concern of a mannikin, no doubt; but John Bull was quite wrong in likening him to an apothecary's boy. No, no, he has, notwithstanding his inches, perfectly the air of high birth and high breeding. His appearance is petty—not mean—and such I fancy to be the case intellectual as well. The features are rather good than otherwise. Baldness gives something of the show of a fore head—sharp nose—figure neatish—a springy step. The voice is clear, though feeble—the words are smooth, decorous words, arranged in trim deftly-balanced sentences—the sense, however atrocious, is obvious to the lowest capacity—and he gets on as easily in expounding a New Constitution for Old England as our dear friend Johnny Ballantyne, (of whom, by the by, his outward man put me strongly in mind,) as dear iocund Johnny, poor fellow, used to do in opening up to the gaze of the curious, in former days, a fresh importation of knicknackeries from the Palais Royal, or riband-boxes from Brussels. Alas! poor Yorick!

*North.* Even his poetry showed something of the real fire.

*Tickler.* Some atrocious bad taste, in the way of egotistical allusion, spoiled the tail-piece; but had he known when to stop—I really think he might have established himself as one of their first-rates.\* As it was, he did fifty times better than either Robert Grant, or Denman (he, indeed, was bitter bad), or Sir James Graham (whom I thought cold and pompous, and somehow not in earnest), or Hobhouse (who, however, is far above the common pitch), or even O'Connell, or indeed any of them, but Macaulay. I am not of course comparing such folk seriously with Jeffrey or Mackintosh—they belong to another sort of calibre; but on this occasion, so chilled and hampered were they at every turn with their own recorded opinions, reviews, lectures, speeches, and histories, that they cut but indifferent figures—and the *novi homunculi* had the Whig garland among them—

*North.* The Tory evergreens being divided between—

*Tickler.* Let me see. I need not say any thing of Peel; for since the Chancellor's departure, he is more entirely and completely the lord and master of that queer place than any man has been since the death of Pitt.† Even Pitt had his Fox to grapple with, and Canning had his Brougham; but now there was no competition—not even the semblance of rivalry. Neither need I be talking about Croker to you—you well know, that nothing but his position in the government, and yet out of the Cabinet, could have prevented him from being the first speaker of his time long ere this time of day. His dealing with Jeffrey was like a wolf dandling the kid. He tore him to pieces with the ease—I wish I could help adding, with the visible joy—of a demon. The effect was such, that after ten minutes, the Whigs could not bear it. They trooped out file after file, black, grim, scowling, grinding their teeth, in sheer imbecile desperation. A great lord of the party, who sat just before me under the gallery, whispered to his neighbour, "*God—damn—him,*" with a gallows croak, and strode out of the place, as if he had been stung by a rattlesnake.

*North.* I have heard Croker in days past, and can easily conceive what he must be now that the fetters of office no longer cramp him.‡ His action struck me as somewhat *brusque*—but his voice is a capital one, and he is not likely to be at a loss for words or ideas. What a blasted disgrace to the party that they kept him out of the Cabinet, and set over his head, among others, so many, comparatively speaking, sheer blockheads—some of whom, moreover, have deserted us *ἐν ἀποστροφῇ!*

\* Sheil did establish himself as one of the first-favourites among the Parliamentary speakers. His orations, however, smelt of the lamp, and were not so efficient, from that circumstance, as if they had been extemporaneously created from and to the occasion.—M.

† The Chancellor here mentioned was Brougham. Peel was a fine speaker, no doubt, but his manner was never so well hit off as when somebody called him "*Sir Robert Plausible*."—M.

‡ The most effective debater, against the Reform Bill, in 1831-2, was John Wilson Croker, ex-Secretary to the Admiralty. He did not aspire to a seat in Parliament after the bill had passed.—M.

their proceedings have changed things more important than my little private wishes as to the *locum tenen-ries* of Whitehall; and, to be honest, I now almost begin to blame myself for the hand I had in turning out their predecessors.

*Tickler.* Never repent of that. They neglected their duty, and you did yours. Not being either a Rowite or a Secondsighter, you could not foretell the consequences of the Wellingtonian downfall—and in personal respect to the immortal Duke himself, I am sure the worst of your enemies can never pretend to say you were deficient. The cursed Currency concern of 1819 was, after all, the father of the national distress—the national distress was the parent of the national Discontent—Discontent has in all ages been the progenitor of Delusion—and Delusion alone could ever have given breath and being to such a monster as the Durham Bill. Do you watch the turn of the tide, and do your duty when the Tories come in, as steadily as you did before they went out. It is to be hoped they have got a lesson—and that neither by the patronage of Whigs, nor the adoption of Whig measures, will Tories again, at least in our time, undermine at once their own power, and, what is of rather more importance, the constitution of their country. But whether the lesson be or not taken at head-quarters, my dear North, never do shrink from your old rules—“*stare super antiquas vias*”—“*nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*”—“*respect the landmarks*”—and “*let woe be de!*”

*North.* Fear God and honour the king!—*quand même.*

*Tickler.* *Quand même! Quand même! Quand même! Ah North!*

“Hence spring these tears—this Ilium of our foes:  
Cold wax his friends, whose faith is in his woes!”

So says Dryden—and such, I fear, is the case at present in too many quarters; but it will never be so with us. We know our duty better—and we understand, I venture to say, the facts of the case better. In spite of Sir James Scarlett's *law* we pity, but at the same time, in spite of Lord Grey's bill, we honour; and the time will come for us to vindicate, defend, liberate, and uphold. I confess I witnessed certain scenes—Ascot—Drury Lane—even the Painted Chamber—even the House of Lords itself—with feelings of deeper pain than I could have believed any things of that nature could have had power to stir up, now-a-days, in these old tough heartstrings.

*North.* “A deathlike silence, and a drear repose?”

*Tickler.* An unanimous, bellowing, blustering, hallooing mob, a divided, distrustful gentry, an insulted but unshaken peerage, a doomed but determined prelacy—these are strange signs, and sorrowful.

*North.* A vulgarized Court, a despairing Family, and a trembling Crown!

*Tickler.* England has unquestionably seen no such danger since the meeting of the Long Parliament; but *this*, I still hope, will be known in history as the Short one.

*North.* A charitable hope. Well, if the Peers be made of such stuff as I believe they are, it is like to be more short than merry, at all events. How do the Bishops look?

*Tickler.* Quite firm; but I never doubted as to them. What did me the real good was to have all my little qualms about the lay Lords laid—which they were by a single glance round the House, while the King was reading his Ministers' long-winded and very single-minded Speech.\* That satisfied me; and I own I am much deceived if the effect was not quite as decided, although not, peradventure, so consolatory, in a certain quarter. His Majesty looked, to my eye, any thing but comfortable; but, I am sorry to say, he is evidently in very feeble bodily health, and it was a hot day, and the crowd was pestiferous, and an *unconsecrated* crown is perhaps heavier than usual, so that the circumstance might be otherwise accounted for. Can't say—merely give you my impressions of the moment—looked, I thought, flustered and unhappy—boggled several times in the reading, and changed colour oddly.

*North.* 'Tis odd enough; but his Majesty is the only one of his father's sons I never happened to behold in the flesh. Which of the family does he most resemble? If one could trust Lawrence's picture, I should say the old King himself.

*Tickler.* I rather think it is so;—but by far the best likenesses are those of H. B., whoever may answer to those immortal initials; and of all his admirable ones, the best by far is that in the print of the Old Wicked Gray running off with John Gilpin, while Lord Brougham cries, "Go it! go it!—never mind the Ducks and the Geese," (meaning the Peers and Parsons, who are typified as huge waddlers of the South, and great Gauders of Lambeth, with coronets and mitres on their heads,) and Mrs. Gilpin appears above on the balcony with her *half-crown*, screaming to the bystanders. The face of the headlong Captain of the Train-bands is perfect in every lineament—and I think the anonymous genius of our day,† who has already beat Gilray to sticks, must have been in the House of Lords upon the recent grand occasion I have been alluding to.

*North.* Remember to bid the Bailie order it down. Are we never to see these things in Auld Reekie until they be out of Date? The "Never mind the Ducks and Geese" would be a fair motto for a new edition of the "Friendly Advice."

*Tickler.* The Ducks and Geese, however, will be found quite capa-

\* On the opening of the new Parliament 1831.—M.

† This was John Doyle, whose son Richard was long the best illustrator of *Punch*.—M.

ble of holding their own, and suffer neither Rats nor Weasels to disturb the Wash of Edmonton with impunity.

*North.* They had as well. If they don't, they are done. Do any of the "ORDER"\* I wonder, sincerely and seriously believe that we of the inferior classes, who have always stood by them, in opposition to the folks who, after daubing them with dirt all their lives, are now trying to half-bully, half-cajole them into an abandonment of their highest and most sacred duties,—do any of these high and mighty personages seriously believe that we poor Tory gentlemen have been actuated in our feelings and conduct regarding them by mere vulgar admiration and humble worship of the pomps and vanities of long pedigrees, magnificent chateaus, and resplendent equipages? Do any of them believe that it is, *per se*, simply, and of itself, a matter of joy, and satisfaction, and exultation to us, to behold a certain number of individuals, most of them neither wiser, nor cleverer, nor more active, nor even better-looking than ourselves—many of them, indeed, neither better born nor better bred than the ordinary run of the gentry;—do they fancy it is a pure unmixed essential delight to us, I say, to behold them in the possession of honours and eminences, and wealth, luxury, and grandeur of all possible sorts, to which we ourselves make no pretensions—to share in which we have neither hope nor wish? If so, I can assure them they have the misfortune to labour under a grievous mistake. I, Christopher North, am not a bit more incapable than any radical in the land of appreciating the conveniences, excellences, comfort, glory, and triumph of having nobody above me. You and I have not lived in the world (some seventy years, Timothy, eh?) without having mixed a good deal with people of all classes;—we have not passed through "this visible diurnal sphere" without having experienced occasionally, quite as feelingly as others, "the proud man's contumely," more especially in its most offensive form of *condescension*. We have all had our eyes and ears about us, my friend, and our brains and our hearts too,—and our support of the British Aristocracy has been, and is, bottomed on principles entirely unconnected with the selfish part of our own natures. That institution has never presented any thing at all likely to gratify either the personal vanity or the personal pride of individuals in our situation. We have stuck by it as a great bulwark of the Constitution—a great safeguard of the rights and privileges of our fellow-subjects of all classes—a mighty barrier, reared originally perhaps between the Crown and the people, to protect them from each other's violence, but chiefly valuable in our eyes, *hodie* and *de facto*, as a barrier between *numbers* on the one side and *property* on the other. If the Prince is so unfortunate

\* In 1827, in a speech violently assailing Canning, Lord Grey emphatically told the Peers that he would stand by his Order. In 1831, he threatened to swamp the same peers opposing the Reform Bill, by creating eighty peerages all in one batch.—M.



as to have a set of Revolutionists for his Ministers, and if, following too literally (as, under supposable circumstances of more kinds than one, a very well-meaning Prince might do) the letter of the Constitutional doctrine, he allows them to do wrong in his name, according to the measure and modesty of their own discretion, the Prince himself becomes for the moment merged in the mob—and it is the business of the Peerage to defeat the mob, for the express purpose, not only of protecting US, but of rescuing and emancipating HIM. Let them be found false and faithless on *one* such occasion—let them convince the loyal gentry that they have been all along buttressing the predominance of a set of functionaries, who, when the great moment for discharging the essential function arrives, want either honesty to recognize, or courage to fulfil, at whatever hazard, the demands of the critical hour; let them practically bring home *this* conviction to our bosoms, and they may depend upon the fact—that thenceforth, even from that moment, they have not one conscientious adherent below the immediate connexions of their own small, and then isolated, circle. Oh! ho! we must have something for our *booin'*!

*Tickler.* What an honest fellow is "The Examiner!" He, I see, tells the Lords very plainly that their lease is nearly out, whatever course they may pursue on this occasion. Assuming as an undeniable fact, that a decided, a vast majority of them are against the Revolutionary robbery, he says—"You will either act according to your own absurd opinion, or you will not. If you do, the nation will cashier you for your presumption. If you do not,—if you, by your conduct on this occasion, manifest a becoming sense of your own incapacity to oppose the popular feeling when strongly pronounced on a momentous question, the conclusion will of course force itself on the dullest understanding, that you are *of no use*—that the order had as well *cease to exist*." I won't swear to the words, but that, I am sure, is this clever and candid republican's sense—and I perceive you agree with him.

*North.* To be sure I do. Indeed, all through this battle, The Examiner, and The Examiner alone of the Ministerial prints, has met the case fairly and directly.

*Tickler.* He has—and I give him credit for so doing. But you need be under no apprehensions of the second horn of this dilemma. Never was such a contrast as the bold, uncompromising attitude of the Opposition in the Lords, and the crouching, craven, convict-like bearing of the deluders and deluded who occupy the right-hand side of the Woolsack. The Bishops were the only people on that side of the House who looked anything like men—and it is now no secret that whenever *the Bill* is tabled there, they are to walk across the floor in a body (all but old doited Norwich)—a thing unexampled since the days of THE IMMORTAL SEVEN!—I wish you could see our muster in that quarter—Wellington, Eldon, Mansfield, Carnarvon, Northumberland,

Wharnccliffe, Tenterden—and a dozen more of them—confronting such things as the old Jacobin,\* trembling in his blue ribbon, and his poor, silly *socii criminis*—his Holland, bloated with vanity and impotence, unwieldy as the monument, fat and feebleness in every inch—Lansdowne, wasted, worn, enervate Lansdowne—Swag Sefton—but why should we bother ourselves with such nonentities? The most pitiable, however, are the Canningite Lords—and I own I was vexed, on more accounts than either one, two, or three, when I saw such people as Goderich and Melbourne mixed up with Ulick, Marquess of Clanricarde! Simon Peter! Simon Peter!

*North.* 'Tis well. By the by, it always strikes me as something more comfortable in itself, than exactly intelligible according to the received theory of actual feeling in certain quarters, that the heiress of England should all this while be entrusted to the care and keeping of a noble Tory lady†—the good and graceful Duchess of Northumberland!

*Tickler.* I must leave that puzzle to Lord Prudhoe's friend, the Magician of Cairo.

*North.* Who? Magician of Cairo! Are you coming Magraubin over us?

*Tickler.* You have not heard the story, then! I thought it must have found its way ere now into the newspapers.

*North.* Not a bit of it. Come, we've had enough of King, Lords, Commons, and newspapers—by all means, supper, and tip us your *diablerie*.  
(*Rings and orders lobsters and cold punch.*)

*Tickler.* I know you will laugh at what I am about to tell you—but I can only say I heard it *at second-hand*—no more—from one of the two gentlemen who are responsible for having made this concern the table-talk of all London. They are both men of the very highest character, and they are about, it is said, to publish, jointly, a volume of travels in Africa, including, among other marvels, this same apparently unaccountable narration.

*North.* Name—name.

*Tickler.* Lord Prudhoe, brother to the Duke of Northumberland,‡ and his friend and companion, Major Felix. They have just returned from Egypt, and except Reform and Cholera, and Lady ———, their story was, I think I may safely say, the only thing I heard spoken about at any of the Clubs I frequented.

*North.* Which were——

*Tickler.* White's—the Cocoa—the Alfred—the Travellers'—the Athenæum—and the Senior United Service.

*North.* How the devil are you a member of the last?

*Tickler.* *Multis nominibus.* As Ex-fugleman of the Flatfoots—as

\* Lord Grey.—M.

† The noble Tory lady, however, did not succeed in instilling her own politics into the mind of the Princess Victoria, her pupil.—M.

‡ In 1847, on his brother's death, Lord Prudhoe succeeded him as Duke.—M.

Brigadier-General in the Scotch Body Guard—and as Deputy-Lieutenant in the counties of Mid-Lothian, Lanark, Renfrew, Dumbarton, Ayr, Argyle, Perth, Fife, and Banff.

*North.* And how of the Traveller?

*Tickler.* As having accompanied Baxter in "Garrison for ever," in the Kremlin, August 15th, 1821. As having eat eighteen inches on end, unbroken, of macaroni, out of the basket of the late King of Naples, the King's Own, in his own market-place, 12th September, 1823. As having smoked fifteen cigars at one sitting with old Matthias, among the ruins of Agrigentum, in Autumn 1824. As having got dead drunk on new rum within the spray of Niagara, with the Teeger,\* in the dog-days of 1827. And finally, as having ridden the Spring Circuit of last year—only 7,000 miles—in doeskin jacket, dogskin breeches, bullskin boots, and whalebone broadbrim, with the Honourable Mr. Justice Menzies of the Cape of Good Hope.

*North.* The Athenæum?

*Tickler.* An original member—proposed by William Spenser—seconded by William Sotheby.

*North.* The Alfred?

*Tickler.* Proposed in 1785 by Lord Thurlow—seconded by Bishop Watson—admitted unanimously.

*North.* Cocoa?

*Tickler.* Got in through Sheridan about the time of the mutiny of the Nore.

*North.* White's?

*Tickler.* Proposed by Canning—seconded by Castlereagh, just before their split.

*North.* Very well. Now fill your glass and tell your story.†

*Tickler.* Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix being at Cairo last autumn, on their return from Abyssinia, where they picked up much of that information which has been worked up so well by Captain Bond Head in his life of Bruce, found the town in a state of extraordinary excitement, in consequence of the recent arrival in those parts of a celebrated Magician from the centre of Africa, somewhere in the vicinity of the Mountains of the Moon. It was universally said, and generally believ-

\* The late Dr. Dunlop, of Canada.—M.

† Incredible as the narrative which follows may appear, there is evidence in its favour. A very particular account of Sheik Abd el Kader, the Magician of Cairo, was published in Mr. Lane's "Modern Egyptians." But in "Modern Egypt and Thebes," of later date, Sir Gardner Wilkinson narrates what he himself had seen, in 1841, in the presence of nine persons, four of whom spoke Arabic so well that they had no occasion to employ an interpreter, and throws discredit upon it, thinking that leading questions are put, and "that whenever the deceptions succeed in any part, the success is owing to accident, or to unintentional prompting in the mode of questioning the boys." Sir Gardner adds, "Dr. Abbott, who has seen this magician frequently during the last six or seven years, assured me that he never knew one more properly described." This Dr. Abbott, who has passed his life in Egypt, practising as a physician, is the gentleman who collected the unique museum of Egyptian Antiquities, now in New York; a collection, the value of which is enhanced by the fact that the Pacha has issued an order, now very rigidly enforced, prohibiting any antiquity from being taken out of Egypt.—M.

ed, that this character possessed and exercised the power of showing to any visitor who chose to comply with his terms, any person, dead or living, whom the said visitor pleased to name. The English travellers, after abundant inquiries and some scruples, repaired to his residence, paid their fees, and were admitted to his *Sanctum*.

*North.* Anno Domini millesimo octogintesimo trentesimo?

*Tickler.* 1mo. They found themselves in the presence of a very handsome young Moor, with a very long black beard, a crimson caftan, a snow-white turban, eighteen inches high, blue trowsers, and yellow slippers, sitting cross-legged on a Turkey carpet, three feet square, with a cherry stalk in his mouth, a cup of coffee at his left elbow, a diamond-hafted dagger in his girdle, and in his right hand a large volume, clasped with brazen clasps—

*North.* The *Supellex* is irreproachable.

*Tickler.* Laugh as you please—but let me tell my story. On hearing their errand, he arose and kindled some spices on a sort of small altar in the middle of the room. He then walked round and round the altar for half an hour or so, muttering words to them unintelligible; and having at length drawn three lines of chalk about the altar, and placed himself upright beside the flame, desired them to go seek a *Seer*, and he was ready to gratify them in all their desires.

*North.* Was he not a *Seer* himself.

*Tickler.* Not at all—but you mistake the business. Did you ever read the History of Cagliostro?

*North.* Not I.

*Tickler.* If you had, you would have known that there were in the old days, whole schools of magicians here in Europe, who could do nothing in this line without the intervention of a *pure Seer*—to wit—a Maiden's eye. This African belongs to the same fraternity—he made them understand that nothing could be done until a virgin eye was placed at his disposal.\*

*North.* Had he never a niece in the house?

*Tickler.* Pooh! pooh!—Don't jeer. I tell you he bade them go out into the streets of Cairo, and fetch up any child they fancied, under ten years of age. They did so; and after walking about for half an hour, selected an Arab boy, not apparently above eight, whom they found playing at marbles.

*North.* What was he?

*Tickler.* I can't tell you—nor could they—but he was a *child*, and they bribed him with a few halfpence, and took him with them to the studio of the African Roger Bacon.

\* Count Cagliostro (*alias* Joseph Balsamo) who was mixed up in the famous Necklace fraud, of which Cardinal de Rohan was the dupe, and Marie Antoinette the victim, is the hero of Dumas' *Memoirs of a Physician*. The marvels of *clairvoyance*, as related in that romance, are effected through the medium of a virgin. Sir Gardner Wilkinson states, of the Magician of Cairo, "though he confines his power to boys and girls below the age of puberty, he allows that a black woman of any age, married or no, and a pregnant woman, may see the same appearances."—M.

*North.* Go on—I attend—fill your glass. Was all this after dinner, by the by?

*Tickler.* The gentlemen were *impronsi*—and a d——d deal more sober than you ever were even before breakfast.

*North.* Perge, puer!

*Tickler.* Now listen, like a sensible man, for five minutes. The child was much frightened with the smoke, and the smell, and the chatter, and the muttering—but by and by he sucked his sugar candy, and recovered his tranquillity, and the magician made him seat himself under a window—the only one that had not been darkened, and poured about a table-spoonful of some black liquid into the hollow of the boy's right hand, and bade him hold the hand steady, and keep his eye fixed upon the surface of the liquid; and then, resuming his old station by the brazier, sung out for several minutes on end—What do you see? Allah bismilla! What do you see? Illalla Resoul Allah! What do you see? All the while the smoke curled up faster and faster—

*North.* Of course—of course.

*Tickler.* Presently the lad said: "*Bismillah!* I see a horse—a horseman—I see two horsemen—I see three—I see four—five—six—I see seven horsemen, and the seventh is a *Sultan*."—"Has he a flag?" cries the magician—"He has three," answered the boy—" 'Tis well," says the other, "now halt!" and with that he laid his stick right across the fire, and, standing up, addressed the travellers in these words—"Name your name—be it of those that are upon the earth, or of those that are beneath it; be it Frank, Moor, Turk, or Indian, prince or beggar, living or breathing, or resolved in the dust of Adam, three thousand years ago—speak, and this boy shall behold and describe him!"

*North.* Very good—now be so good as to bring on Lord Prudhoe.

*Tickler.* I can't say whether he or Mr. Felix named the first name—but it was WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. The magician made three reverences towards the window, waved his wand nine times, sung out something beyond their interpretation, and at length called out, "Boy, what do you behold?"—"The Sultan alone remains," said the child—"and beside him I see a pale-faced Frank—but not dressed like these Franks—with large eyes, a pointed beard, a tall hat, roses on his shoes, and a short mantle!" You laugh—shall I proceed?

*North.* Certé—what next?

*Tickler.* The other asked for *Francis Arouet de Voltaire*, and the boy immediately described a lean, old, yellow-faced Frank with a huge brown wig, a nutmeg-grater profile, spindle shanks, buckled shoes, and a gold snuff-box!

*North.* My dear Tickler, don't you see that any print-book must have made this scoundrel familiar with such phizzes as these?

*Tickler.* Listen. Lord Prudhoe now named *Archdeacon Wrangham*,

and the Arab boy made answer, and said, "I perceive a tall gray-haired Frank, with a black silk petticoat, walking in a garden, with a little book in his hand. He is reading on the book—his eyes are bright and gleaming—his teeth are white—he is the happiest looking Frank I ever beheld.

*North.* Go on.

*Tickler.* I am only culling out three or four specimens out of fifty. Major Felix now named a brother of his, who is in the cavalry of the East India Company, in the Presidency of Madras. The magician signed, and the boy again answered, "I see a red-haired Frank, with a short red jacket and white trowsers. He is standing by the sea-shore, and behind him there is a black man, in a turban, holding a beautiful horse richly caparisoned."—"God in heaven!" cried Felix.—"Nay," the boy resumed, "this is an odd Frank—he has turned round while you are speaking, and, by Allah! he has but one arm!" Upon this the Major swooned away. His brother lost his left arm in the campaign of Ava! *Verbum non amplius.* Seeing is believing.

*North.* Why the devil did they not bring Maugraby with them to England!\*

*Tickler.* Perhaps the devil's power only lingers in Africa!

*North.* Tell that to the marines.

*Shepherd.* I'll tell ye a ten thousand times mair extraordinar story than that o' Lord Proud-O's—gin I had only something till eat. But I wad defy Shakspeare himsell to be trawgic on an empty stamack. Oh! when wull thae dear guttural months be comin' in again—the months wi' the RRR's! Without eisters this is a weary warld. The want o' them's a sair drawback on the simmer. (*Enter Supp.r.*) What! Goose afore the Tault! That's a great shame. Gie's the auld Cock. (*They sup.*)

\* Dr. Abbott informs me that the present Pacha of Egypt has forbidden the practice of this Magic. He is very superstitious, and fears some evil may be predicted about himself, which would happen!—M

*North.* Explain yourself, and pass the decanters.

*Tickler.* To buy all or most of the gaudy duodecimos of the season is what not the wildest devourer of such fare ever dreams of—few private individuals think of buying any of them. But there are hundreds and thousands who lend to the “paid paragraphs” such a measure of credence as renders them impatient to see each successive abomination as soon as it quits the manufactory; and the keeper of the library is in fact obliged to procure, at the first moment, dozens and scores, in some cases even hundreds, of copies of a book, which announced, forsooth, as containing the quintessence of a distinguished life’s experience, illuminated by the brilliant touches of a masterly pen, has every chance, ere three weeks elapse, to be condemned on all hands as the equally ignorant and stupid galmatias of some malevolent schoolboy—or, perhaps, the sickly trash of some half-forgotten anecdote, served up with a sauce meant to be *piquante*, of vicious sentimentality, by some worn out *divorcée*. Another production of the same order, trumpeted with equal effrontery, and for the moment with equal success, has next its run, and then, like the former, sinks into mere lumber on the unhappy non-circulator’s shelves, and so on.

*North.* Uno avulso non deficit alter *Aeneas*—

*Tickler.* The number of establishments thus impoverished within these few years would, I was assured, if one could procure an accurate estimate, astound even persons conversant with the details of the book-selling business in its more respectable branches; and the proprietors of those which have as yet stood the drain, and hold out, from obvious motives, no public ensign of displeasure or alarm, do not hesitate, I was also assured, to confess in private that, if the system goes on much longer, the best of them must yield in their turn. Already they have made some rather vigorous efforts to emancipate themselves from the wheel to which profligate cunning has bound them; and on one recent occasion an exposure, which at least ought to have been decisive, was very narrowly escaped.

*North.* What was this?

*Tickler.* The story will amuse you. Not contented with the usual machinery of the newspapers, the publisher of a certain forthcoming “fashionable novel” of last season, ventured to send round his clerk to the different circulating libraries, with a distinct intimation from himself, that it was the work of—her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester! The number of copies ordered was, of course, altogether unusual. The first ten pages satisfied every one—they were exquisitely vulgar in diction, and the substance something even worse. The parties taken in plucked up spirit, and the result had like to have been serious.

*North.* What brass!

*Tickler.* I believe it turned out that the real author of the filth was an Unitarian teacher somewhere in Lancashire.\*

*North.* I am afraid you are quite right, that the chief blame in this mystery of iniquity lies at the door of the publishers; but it is only fair to remember the candid admission of Le Sage, that "un libraire et un auteur sont deux espèces de filoux qui ne peuvent l'un sans l'autre attraper l'argent du public." I have been reading the "*Valise Trouvée*," this morning, and was amused with Le Sage's account of a trick exactly like those of our own time in this line, and superior, in his opinion, "aux tours les plus ingénieux de Guzman d'Alfarache."

*Tickler.* The world is the same, and will continue to be so. Several persons well connected, and one or two of considerable standing personally in society, have unquestionably permitted themselves to wink at and share in the lucre of these recent deceptions—and "*Cui prodest damnum, fecit*."

*North.* Why, that such transactions have left a stain upon names which the world had been accustomed to respect, is, I fear, notorious. I for a while listened to certain humiliating rumours with incredulous contempt—but time passed on—disclosure succeeded disclosure.

*Tickler.* One can't, however, doubt that the public have been eager, and therefore culpable dupes. But for the wide prevalence of more than one base feeling in the general mind, such deceptions most assuredly could never have been found enlisting in their train some, at least, of these gentlemen. Does this vile hankering after the fruits of real or supposed *espionage* among the circles of what is called fashionable life—this dirty curiosity for minute details of what passes in the interior of "exclusive" saloons—this prurient appetite for malicious anecdotes and voluptuous descriptions, mixed up with thinly veiled corruptions and travesties of noble and distinguished names—does this overgorged and yet insatiable appetite merit no epithet worse than *vulgar*? It unquestionably coexists with a more open arraignment of all aristocratical privileges and pretensions than ever before formed a marking feature in the habitual language and conversation of any considerable portion of English society—and, I must say, I think it very possible, that, in other days, the two things may be laid together very little to the credit of contemporary good faith.

*North.* Peut-être.

*Tickler.* Peut-être?—Frivolous and flimsy as these works are, sir, they will be pointed to hereafter, as indicating a prevalent tone of thought and feeling not more mean than malignant,—a slave-like admiration of external distinctions, miserably inconsistent with a rational appreciation either of the blessings which all orders of society owe to the establishment of lawful gradations of ranks, or of the beautiful arrange-

\* The Rev. Mr. Scargill, author of "*The Paritan's Daughter*."—M.



of undoubted authenticity whereon to form a grave estimate of the moral and social condition of our upper classes. I really can't help suspecting that in this way, far more than in any other, the vogue of these lucubrations has been productive of serious evil. In short, I do and must ascribe, in no slight degree, to this circumstance, the almost universal zeal with which foreign journalists, even of the highest class, have of late been echoing those false and fiendish libels of our Utilitarian *doctrinaires*, which, until of late, had moved among ourselves hardly any deeper feeling than a contemptuous ridicule—those long scorned and neglected diatribes, which uniformly and systematically describe the British nation as oppressed and ground to the dust by the tyranny and exactions of a small, compact *caste* of rapacious *aristocrats*—animated by feelings and principles entirely selfish and peculiar—in their personal habits as effeminately profligate as the old courtiers of the *Domus Aurea* or the *Œil-de-bœuf*—and but adding insult to injury controlling every branch of government and legislation for the purposes of their own gratification, through an impudent mock-machinery of free institutions.

*North.* Perhaps one might also trace a considerable reaction of the foreign opinions, thus fraudulently influenced, in the general tone of our own periodical miscellanies. There can be no doubt that that tone has undergone a most remarkable change, in reference to many of the most important subjects that fall within their province, within these few years. Unquestionably, with a scanty handful of exceptions, even the *soi-disant* Tory press of recent times has been advocating, at least by inuendo and insinuation, political doctrines which, but four or five years ago, were hardly avowed except by the most audacious of the mob-worshippers.

*Tickler.* There may have been something of this too—but, after all, it must be owned, that such consequences could never have flowed from the circulation of pictures of manners altogether false and unfounded. No, sir, in the very worst of these delineations there has, unhappily, been a *substratum* of truth; perhaps the very darkest of them have failed in rendering complete justice to the moral and political profligacy of one circle of the British aristocracy. But the mischief and the misery is, that principles, feelings, and manners, the prevalence of which in that particular circle could never be denied, have been passed on the easy credence of ignorant foreigners and multitudes equally unobservant as unreflective at home, as common to the upper classes in this country as a body—whence, in great measure, at least according to the best of my belief and conviction, that widespread prejudice against the aristocracy, that real and rooted hostility to the established distinctions of ranks among us, which I see around me.

*North.* And in which the shortsighted ambition of an English party

has found, and has not feared to employ, a too efficient lever of revengeful ambition.

*Tickler.* The heads of that party are themselves aristocrats—nay, “Pharisees of the Pharisees;” they belong, most of them, to the very highest and haughtiest houses in the empire. How then to reconcile their personal position, their habitual prejudices and connexions, and modes of life and conversation, with their deliberate instrumentality in helping on that principle against which, if further strengthened, their own boasted “order” could no more stand than could a Chinese pagoda against an American hurricane!

*North.* Here, indeed, is a difficulty which, were history silent, unassisted reason might confess it impossible to solve. But history is not silent. In how dense and impenetrable a shallowness of mist vanity can cover the precipice towards which overreaching ambition spurns its victim!—that, sir, is an old tale, that may very likely be new again. Have you read that masterly sketch of the downfall of Athens and Rome in the last Quarterly? It is a splendid performance, and every word of it God’s truth.

*Tickler.* Yes, indeed.

*North.* Gospel, every line, sir. Never yet was any ancient government overthrown from within, otherwise than through the exertions of persons who, upon all rational principles of action, should have been among the steadiest of its upholders. A party of Roman nobility enabled the lower orders to weaken and degrade the upper, until, after a brief interval of anarchy, all orders were happy to take refuge from each other’s violence in a despotism—“mutuo metu odioque cuncta turbata et fessa in unum cessere.” Let Segur tell how it was in France—let him explain the delusion under which so many of the glittering grand seigneurs of his day walked merrily to their doom—the mad conceit which prevented them from perceiving that they were in a false position when they at once echoed the “liberalism” of their enemies, and hoped to retain, nay, to improve, the luxurious eminence to which they had been born. “Gracchi ante Syllam;”—there were Mirabeaus before there were Dantons—and of all the French nobility can we name more than one—if indeed *one*—that ultimately profited by the Revolution, to which so many hundreds of them contributed—and which, had they understood their interests, and acted as a body, could never have been?

*Tickler.* Thus it is, you see, whatever we begin with, we are sure to end in politics. But it’s the same with every body, and every thing. The bottle’s out.

*North, (rings.)* Another bottle of the same. Well, well, let’s come back to your London budget.

*Tickler.* Why, I think I gave you quite enough of that last time—of the House of Commons at any rate.

*North.* I was much amused with your sketches; when inspired by the Genius of Disgust, you are rather a dab at that sort of *scraping*—but on the whole, 'tis pretty clear you came away with quite a different sort of feeling from Lord Byron's, when he said he could not conceive of himself as being a bit more frightened to speak *there*, than before any other possible synod of five hundred human souls—Methodists in a barn, Mussulmen in a mosque—or Jack-tars and their Dolls in the pit at Portsmouth.

*Tickler.* And a pretty judge he was of all, or any one of these questions—I like the coolness of his notion, that it was quite certain he could have spoken to purpose either in barn or mosque, or the other place of worship you alluded to. His attempts in the House of Lords were wretched pieces of puerile puppyism, one and all of them, by every account; and I take it the audience there are a deuced deal more like the congregations he chatters about than any St. Stephen's is in the custom of producing.

*North.* More distinguished for Christianity, for gravity, or for bravery?—for which? or for all?

*Tickler.* For of all these things, my dear, and for tolerance too, which must have been more for Lord Byron's behoof when he uttered that glib smart oratiuncle, which Tommy Moore is evidently ashamed to insert in his *Omnigatherum*. No, no, Christopher—laugh who will at the Collective Wisdom,\* but let no man, who has never tried the trick make light of the Collective Taste.

Nescis, heu, nescis dominæ fastidia Romæ:  
 Crede mihi, nimium Martia turba sapit.  
 Majores nusquam ronchi, juvenesque senesque  
 Et pueri nasum Rhinocerotis habent.

*North.* Please to interpret your Hebrew.

*Tickler.* Depend upon't, Don Juan was quite out,  
 When at the Commons he turn'd up his snout;  
 I never heard such marrow-freezing mirth,  
 As they have ready for a *Blunder's* birth—  
 And there's more mercy in your sea-wolf's horn,  
 Than when a bit of *Blackguard* wakes their scorn.

*North.* And M. P. on the whole's a brute more knowing  
 Than Turk, or Whitfieldite, or Jack-rum-blowing.

*Tickler.* Ay—but still, how to account for the absolute effect of the compound, that, I confess, is quite beyond me. I look round and perceive, certainly, a rather shabby, and perhaps, on the whole, dull-look-

\* Parliament was often called "The Collective Wisdom of the Nation."—M.

ing congregation of the children of Adam. Here and there one catches a dancing eyeball, no doubt, but the general aspect is, if any thing inert. Whence, then, the unquestioned result—that never yet was so sharp, so delicate, so exquisite a critic, as the Amalgam? Whence, above all, comes it that in no age have there been above half-a-dozen even tolerable performers, out of an assembly thus imbued to an almost miraculous extent with the sense of what performance rhetorical ought to be?

*North.* Why, I can't understand the puzzle. If you come to this, I should like to know in what age there have been more than half-a-dozen great hands in any one given department of human exertion. I should like to know upon what principle you see nothing wonderful in the fact that there should be, at this moment, in Great Britain at the very utmost six poets (and only two in the rest of the world, Goethe and Beranger)—certainly not above six philosophers—certainly not six physicians worthy of the name—certainly nothing like six preachers whom any human creature would wish to hear twice—most assuredly not six lawyers whom either of us would fee—nor six painters to whose productions a sane man would give house-room—probably not three sculptors to whom either you or I would sit for our busts, or in case of untimely death, wish a grateful nation to intrust our monumental statues—nay, to come lower down, not six tailors whose coats we could wear—not six shoemakers to whose tender mercies we would submit our corns—not six cutlers capable of turning out a really sweet razor—I say, I am at a loss to understand upon what principle you sit undisturbed amidst all this prevalence of paucity in the various departments of poetry, science, predication, law, physic, painting, sculpture, aneidericks, sabligaculicks, and tonsoricks—and yet stare, and of your staring find no end, because the orators of St. Stephen's are seldom more numerous than the sages of Greece, or the wonders of the world.

*Tickler.* How, then, do you account for the practical acumen of the congregated blunts?

*North.* Just as I do for many other queer things in this world of men, women, and consequently children—upon the principle of animal magnetism. When a multitude of human beings are gathered together in one place, the effluvia of the more energetic two or three dozen gives tone to the atmosphere—and your Coal-heaver or Caddie in the gallery appreciates a Kemble in Cato because there is a Ballantyne in the side-box—and Grizzy, puir lassie, whose head on Saturday at e'en was much on a par with her mopstick's, has on Sunday at noon a soul not unworthy of the ministrations of a Chalmers, simply because the pew before her holds my dear Adelaide —, and in the same field with a L'Amy hardly shall even a Sir Fizzle Pumpkin be a coward—or a Lord Nugent be a ponderous, while he has to

inhale ever and anon, *volens volens*, the vital air that has passed the minute before through the lungs of a Canning.

*Tickler.* At this rate, if we had a House of Commons consisting of six hundred clever fellows, interspersed with only some fifty fools, the fifty might really be converted into very rational animals. Nay, in a House altogether made up of Peels, Crokers, Hardinges, Inglises, Holmeses, Vyvyans, Mahons, Porchesters, Dawsons, Jeffreys, Mackintoshes, Sheils, Macaulays, and dotted with one single stray Booby, the solitary dunderhead might, ere long, undergo so essential a modification, that your Althorp should be capable, not only of understanding a speech, but of making one.

*North.* Quite possible. But you are too fond of extreme cases.

*Tickler.* You open a curious view of more things than one. If you are right, it must certainly be true, as the Apostle Paul says, that evil communications corrupt good manners.

*North.* I know of no author whose observations display more talent and sagacity than that Apostle's, and I heartily wish preachers of the Gospel in general would endeavour to make themselves as well acquainted with men and women, over and above Greek and Hebrew, as he seems to have been. This text, however, is Menander's, not St. Paul's—and by the by, I wonder how the Presbytery of Glasgow, with St. Paul quoting that quizzical writer before them, could entertain that overture of Lapslie's against our friend John Galt's novels—But there can be no doubt of the fact—you may depend on it that neither character nor intellect can ever be proof against an atmosphere vilely compounded. I have my doubts whether Lucretia would have come forth with a tithe of her mental purity from a midnight ball-room stuck full of Messalinas; or whether Lord Bacon himself could have penned the worst page either of his *Organon* or his *Essays*, after attending a sederunt of his Majesty's present cabinet. I feel the thing myself—I have done so, indeed, through life. What a pair of twaddlers we should both of us have been by this time, had we dined this blessed day in company with a committee of Geordie Brodie's Union?—and yet it's but nine hours, man, by the clock—and behold, we have barely drawn our third cork! Here's to you.

*Tickler.* Well done, Albertus Magnus!\* This is really a first-rate bin. Heaven! what would I have given for a cool long-necker of this stuff now and then during some of these *sudorific* speeches of late, as Alderman Wood calls them! Nothing surprises me so much as the physical endurance of modern British senators.

*North.* Why, I've always been of old Sheridan's opinion, that cold punch ought to be allowed in the House of Commons. The Speaker and the Clerks, and perhaps the Sergeant-at-Arms, had as well stick to

\* Albert Cay, wine merchant in Edinburgh.—M

lemonade; but surely, surely, the actual gladiators should have where-withal to stimulate as well as moisten the clay. And then what good humour—what truly Christian charity—what inoffensive fun—what calm discourse of reason! How easily and pleasantly would the evenings pass in—as Unimore hath it,—

“In the perpetual absence of all storms!”

Why, the sittings of St. Stephen’s would, in fact, be sublimed into so many *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

*Tickler*. Long corks are certainly no friends to long speeches—and perhaps we might ourselves accept of seats in the House, if it were thus really and truly made a Reformed one. Hitherto I have always considered that no independent gentleman, destitute of sinister views, could submit to the concern, without bringing some suspicion on his intellects.

*North*. It never was anything better than a purgatory of a place—and but for Bellamy’s, it must have been a perfect hell upon earth. In my day, to tell the truth, I seldom left the kitchen except when I knew some crack chiel was on his legs. The beefsteaks and mutton-chops there used to be prime;—and certainly a cool bottle of claret never tasted better than when interposed between two hot jammings in the conventicle below. Does not all this go on as it used to do?

*Tickler*. Ah! the high and palmy state of wine-bibbery is now among the *faits*—there—elsewhere—indeed everywhere, I think, except *here*. My dear North, as poor Hermand used to say in his latter days, “I believe we shall be left alone in the world, drinking claret!” Bellamy’s is, I grieve to say, a deserted place now-a-days. The members all dine before they go down at some of their clubs in St. James’s Street or Pall Mall, where, it must be owned, they have airier apartments, and shorter bills. The young hands are mostly milk-sops, and when they go up stairs at all, call for tea or soda-water; nothing redeems them except their occasional halt in the smoking room. As for the dear old kitchen, I did not observe a single pretty face among the handmaidens, and the only man that appeared to be decently regular in his attentions to the cold round on the side-table, and the tumbler thereafter, was our trusty crony of the days of yore, honest Maule of Panmure.\* I hope they will make an earl of him for his pains at the approaching recoronation—I say *re*—for, you know, William the Fourth has already, after the fashion of Napoleon the First, placed the diadem on his own head.

*North*. A mere oversight—and alluded to in the Quarterly in a spirit and style which, all things considered, I do not hesitate to pronounce hellish.

\* In 1831, Mr. Fox Maule, a large Scottish Proprietor, was created Lord Panmure.—M.

original savage of the woods bursts splendidly horrible from amidst the snapt fetters of custom, and the pretty flimsy veils and mantlings of your civilization are beat and trodden into mud and Lethe, and the beautiful wild beast burns and pants for brotherly blood.

*Tickler.* "La Victorie marchera au pas de charge! L'aigle et les couleurs nationaux voleront du clocher en clocher jusqu'aux tours de Notre Dame!"

*North.* You have repeated one of the finest sentences that ever came from the lips or the pen of the greatest orator of modern ages—Napoleon Bonaparte! What a flame of glory kindled him on such occasions—"Quarante siècles vous regardent du haut de ces Pyramides!"—"Qu'il soit dit de chacun—Il étoit dans cette grande bataille sous les murs de Moscow!" I wonder at nothing that these men did.

*Tickler.* "Up, Guards, and at them!"—served the turn.

*North.* Yes, truly—what a fine story is that Sir Walter tells us in some of his notes about the grim old Douglas at Ancrum Moor! He was just about to charge, when a heron sprung up between and the English van. "Aha!" he cried, "would to God my gude gray hawk were here, *that we might a' yoke thegither!*"

*Tickler.* Well said, old Bell-the-Cat! Ay, ay, 'tis that kind of *allocutio* that will always do the trick with us. None of your flowers of flummery here!

*North.* I trust our own old Plain Speaker\* has a campaign or two in him yet.

*Tickler.* Ay, barring accidents, a round dozen of them, if need be. He had been pulled down a little with the *grippe*—when I saw him first; but before I left town, his cheeks had plumped out again, and he looked fit for any thing. His eye has lost nothing of its eagle brightness; he walks to this hour as straight as a ramrod; and his leg is as perfect as it could have been at thirty. He is to the fore yet, thank God—heart, soul, bone, and blood—but if it were otherwise, we have pretty cards in the pack.

*North.* Combermere—Hill—Kempe—all fine fellows, and in full vigour.

*Tickler.* Ay, and Murray and Hardinge, either of them well worth your three.

*North.* What a beautiful picture of the old cavalier is Sir George Murray. I know nothing like it in that style.

*Tickler.* Nor I, and Pickersgill's portrait, in this year's exhibition, does him as much justice, by Jupiter, as either Lawrence, or Vandyke, or Velasquez could have done. But somehow, Sir George appears to me to carry a certain tinge of languor about him—his eye is so gentle, calm, melancholy, pensive—I should doubt of there being quite enough stimulus.

\* Wellington.—M.

*North.* No fears,—the first “clarion—clarion wild and shrill” would send the blood tumbling through him like another Garry. We have always had Platoffs and Bluchers among us enow, I warrant ye—but we have sometimes felt the want of a Gneisenau—and this soft-eyed hero appears to stand second to Wellington in the opinion of most of his compeers.

*Ticklers.* He is a cock of the right feather to be sure, and speaks, by the by, as well as if he had never had another trade.

*North.* Peradventure better.

• *Tickler.* However—I am no judge of such concerns, of course—but I strongly suspect if there were a war either at home or abroad, the army would expect to see Hardinge as far forward as any body but the Duke.\*

*North.* We shall have work for Murray here among ourselves. Scotland will look to him in the first instance.

“There are hills beyond Pentland and streams beyond Forth,  
If there's lords in the Lowlands there's chiefs in the North.  
There are wild Dunniewassels three thousand times three,  
Will cry, ‘Hoich! for the bonnet of bonny Dundee!’”

What a grand ballad that is! It haunts me like a spirit.

*Tickler.* 'Tis a clever thing.

*North.* You heard Sir Henry Hardinge too?

*Tickler.* Several times; but never a set speech. He may not, perhaps, be exactly an orator, which, among other and better things, Nature certainly meant Murray to be; but he has complete command of clear, terse, nervous language—is quick as lightning at retort—has a full, masculine, sonorous voice—considerable dignity of action, too—and, above all, carries with him such an air of upright, manly single-mindedness, high noble feeling, and unaffected modesty, that judging from the little I saw, I am not sure if any body in the House produces altogether a more powerful effect. His defence of Phillpotts was a first-rate thing, and did that job as well as any Cicero could have come up to.

*North.* Why that could not have been a difficult job—for the Bishop's justification of facts was clear as day. Sir Henry lost an arm, didn't he, at Waterloo?

*Tickler.* I don't know where it happened, but that, you know, is a mutilation which takes grace from no man. He is then the perfect model of a soldier—a short, compact, firm and handsome figure, all buttoned up to the chin in blue and black, and a countenance which, though without the statuesque elegance of Bonaparte's, reminded me more of that in the extraordinary mass of brow, the large deep-cut,

\* Hardinge won his peerage in India, and succeeded Wellington as Commander in Chief in 1852. Lord Hill and Sir George Murray are dead.—M.



gray, fiery eye, the solid contour of the jaw, the fall of the hair, and the whole style of complexion, than any other head I remember to have met with. This is one of our very first cards. If things go well, he must be a Secretary of State in the next Cabinet—if darkly, he must come down and raise the standard in Yorkshire—for that, I believe, is his calf-country.

*North.* A fine fellow you describe. Come, the bowl's near out—God save the King, and let's to bed.

*Tickler.* God save the King, say ye! Well, I'll try my hand.

*Air—National Anthem.*

Whate'er thy creed may be,  
Party, or pedigree,  
I ask not what—  
So heart and blood be free,  
Each pulse confirms to thee  
High honour's first decree,  
THOU SHALT NOT RAT.

Perish the caitiff base,  
Who dares desert the place  
Whereon he sat.

Why was't the old serpent fell,  
But that he did rebel  
'Gainst this grand oracle—  
THOU SHALT NOT RAT!

Calcraft's mean soul also,  
Shall hiss and stink below  
Be sure of that—  
Wherefore the FRIEND defy!  
Turn not a walking lie!  
Commit no Whiggery!  
THOU SHALT NOT RAT.

*North.* Not bad.—Come, Timotheus, 'tis well on to one o'clock, and this is a decent house, and we must e'en turn in. Tip me just one touch of the fiddle ere we go—you have never yet even attempted to give me a notion of this murderous Paganini.

*Tickler.* To hear is to obey. The violin is behind you there, in the corner.

GRAND OVERTURE—(with the *Pizzicato Movement*.)

SONATA MAESTOSA SENTIMENTALE.

*North.* Wonderful, incredible, sublime! Worth twenty uxoricides!

*Tickler.* Now for a stave of the old order, with an accompaniment on the fourth string. Fill my glass with brandy. Here's to Douglas Cheape, George Joseph Bell, George Brodie, and all good fellows—Tory, Whig, and Radical! Attend—(sings.)

*Air—George Dempster.*

Pray for the soul  
Of Timothy Tickler,  
For the church and the bowl  
A determinate stickler!

Born and bred in the land  
Where Fyne herrings they munch,  
And a capital hand  
At concocting of punch;

From that great bumper-school  
To Auld Reekie he came,  
And drew in his stool  
To a desk in the same;

But though W. S.,  
And ambitious to thrive,  
Even his foes must confess,  
Cheated no man alive;

Neither harried poor gentry  
Of house or of land,  
Nor bolted the country  
With cash "in his hand;"

But by early rising,  
And working late,  
With smeddum surprising  
Improved his estate;

Which to guard from the crew  
Of the Robespierres,  
He was fogleman to  
Charlie Hope's volunteers;

And, not fancying hell,  
Spite of infidel jeers,  
Had a pew to himself  
In the Old Grey-Frerea.

Thus our friend did advance  
Past the middle of life,  
Spurning Sautan and France,  
And eschewing a wife;

Till he of the stuff,  
In a pair of old hose,  
Had put by Quantum Suff,  
As we may suppose.

When halt and give o'er,  
Let the single-roll drop,  
Took the plate frae the door,  
And shut up the shop.

After which, at full leisure,  
With cool cutting digs,  
He consulted his pleasure  
In whanging the Whigs.

Whom considering as puts  
Ever bent on what's ill,  
He so poked in the guts  
With the point of his quill,

That their whole generation,  
With trembling and fear,  
And most rueful vexation,  
Eyed this Volunteer,

Where tall as a Steeple,  
And thin as a Shadow,  
He towered o'er the people  
On the Links or The Meadow.

Yet among Tory lads  
Of the God-fearing breed,  
Though as gray as their dada,  
He was welcome indeed;

Still maund'ring and hav'ring  
And refreshing the body  
At Ambrose's Tavern  
With tumblers o' toddy;

Frae June to December,  
Frae December to June,  
A more regular Member  
Was not in the town;

For his powers peristaltic  
Were sure as a gun,  
And though full as the Baltic,  
He headache had none.

This respectable course  
Did our Elder pursue,  
Till the Raffe rose in force  
In the year thirty-two;

When, just after the King  
And his innocent Queen,  
I'm assured the next thing  
For their damn'd Guillotino

Was the neckbone to smite  
Of this sober old sage,  
Putting out the first light  
Of that scoundrelly age;

But, his years by that time  
Being eighty and three,  
He, though still in the prime  
O' his punch-bibbing glee,

Not a word exclamavit,  
At so hasty a call,  
But off wi' his gravat,  
Long pigtail, and all—

And calmly submitting,  
Awaited the thud,  
Which his occiput splitting,  
Brain, marrow, and blood,

Furnished ocular nuts,  
And moreover auricular,  
To those sons of Whig-sluts  
Who thus tickled the Tickler,

But left every good Tory  
To pray that his soul  
May be seated in glory,  
By the side of a bowl—

*In sacra sacrorum,*  
Every night of the week,  
With a goblet before him,  
And a pipe in his cheek!

*Chorus.*

With a pipe in his cheek,  
And a goblet before him,  
Every night of the week,  
*In sacra sacrorum!*

AMEN!

Well, now, I'm wound up for once. Good landlord, you may desire  
your old woman up stairs, like Miladi Macbeth—

—— to ring upon the bell,  
When that my drink is ready.

*North.* That's true—I had forgot the egg-wine; and, by the by, 'tis  
a pity I forgot to order Gurney this evening, for old Ebony is constantly  
bothering me about that confounded Monthly of his, and half his talk  
for the last three days might be summed up in the words of your fat  
favourite of Bilboa—

—— “HI LIBELLI,  
TANQUAM CONJUGIBUS SUIS MARITI,  
NON POSSUNT SINE NOCTIBUS PLACERE.”

(*Curtain drops.*)

*Tickler.* Or like the great Glasgow Gander, waddling before his bevy along the Goose-dubs—

*Shepherd.* Haw ! haw ! haw ! What plausible explanation, you may weel ask, cou'd ever be gien o' sic an idea as him—were you to be alloo'd to confine yoursell even to his dowp, an enormity alike ayont adequate comprehension and punishment ! But the discussion's gettin' owre deep, sir, for Mr. Tickler—let's adapt ourselves to the capacities o' our hearers—for o' a' conversation that is, if not the sole, the sovereign charm.

*Tickler.* An old saying, Hogg—throw not pearls before swine.

*Shepherd.* It aye strikes a cauld damp through me, Mr. North, to hear a man for whom ane entertains ony sort o' regard, wi' an air o' pomposity gien vent to an auncient adage that had served its time afore the Flood, just as if it were an apophthegm kittled by himsell on the verra spot. And the case is warst ava, when the perpetrawtor, as the noo, happens to be in his ain way an original. Southside, you sometimes speak, sir, like a Sumph.

*Tickler.* James, what is a Sumph ?

*Shepherd.* A Sumph, Timothy, is a chiel to whom Natur has denied ony considerable share o' understaunin', without hae'n chose to mak him altogether an indisputable idiot.

*North.* Hem ! I've got a nasty cold.

*Shepherd.* His puir pawrents hae'na the comfort o' being able, without frequent misgivings, to consider him a natural-born fule, for you see he can be taucht the letters o' the alphabet, and even to read wee bits o' short words, no in write but in prent, sae that he may in a limited sense be even something o' a scholar.

*North.* A booby of promise.

*Shepherd.* Just sae, sir—I've kent sumphs no that ill spellers. But then, you see, sir, about some sax or seven years auld, the mind of the sumphis is seen to be stationary, and generally about twal it begins slawly to retrograwd—sae that at about twenty, and at that age, if you please, sir, we shall consider him, he has verra little mair sense nor a sookin' baby.

*North.* Tickler, eyes right—attend to the Shepherd.

*Shepherd.* Nevertheless, he is in possession o' knowledge ayont the reach o' Betty Foy's son and heir, so rationally celebrated by Mr. Wudsworth in his Excursion——

*North.* Lyrical ballads.

*Shepherd.* I mean Bauldy Foy's excursion for the doctor.

*North.* Ah ! Well ?

*Shepherd.* Kens sun frae moon, cock fra hen, and richt weel man frae woman ; for it is a curious fact, that your sumph is as amatory as Solomon himsell, and ye generally find him married and standin' at the door of his house like a schoolmaster.

*North.* Like a schoolmaster—How ?

*Shepherd.* The green before his house ovrflows wi' weans, a' his ain progeny ; and his wife, comely body, wi' twins on her breast, is aibline, with a pleased face, seen smiling over his shoulder.

*North.* O fortunati nimium ! sua si bona norint  
Sumpheuli !

*Shepherd.* I doubt, sir, if you hae any authority for the formation o' that diminutive. Let's hae gude Latin, or nane.

*North.* Mine is always good—but in Maga often miserably marred by the printing, to the horror of Priscian's ghost.

*Shepherd.* Sumpshs are aye fattish—wi' roon legs like women—generally wi' red and white complexions—though I've kent them black-a-vised, and no ill-lookin', were it no for a want o' something you canna at first sicht weel tell what, till you find by degrees that it's a want o' everything—a want o' expression, a want o' air, a want o' manner, a want o' smeddum, a want o' vigour, a want o' sense, a want o' feelin'—in short, a want o' sowle—a deficit which nae painstakin' in education can ever supply—and then oholoos ! but they're doure, doure, doure—obstinater than either pigs or cuddies, and waur to drive along the high road o' life. For, by tyin' a string to the hint leg o' a grumpy, and keepin' jerk jerkin' him back, you can wile him forrits by fits and starts, and the maist contumacious cuddy you can transplant at last, by pour, pourin' upon his hurdies the oil o' hazel ; but neither by priggin' nor prayin', by reason nor by rung, when the fit's on him, frae his position may mortal man howp to move a sumph.

*North.* Too true. I can answer for the animal.

*Shepherd.* Sometimes he'll staun for hours in the rain, though he has gotten the rheumatics, rather than come into the house, but because his wife has sent out ane o' the weans to ca' in its father at a sulky juncture—and in the tantrums he'll pretend no to hear the dinner-bell, though ever so hungry ; and if a country squire, which he often is, hides himsell somewhere among the shrubs in the policy.

*North.* Covering himself with laurel.

*Shepherd.* Then, oh ! but the sumph is selfish—selfish. What a rage he flees intil at beggars ! His charity never gangs farther than sayin' he's sorry he happens no to hae a bawbee in his pocket. When ane o' his weans at tea-time asks for a lump o' sugar, he either refuses it, or selects the weeist bit in the bowl—but takes care to steal a gey big piece for himsel', for he is awfu' fond o' sweet things, and dooks his butter and bread deep into the carvey. He is often in the press——

*North.* What ! an author ?

*Shepherd.* In the dining-room press, stealin' jam, and after lickin' wi' his tongue the thin paper on the taps o' jeely cans—and sometimes

observed by the lad or lass comin' in to mend the fire, in a great hurry secretin' tarts in the pooches o' his breeks, or leavin' them in his alarm o' detection half-eaten on the shelve, and ready to accuse the mice o' the rubbery.

*North.* What are his politics?

*Shepherd.* You surely needna ask that, sir. He belongs to the Cheese-paring and Candle-end Saveall School—is a follower o' Josey Huine—and's aye ready to vote for retrenchment.

*North.* His religion?

*Shepherd.* Consists solely in fear o' the deevil, whom in childhood the sump saw in a woodcut—and never since went to bed without sayin' his prayers, to escape a charge o' hornin'.

*North.* Is all this, James, a description of an individual, or of a genus?

*Shepherd.* A genus, I jalouse, is but a generic name for a number o' individuals having in common certain characteristics; so that, describe the genus and you hae before you the individual—describe the individual and behold the genus. True that there's nae genus consisting but o' ae individual—but the reason o' that is that there never was an individual stannin' in nature exclusively by himsel'—if there was, then he would undoubtedly be likewise his ain genus. And pray, why not?

*Tickler.* What is the meaning of all this botheration about sumpsh?

*Shepherd.* Botheration about sumpsh! In answer to some stuff of Southside's, I said, he spoke like a sump! Mr. Tickler then asked me to describe a sump—and this sketch is at his service. 'Tis the merest outline; but I have pented him to the life in a novelle. Soon as the Reform Bill is feenally settled, Mr. Blackwood is to publish, in three volumes, "The Sump; by the Shepherd." He'll hae a prodigious rin.

*North.* Cut out Clifford.\*

*Shepherd.* Na, Bullmer's a clever chiel—and, in ma opinion, describes fashionable life the best o' a' the Lunnuners.

*North.* Except the author of Granby.†

*Shepherd.* I hae never read the Marquis o' Granby. Sen' him oot to the Forest.

*Tickler.* In your opinion!

*Shepherd.* Aye—in ma opinion. What's to prevent him that wons in huts frae judgin' o' the life in ha's, ony mair than him that wons in ha's frae judgin' o' the life in huts? Na—I'm no verra sure gif the lord's no the best critic on the lucubrations o' the lout, and the lout on the lord's. For whatever's truly good, and emanates brightly frae the

\* Paul Clifford was published early in 1830.—M.

† Mr. Lister.—M.

shrine o' natur, will strike wi' a sudden charm on the heart o' him that is made acquainted wi't frae a distance, as if it were a revelation o' the same law pervadin' a' spheres o' being alike, though vainly thocht to be separate pairts o' ae great and vawrious system. Canna a King, if worthy to wear a croon, contemplate wi' delicht Burns's Cotter's Saturday Nicht, and canna a peasant admire the pictur o' piety in a palace?

*Tickler.* James—good.

*Shepherd.* Think ye that Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd had to learn muckle either in the way o' mind or manners, when discovered to be by birth a baronet?

*North.* I verily believe not much.

*Shepherd.* Strip a kintra lad or lass o' their claes——

*Tickler.* No, no, James.

*Shepherd.* But I say aye, aye. Strip a kintra lass, o' laigh degree, perfectly skuddy, and set her aside a toon belle o' noble bluid, equally naked, on a pedestal, like twa sister statues by Chauntrey or Macdonald, wi' their arms leanin' wi' affectionate elegance on each ither's snawy showther, or twined roun' their lily necks, and wha micht be able to tell the ewe-milker frae the duchess?

*Tickler.* Not I—without my speca.

*Shepherd.* Or watch first the ane and then the ither doin' some duty to a pawrent, suppose leadin' a blin' father out intil the sun, and sittin' aside him, aiblins at his feet, wi' ae ivory arm hangin owre his knees, and the ither haun' haudin' a book—best o' a', if the Bible—while her tearfu' een can yet weel discern the words o' comfort that her smilin' lips do musically receet—and will ony Christian man tell me, that they are na baith angels, and however far apart they may leave on earth, willna dwell thegither in heaven?

*North.* I confess it does surprise me, to hear you, James, express yourself so beautifully over haggis.

*Shepherd.* What for? What's a wee haggis but a big raggoo? An' a big raggoo, but a wee haggis? But, will you believe me, Mr. Tickler, I was sae ta'en up wi' the natural sentiment, that I kent na what was on my plate.

*Tickler.* And probably have no recollection of having, within the last ten minutes, eat a howtowdie.

*Shepherd.* What the devil are you twa aboot? Circumnavigating the table in arm-chairs! What! Am I on wheels too?

(*The SHEPHERD follows NORTH and TICKLER round the genial board.*)

*North.* How do you like this fancy, my dear James?

*Shepherd.* Just excessively, sir. It gies us a perfect command o' the entire table, east and wast, north and south; and, at present, I calculate that I am cuttin' the equawtor.

*North.* It relieves Mr. Ambrose and his young gentlemen from unnecessary attendance—and, besides, the exercise is most salutary to persons of our age, who are apt to get fat and indolent.

*Shepherd.* Fozey. So ye contrive to rin upon horrors, halting before a darling dish, and then away on a voyage of new discovery. This explains the itherwise unaccoontable size o' this immense circle o' a table. Safe us! It would sit forty! And yet, by this ingenious contrivance, it is just about sufficient for us Three. Hae ye ta'en oot a pawtent?

*North.* No. I hate monopolies.

*Shepherd.* What! You, the famous foe o' free tredd!

*North.* With our national debt—

*Shepherd.* Dinna tempt me, sir, to lose a' patience under a treatise on taxes—

*North.* Well—I won't. But you admire these curricles?

*Shepherd.* Movable at the touch o' the wee finger. Whase invention?

*North.* My own.

*Shepherd.* You Dædalus!

*North.* The principle, James, I believe is perfect—but I have not yet been able to get the construction of the vehicle exactly to my mind.

*Shepherd.* I dinna ken what mair you cou'd houp for, unless it were to move at a thocht. Farewell, sirs, I'm aff across the line to yon pie—nae sma' bulk even at this distance. Can it be pigeons?

(SHEPHERD wheels away southeast.)

*North.* Take your trumpet.

*Shepherd.* That beats a'. For ilka man a silver speakin' trumpet! Let's try mine. (SHEPHERD puts his trumpet to his mouth.) Ship, ahoy! Ship, ahoy!

*North.* (trumpet-tongued.) The Endeavour—bound for—

*Shepherd.* Whisht—whisht—sir—I beseech you whisht. Nae drums can staun siccan a trumpet, blawn by siccan lungs. (Laying down his trumpet.) This is, indeed, the Pie o' Pies. I houp Mr. Tickler 'll no think o' wheelin' roun to this quarter o' the globe.

*Tickler.* (on the trumpet.) What sort of picking have you got at the Antipodes, James?

*Shepherd.* Roar a little louder—for I'm dull o' hearin'. Is he speakin' o' the Bench o' Bishops?

*Tickler.* (as before, but louder.) What pie?

*Shepherd.* Ay—ay.

*Tickler.* (larghetto.) What pie?

*Shepherd.* Ay—ay. What'n a gran' echo up in yon corner!

(TICKLER wheels away in search of the northwest passage—and on his approach, the SHEPHERD weighs anchor with the pie, and



*keeps beating up to windward—close hauled—at the rate of eight knots, chased by SOUTHSIDE, who is seen dropping fast to leeward.)*

*North.* He'll not weather the point of Firkin.

*Shepherd.* (*putting about under NORTH's stern.*) I'll rin for protection frae the Pirrat, under the guns o' the Old Admiral—and, being on the same station, I suppose he's entitled to his ain share o' the prize. Here, my jolly veteran, here's the Pie. Begin wi' a couple o' cushats, and we'll divide atween us the croon o' paste in the middle, about as big's the ane the King—God bless him—wore at the coronation.

(*TICKLER wheels his chair into the nook, on the right of the chimney-piece.*)

Southside, hae you deserted the diet? O, man! you're surely no sulky! Come back—come back, I beseech you—and let us shake hauns. It'll never do for us true Tories to quarrel amang oursells at this creesis. What'n a triumph to the Whigs, when they hear o' this schism? Let's a' hae a finger in the pie, and as the Lord Chancellor said, and I presume did, in the House o' Lords\*—"on my bended knees, I implore you to pass this bill!"

(*The SHEPHERD kneels before TICKLER, and presents to him a plateful of the pie.*)

*Tickler.* (*returning to the administration.*) James, you have conquered, and we are reconciled.

*North.* Trumpets! (*Three trumpet cheers.*)

*Gurney.* (*Rushing in alarm from the Ear of Dionysius.*) Gentlemen, the house is surrounded by a mob of at least fifty thousand Reformers, who with dreadful hurrahs are shouting for blood.

*Shepherd.* Fifty thousan'! Wha counted the radical rascals?

*Gurney.* I conjecture their numbers from their noise. For heaven's sake, Mr. North, do not attempt to address the mob—

*North.* Trumpets! (*Three trumpet cheers.*)

*Gurney.* (*Retiring much abashed into his Ear.*) Miraculous!

*Ambrose.* (*Entering with much emotion.*) Mr. North, I fear the house is surrounded by the enemies of the constitution, demanding the person of the Protector—

*Shepherd.* Trumpets! (*Three trumpet cheers. Exit AMBROSE in astonishment.*)

*North.* Judging from appearances, I presume dinner is over.

*Shepherd.* A'm staw'd.

*North.* There is hardly any subject which we have not touched, and not one have we touched which we did not adorn.

*Shepherd.* By soobjects do you mean dishes! Certes, we have dis-

\* Brougham entreated the Lords, even for their own sakes, to pass the Reform Bill, and as his knee rested on the wool-sack said, "Yea, even upon bended knee, I do implore you."—M.

cussed a hantle o' them—some pairtly and ithers totally ; but there's food on the brodd yet sufficient for a score o' ordinar men—

*Tickler.* And we shall have it served up, James, to supper.

*Shepherd.* Soun' doctrine. What's faith without warks ?

*North.* Now, gentlemen, a fair start. Draw up on my right, James—elbow to elbow. Tickler, your place is on the *extrême gauche*. You both know the course. The hearth-rug of the Snuggery's the goal. All ready ? Away !

*(The start is the most beautiful thing ever seen—and all three at once make play.)*

SCENE II.—*The Snuggery—Enter NORTH on his Flying Chair, at the rate of the Derby, beating, by several lengths, TICKLER and the SHEPHERD, now neck and neck.*

*North.* *(Pulling up as soon as he has passed the Judges' stand.)* Our nags are pretty much on a par, I believe, in point of condition, but much depends, in a short race, on a good start, and there the old man showed his jockeyship.

*Shepherd.* 'Twas a fause start, sir—'twas a fause start—I'll swear it was a fause start, sir, till ma deein' day—for I had na gotten mysell settled in the saddle, till ye was aff like a shot, and afore I could get in-till a gallop, you was half way across the flat o' the saloon.

*North.* James, there could be no mistake. The signal to start was given by Saturn himself ; and—

*Shepherd.* And then Tickler, afore me and him got to the fauldin' doors, after some desperate crossin' and jostlin', I alloo, on baith sides, ran me clean aff the coorse, and I had to make a complete circle in the bow-window or I cou'd get the head o' my horse pinted again in a right direction for winnin' the race. Ca' ye that fair ? I shall refer the hail business to the decision o' the Jockey Club.

*North.* What have you to say, Tickler, in answer to this very serious charge ?

*Tickler.* Out of his own mouth, sir, I convict him of conduct that must have the effect of debarring the Shepherd from ever again competing for these stakes.

*Shepherd.* For what steaks ! Do you mean to manteen, you brazen-faced ne'er-do-weel, that I am never to be alloo'd again to rin Mr. North frae the saloon to the snuggery for ony steaks we choose, or chops either ? Things 'll hae come to a pretty pass, when it sall be necessar to ask your leave to start—you blacklegs.

*Tickler.* He's confessed the crossing and jostling.

*Shepherd.* You lee. Wha' began't ? We started sidey by sidey, you see, sir, frae the rug afore the fire, where we was a' three drawn up, and just as you was gaun out o' sight atween the pillars, Tickler and

me ran foul o' ane anither at the nor'east end o' the circular. There was nae fawte on either side there, and am no blamin' him, except for awkwardness, which was aiblins mutual. As sune's we had gotten disentangled, we entered by look o' ee, if no word o' mouth, intil a social compact to rin roun' opposite sides o' the table—which we did—and in proof that neither o' us had gain'd an inch on the ither, no sooner had we rounded the southwest cape, than together came we wi' sic a clash, that I thocht we had been baith killed on the spat. There was nae fawte on either side there, ony mair than there had been at the nor'east; but then began his violation o' a' honour; for havin' succeeded in shovin' mysell aff, I was makin' for the fauldin' doors—due west—ettlin' for the inside, to get a short turn—when whuppin' and spurrin' like mad, what does he do, but charge me right on the flank, and drive me, as I said afore, several yards aff the coorse towards the bow-window, where I was necessitated to fetch a circumbendibus, that wou'd hae lost me the race had I ridden Eclipse. Ca' ye that fair? But it was agreed that we were to be guided by the law of Newmarket, sae I'll refer the hail affair to the Jockey Club.

*Tickler.* Hear me for a moment, sir. True, we got entangled at the nor'west—most true at the sou'west came we together with a clash. But what means the Shepherd by shoving off? Why, sir, he caught hold of my right arm as in a vice, so that I could make no use of that member, while, at the same time, he locked me into his own rear, and then away he went like a two-year-old, having, as he vainly dreamt, the race in hand by that manoeuvre, so disgraceful to the character of the carpet.

*North.* If you please—turf.

*Tickler.* Under such circumstances, was I to consider myself bound by laws which he himself had broken and reduced to a dead letter? No. My subsequent conduct he has accurately described—off the course—for we have a bit of speed in us—I drove him; but as for the circumbendibus in the bow-window, we must believe that on his own word.

*Shepherd.* And daur you, sir, or ony man breathin', to doubt ma word—

*North.* Be calm, gentlemen. The dispute need not be referred to the Club; for, consider *you were nowhere*.

*Shepherd.* Eh?

*North.* You were both distanced.

*Shepherd.* Baith distanced! Hoo? Where's the post?

*North.* The door-post of the Snuggery.

*Shepherd.* Baith our noses were through afore you had reached the rug. I'll tak my Bible-oath on't. Werena they, Tickler?

*Tickler.* Both.

*North.* Not a soul of you entered this room for several seconds after I had dismounted—

*Shepherd.* After he had dismounted ! Haw ! haw ! haw ! Tickler ! North confesses he had dismounted afore he was weighed—and has thereby lost the race ! Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! Noo, oors was a dead heat—so let us divide the stakes—

*Tickler.* With all my heart ; but we ran for the Gold Cup.

*Shepherd.* Eh ! sae we did, man ; and yonner it's on the side-board—a bonny bit o' bullion. Let's keep it year about ; and, to prevent ony hargle-barglin' about it, let the first turn be mine ; oh ! but it'll do wee Jamie's heart gude to glower on't stannin' aside the siller punch-bowl I got frae my friend Mr.—What's the matter wi' ye, Mr. North ! What for sae doon i' the mouth ! Why fret sae at a trifle !

*North.* No honour can accrue from a conquest achieved by a quirk.

*Shepherd.* Nor dishonour frae defeat ;—then “ pritheer why so pale, wan lover ! pritheer why so pale ! ”

*Tickler.* I can hardly credit my senses when I hear an old sportsman call that a quirk, which is in fact one of the foundation-stones of the law of Racing.

*Shepherd.* I maun gang back for my shoon.

*North.* Your shoon !

*Shepherd.* Aye, ma shoon—I flung them baith in Mr. Tickler's face—for which I noo ask his pardon—when he ran me aff the coorse—

*Tickler.* No offence, my dear James, for I returned the compliment with both snuff-boxes—

*North.* Oh ! oh ! So you who urge against me the objection of having dismounted before going to scale, both confess that you flung away weight during the race !

*Shepherd.* Eh ! Mr. Tickler, answer him—

*Tickler.* Do James.

*Shepherd.* (*scratching his head with one hand, and stroking his chin with the other.*) We've a' three won, and we've a' three lost. That's the short and the lang o't—sae the Cup maun staun owre till anither trial.

*North.* Let it be decided now. From Snuggery to Saloon.

*Shepherd.* What ! after frae Saloon to Snuggery ! That wou'd be reversin' the order o' nature. Besides, we maun a' three be unco dry—sae let's turn to till the table—and see what's to be had in the way o' drink. What'n frutes !

*North.* These are ribstons, James—a pleasant apple—

*Shepherd.* And what's thir !

*North.* Golden pippins.

*Shepherd.* Sic jargonels ! shaped like peeries—and yon ahuns (can they be ripe ?) like taps. And what ca' ye thae, like great big fir-cones wi' outlandish lookin' palm-tree leaves archin' frae them wi' an elegance o' their ain, rough though they seem in the rhinn, and aiblins prickly ! What ca' ye them !

*North.* Pine-apples.

*Shepherd.* I've often heard tell o' them—but never clapp'd een on them afore—and these are pines! Oh! but the scent is sweet, sweet—and wild as sweet—and as wild restorative. I'se tak some jargonels afterwards—but I'll join you noo, sir, in a pair o' pines. *NORTH gives the SHEPHERD a pine-apple.*) Hoo are they eaten?

*Tickler.* With pepper, mustard, and vinegar, like oysters, James.

*Shepherd.* I'm thinkin' you maun be leein'.

*Tickler.* Some people prefer catsup.

*Shepherd.* Haud your blethers. Catchup's gran kitchen for a' kinds o' flesh, fish, and fule, but for frutes the rule is "sugar or naething,"—and if this pine keep the taste o' promise to the palat, made by the scent he sends through the nose, nae extrawneous sweetness will he need, self-sufficient in his ain sappiness, rich as the colour o' pinks, in which it is sae savourily enshrined—I never pree'd ony taste half sae delicious as that in a' ma' born days! Ribstanes, pippins, jargonels, peaches, nectrins, currans, and strawberries, grapes, and grozets, a' in ane! The concentrated essence o' a' ither frutes, harmonizeed by a peculiar tone o' its ain—till it melts in the mouth like material music!

*North.* (*Pouring out for the SHEPHERD a glass of sparkling champagne.*) Quick, James—quick—ere the ethereal particles escape to heaven.

*Shepherd.* You're no passin' aff soddy upon me! Soddy's ma abhorrence—it's sae like thin soap-suds.

*North.* Fair play's a jewel, my dear Shepherd.

"From the vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of France"—

*Shepherd.* "See the day-star o' liberty rise."

That beats ony gooseberry—and drinks prime wi' pine. Anither glass. And anither.\* Noo put aside the Langshanks—and after a' this daffin' let's set in for serious drinkin', thinkin', lookin', and speakin', like three philosophers as we are—and still let our theme be—Human Life.

*North.* James, I am sick of life. With me the "wine of life is on the lees."

*Shepherd.* Then drink the dregs, and be thankfu'. As lang's there's anither drap, however drumly, in the bottom of the bottle, dinna despair. But what for are you sick o' life? You're no a verra auld man yet—and although ye was, why mayna an auld man be gaen happy? That's a' ye can expect noo—but wha's happy—think ye—perfectly happy—on this side o' the grave? No ane. I left yestreen wee Jamie—God bless him—greetin' as his heart wou'd break for the death o' a

\* It was said that, when in London, Hogg was asked if he liked champagne. "I like it fine," said he, "it's sae like ginger beer."—M.

bit wee doggie that he used to keep playin' wi' on the knowe mony an hour when he ought to hae been at his byeuck—and when he lifted up his bonny blue een a' fu' o' tears to the skies, after he had seen me bury the puir tyke in the garden, I'se warrant he thocht there was a sair change for the waur in the afternoon licht—for never did callant lo'e colley has he lo'ed Luath—and to be sure he on his side was no ungratefu'—for Luath—keepit lickin' his haun' till the verra last gasp, though he dee'd of that cruel distemper. Fill your glass, sir.

*North.* I have been subject to blackest melancholy since I was a child, James.

*Shepherd.* An' think ye, sir, that naebody has been subject to fits of blackest melancholy since they were a bairn, but yourself? Wi' some it's constitutional, and that's a hopeless case; for it rins, or rather stagnates in the bluid, and meesery has been bequeathed from father to son, doon mony dismal generations—nor has ceased till some childless suicide, by a maist ruefu' catastrophe, has closed the cleemax, by the unblessed extinction o' the race. But you, my dear sir, are come o' a cheerfu' kind, and mirth laughed in the ha's o' your ancestors. Cheer up, sir—cheer up—fill your glass wi' Madeiry—an' nae mair folly about fits—for you're gettin' fatter and fatter every year, and what you ca' despair's but the dumps.

*North.* O, si præteritos referat mihi Jupiter annos!

*Shepherd.* Ay—passion gies vent to mony an impious prayer! The mair I meditat on ony season o' my life, the mair fearfu' grows the thochts o' leevin't ower again, and my sowle recoils alike frae the bliss, and frae the meesery, as if baith alike had been sae intense that it were impossible they could be re-endured!

*North.* James, I regard you with much affection.

*Shepherd.* I ken you do, sir—and I repay't threesfauld; but I canna thole to hear you talkin' nonsense. What for are ye no drinkin' your Madeiry.

*North.* How pregnant with pathos to an aged man are those two short lines of Wordsworth—about poor Ruth!

“Ere she had wept, ere she had mourn'd,  
A young and happy child,”

*Shepherd.* They are beautifu' where they staun', and true; but fawse in the abstrack, for the youngest and happiest child has often wept and mourned, even when it's mither has been tryin' to rock it asleep in its cradle. Think o' the teethin' sir, and a' the colic-pains incident to babyhood!

*North.* “You speak to me who never had a child.”

*Shepherd.* I'm no sae sure o' that, sir. Few men has leaved till threescore and ten without being fathers; but that's no the pint; the

pint is the pleasures and pains o' childhood, and hoo nicely are they balanced to us poor sons of a day! I ken naething o' your childhood, sir, nor o' Mr. Ticklers, except that in very early life you maun hae been twa stirrin' gentlemen——

*Tickler.* I have heard my mother say that I was a remarkably mild child till about——

*Shepherd.* Six—when it cost your father an income for taws to skelp out o' you the innate ferocity that began to break upon you like a rash alang wi' the measles——

*Tickler.* It is somewhat singular, James, that I never have had measles—nor small pox—nor hooping-cough—nor scarlet-fever—nor——

*Shepherd.* There's a braw time comin', for these are compliments nane escape; and I shouldna be surprised to see you at the next Noctes wi' them a' fowre—a' spotted and blotched, as red as an Indian, or a tile-roof, and crawin' like a cock, in a fearsome manner—to which add the Asiatic cholera, and then, ma man, I wouldna be in your shoon, for the free gift o' the best o' the Duke's store farms, wi' a' the plenishin'—for the fifth comin' on the other fowre, lang as you are, would cut you aff like a cucumber.

*North.*

Ah, happy hills! ah pleasing shade!

Ah, fields beloved in vain!

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,

A stranger yet to pain!

*Shepherd.* That's Gray\*—and Gray was the best poet that ever belonged to a college—but——

*North.* All great (except one) and most good poets have belonged to colleges.

*Shepherd.* Humph. But a line comes soon after that is the key to that stanza——

“My weary soul they seem to soothe!”

Gray was na an auld man—far frae it—when he wrotht that beautiful Odd—but he was fu' o' sensibility and genius—and after a lapse o' years, when he beheld again the bits o' bright and bauld leeving images glancin' athwart the green—a' the Eton College callants in full cry—his heart amaist dee'd within him at the sight and the soun'—for his pulse, as he pat his finger to his wrist, beat fent and intermittent, in comparison, and nae wunner that he shou'd fa' intil a dooble delusion about their happiness and his ain meesery. And sae the poem's coloured throughout wi' a pensive spirit o' regret, in some places wi' the gloom o' melancholy, and in ane or two amaist black wi' despair. It's a fine picture o' passion, sir, and true to nature in every touch. Yet

\* Ode on a distant view of Eton College.—M.

frae beginnin' to end, in the eye o' reason and faith, and religion, it's a' ae lee. Fawse, surely, a' thae forebodings o' a fatal futurity! For love, joy, and bliss are not banished frae this life; and in writing that verra poem, maunna the state o' Gray's sowle hae been itself divine?

*North.* Tickler?

*Tickler.* Good.

*Shepherd.* What are mony o' the pleasures o' memory, sirs, but the pains o' the past spiritualized?

*North.* Tickler?

*Tickler.* True.

*Shepherd.* A' human feelin's seem somehow or ither to partake o' the same character, when the objects that awake them have withdrawn far far awa' intil the dim distance, or disappeared for ever in the dust.

*Tickler.* North?

*North.* The philosophy of Nature.

*Shepherd.* And that Tam Cammel maun hae felt, when he wrote that glorious line,

“And teach impassion'd souls the joy of grief”

*North.* The joy of grief! That is a joy known but to the happy, James. The soul that can dream of past sorrows till they touch it with a pensive delight can be suffering under no severe trouble—

*Shepherd.* Perhaps no, sir. But may that no aften happen too, when the heart is amaisht dead to a' pleasure in the present, and loves but to converse wi' phantoms? I've seen pale still faces o' widow-women, ane sic is afore me the noo, whase husband was killed in the wars lang lang ago in a forgotten battle—she leeves on a sma' pension in a laigh and lonely house—that bespeak constant communion wi' the dead, and yet nae want either o' a meek and mournfu' sympathy wi' the leevin', provided only ye shaw them, by the considerate gentleness o' your manner, when you chance to ca' on them on a week-day, or meet them at the kirk on Sabbath, that you ken something o' their history, and hae a Christian feelin' for their uncomplainin' affliction. Surely, sir, at times, whan some tender gleam o' memory glides like moonlight across their path, and reveals in the hush some ineffable eemage o' what was lovely and beloved o' yore, when they were, as they thocht, perfectly happy, although the heart kens weel that 'tis but an eemage, and nae mair—yet still it maun be blest, and let the tears drap as they will on the faded cheek, I shou'd say the poor desolate cretur did in that strange fit o' passion suffer the joy o' grief.

*North.* You will forgive me, James, when I confess, that though I enjoyed just now the sound o' your voice, which seemed to me more than usually pleasant, with a trembling tone of the pathetic, I did not catch the sense of your speech.



*Shepherd.* I was no makin' a speech, sir—only utterin' a sort o' sentiment that has already evaporated clean out o' my mind, or passed awa' like an uncertain shadow.

*North.* Misery is selfish, James—and I have lost almost all sympathy with my fellow-creatures, alike in their joys and their sorrows.

*Shepherd.* Come, come, sir—cheer up, cheer up. Its naething but the blue devils.

*North.* All dead—one after another—the friends in whom lay the light and might of my life—and memory's self is faithless now to the "old familiar faces." Eyes—brows—lips—smiles—voices—all—all forgotten! Pitiably, indeed, is old age, when love itself grows feeble in the heart, and yet the dotard is still conscious that he is day by day letting some sacred remembrance slip for ever from him that he once cherished devoutly in his heart's core, and feels that mental decay alone is fast delivering them all up to oblivion!

*Shepherd.* Sittin' wi' rheumy een, mumblin' wi' his mouth on his breast, and no kennin' frae ither weans his ain grandchildren who have come to visit him wi' their mother, his ain bricht and beautifu' doughter, wha seems to him a stranger passin' along the street.

*North.* What said you, James?

*Shepherd.* Naething, sir, naething. I was no speaking o' you—but o' anither man.

*North.* They who knew me—and loved me—and honoured me—and adinired me—for why fear to use that word, now to me charmless?—all dust! What are a thousand kind acquaintances, James, to him who has buried all the few friends of his soul—*all the few*—one—two—three—but powerful as a whole army to guard the holiest recesses of life!

*Shepherd.* An' am I accounted but a kind acquaintance and nae mair! I wha—

*North.* What have I said to hurt you, my dear James?

*Shepherd.* Never mind, sir,—never mind. I'll try to forget it—but—

*North.* Stir the fire, James—and give a slight touch to that lamp.

*Shepherd.* There's a bleeze, sir, at ae blast. An' there's the Orrery, bright as the night in Homer's Iliad, about which you wrott sic elegant havers. An' there's your bumper-glass. Noo, sir, be candid and tell me, gif you dinna think you've been a verra great fule!

*North.* I believe I have, my dear James. But by all that is ludicrous here below, look at Tickler!

*Shepherd.* O for Cruckshank! You see what he's dreaming about in his sleep, sir, lying on the ae side, with that big black sofa pillow in his arms! He's evidently on his marriage jaunt to the Lakes, and passin' the hinneymoon among the mountains. She's indeed a fearsome dear, the bride. She has gotten nae feturs—and as for feegar, she's

the same thickness a' the way doon, as if she was stuffed. But there's nae accountin' for taste; and mony a queer cretur gets a husband. Sleep on—sleep on—ye bonny pair! for noo you're leadin' your lives in Elysium.

*North.* I hope, James, neither you nor I have such open countenances in our sleep, as our friend before us.

*Shepherd.* I canna charge ma memory wi' sic a mouth. What's the matter? What's the matter? Lo! Mrs. Tickler has either fa'en or loupin' out o' the bed, an's tumblin' along the floor! What'n an exposé! In decency, sir, we twa should retire.

*North.* The blushing bride has actually hidden herself under the table.

*Shepherd.* Oh! but this is gran' sport. Let's blacken his eebrees, and gie him mistashes.

*(The Shepherd, with burnt cork, dexterously makes Tickler a Hussar.)*

'There—you're noo ane o' the Third, at Jock's Lodge. Gie Mrs. Tickler, sir, a touch wi' the crutch, under the table, and send her owre this way, that I may restore her to the bridegroom's longing arms. It's a shame to see her sleepin' at the stock—the wife should aye lie neist the wa'. Sae I'll tak the leeberty to place her atween her husband's back and that o' the settee. When he waukens he'll hae mony apologies to mak for his bad manners. But the twa'll sune mak it up, and nae-thin' in this life's half so sweet as the reconciliation o' lovers' quarrels.

*North.* By the by, James, who won the salmon medal this season on the Tweed?

*Shepherd.* Wha, think ye, could it be, you coof, but masel'? I beat them a' by twa stane wecht. Oh, Mr. North, but it wou'd hae done your heart gude to hae daunder'd along the banks wi' me on the 25th, and seen the slauchter. At the third thraw the snoot o' a famous fish sookit in ma flee—and for some seconds keepit steadfast in a sort o' eddy that gaed sullenly swirlin' at the tail o' yon pool—I needna name't—for the river had risen just to the proper pint, and was black as ink, accept when noo and then the sun struggled out frae atween the clud-chinks, and then the water was purple as heather-moss, in the season o' blaeberries. But that verra instant the flee begun to bite him on the tongue, for by a jerk o' the wrist I had strictly gi'en him the butt—and sunbeam never swifter shot frae heaven, than shot that saumon-beam doon intil and oot o' the pool below, and along the sauch shallows or you come to Juniper Bank. Clap—clap—clap—at the same instant played a couple o' cushats frae an aik aboon my head, at the purr o' the pirl, that let oot, in a twinklin' a hunner yards o' Mr. Phin's best, strang aneuch to haud a bill or a rhinoceros.

*North.* Incomparable tackle!

*Shepherd.* Far, far awa' doon the flood, see till him, sir—see till him

—loup—loup—loupin' intil the air, describin' in the spray the rinnin' rainbows! Scarcely cou'd I believe, at sic a distance, that he was the same fish. He seemed a saumon divertin' himsell, without ony connection in this warld wi' the Shepherd. But we were linked thegither, sir, by the inveesible gut o' destiny—and I chasteessed him in his pastime wi' the rod o' affliction. Windin' up—windin' up, faster then ever ye grunded coffee—I keepit closin' it upon him, till the whalebone was amaist perpendicular outowre him, as he stapped to take breath in a deep plum. You see the savage had gotten sulky, and you micht as weel hae rugged at a rock. Hoo I leuch! Easin' the line ever so little, till it just mued slichtly like gossamer in a breath o' wun—I half persuaded him that he had gotten aff; but na, na, ma man, ye ken little about the Kirby-bends, gin ye think the peacock's harl and the tinsy hae slipped frae your jaws! Snubin up the stream he goes, hither and thither, but still keepin' weel in the middle—and noo strecht and stedly as a bridegroom ridin' to the kirk.

*North.* An original image.

*Shepherd.* Say rather application! Maist majestic, sir, you'll alloo, is that flicht o' a fish, when the line cuts the surface without commotion, and you micht immagine that he was sailin' unseen below in the style o' an eagle about to fauld his wings on the cliff.

*North.* Tak tent, James. Be wary, or he will escape.

*Shepherd.* Never fear, sir. He'll no pit me aff my guard by keepin' the croon o' the causey in that gate. I ken what he's ettlin' at—and it's naething mair nor less nor yon island. Thinks he to himsell, wi' his tail, "gin I get abreist o' the broom, I'll roun' the rocks, doon the rapids, and break the Shepherd." And nae sooner thocht than done—but bauld in my cork-jacket—

*North.* That's a new appurtenance to your person, James; I thought you had always angled in bladders.

*Shepherd.* Sae I used—but last season they fell doon to my heels, and had nearly droon'd me—say I trust noo to my body-guard.

*North.* I prefer the air life-preserver.

*Shepherd.* If it bursts you're gone. Bauld in my cork jacket I took till the soomin' haudin' the rod abune my head—

*North.* Like Cæsar and his Commentaries.

*Shepherd.* And gettin' footin' on the bit island—there's no a shrub on't, you ken, aboon the waistband o' my breeks—I was just in time to let him easy owre the fa', and Heaven safe us! he turned up, as he played wallop, a side like a house! He fand noo that he was in the hauns o' his maister, and began to lose heart; for nathin' caws the better part o' man, brute, fule, or fish, like a sense of inferiority. Sometimes in a large pairty it suddenly strikes me dumb—

*North.* But never in the Snuggery, James—never in the Sanctum—

*Shepherd.* Na—na—na—never i' the Snuggery, never i' the Sanctum,

my dear auld man! For there we're a' brithers, and keep bletherin' withouten ony sense o' propriety—I ax pardon—o' inferiority—bein' a' on a level, and that lichtsome, like the paralld roads in Glenroy, when the sunshine pours upon them frae the tap o' Benevis.

*North.* But we forget the fish.

*Shepherd.* No me. I'll remember him on my deathbed. In body the same, he was entirely anither fish in sowle. He had set his life on the hazard o' a die, and it had turned up blanks. I began first to pity—and then to despise him—for frae a fish o' his appearance, I expectit that nae act o' his life wou'd hae sae graced him as the closin' ane—and I was pairtly wae and pairtly wrathfu' to see him *dee saft!* Yet, to do him justice, it's no impossible but that he may hae druv his snoot again a stane, and got dazed—and we a' ken by experience that there's naething mair likely to cawm courage than a brainin' knock on the head. His organ o' locality had gotten a cillour, for he lost a' judgment atween wat and dry, and came floatin', belly upmost, in amang the bit snail-bucky-shells on the san' aroond my feet, and lay there as still as if he had been gutted on the kitchen dresser—an enormous fish.

*North.* A sumph.

*Shepherd.* No sic a sumph as he looked like—and that you'll think when you hear tell o' the lave o' the adventur. Bein' rather out o' wun, I sits doon on a stane, and was wipin' ma broos, wi' ma een fixed upon the prey, when a' on a sudden, as if he had been galvaneezed, he stotted up intil the lift, and wi' ae squash played plunge into the pool, and awa' doon the eddies like a porpus. I thocht I sou'd hae gane mad, Heaven forgie me—and I fear I swore like a trooper. Loupin' wi' a spang frae the stane, I missed ma feet, and gaed head owre heels intil the water—while amang the rushin' o' the element I heard roars o' lauchter as if frae the kelpie himsell, but what afterwards turned out to be guffaws frae your frien's Boyd and Juniper Bank, wha had been wutnessin' the drama frae commencement to catastrophe.

*North.* Ha! ha! ha! James! it must have been excessively droll.

*Shepherd.* Risin' to the surface with a guller, I shook ma nieve at the ne'er-do-weels, and then doon the river after the sumph o' a saumon, like a verra otter. Followin' noo the sight and noo the scent, I was na lang in comin' up wi' him—for he was as deed as Dawvid—and lyin' on his back, I protest, just like a man restin' himsel' at the soomin'. I had forgotten the gaff—so I fasten'd my theeth intil the shouther o' him, and like a Newfoundlandan' savin' a chiel frae droonin', I bare him to the shore, while, to do Boyd and Juniper justice, the lift rang wi' acclamations.

*North.* What may have been his calibre?

*Shepherd.* On puttin' him intil the scales at nicht he just turned three stane trone.

*Tickler.* (*Stretching himself out to an incredible extent.*) Alas! 'twas but a dream!

*Shepherd.* Was ye dreamin', sir, o' bein' hanged?

*Tickler.* (*Recovering his first position.*) Eh!

*North.* "So started up in his own shape The Fiend." We have been talking, Timothy, of Shakspeare's Seven Ages.

*Tickler.* Shakspeare's Seven Ages!

*Shepherd.* No Seven Ages—but rather seven characters, Ye dinna mean to manteen, that every man, afore he dees, maun be a sodger and a justice o' the peace?

*Tickler.* Shepherd versus Shakspeare—Yarrow versus Avon.

*Shepherd.* I see no reason why me, or ony ither man o' genius, nichtna write just as weel's Shakspeare. Arena we a' mortal? Mony glorious glints he has, and surpassin' sunbursts—but oh! sirs, his plays are desperate fu' o' trash—like some o' ma earlier poems—

*Tickler.* The Queen's Wake is a faultless production.

*Shepherd.* It's nae sic thing. But it's nearly about as perfect as ony work o' human genius; whereas Shakspeare's best plays, sic as Hamlet, Lear, and Othello, are but strang daubs—

*Tickler.* James—

*Shepherd.* Arena they no, Mr. North?

*North.* Rather so, my dear Shepherd, But what of his Seven Ages?

*Shepherd.* Nothing—accept that they're very poor. What's the first?

*North.* "At the first the infant,  
Muling and puking in its nurse's arms!"

*Shepherd.* An' that's a' that Shakspeare had to say about man an infant! I prefer the pictur o' young Hector, frichten'd at his father's crest—though, I dinna doot that Asteeanax was gi'en to mewlin and pukin' in his nurse's arms too, like ither weans afore they're speaned, for milk certainly curdles and gets sour on their stammachs—

*North.* Why, James, in the Ninth Book of the Iliad, old Phoenix, who was private tutor to Achilles when a younker, reminds that hero how he used to disgorge the wine on his vest.

*Shepherd.* Wha's vest? Phoenix's, or that o' the callant Achilles himsell?

*North.* Phoenix's.

*Shepherd.* I hae naething to say about that—for the propriety or impropriety o' the allusion 'll depend altogether on the place and time it is introduced, although I must just say, that there's nae settin' boun's to the natural drivell o' dotage in a fond auld man. But Shakspeare, frae a' the attributes, and character, and conduct o' infants, had to chose them he thocht best suited for a general picture o' that age, and the nasty coof chose mewlin' and pukin'—

*Tickler.* I remember once seein' a natural actor in a barn, who personified the melancholy Jacques to admiration, suiting the action to the words, and at "puking"—

*Shepherd.* Throwin' up on the stage! It's a lee-like story.

*Tickler.* He merely made a face and a gulp, as if disordered in his stomach.

*Shepherd.* That was a' richt;—sae did John Kemble.

*North.* What would Mr. James Ballantyne say were he to hear that assertion?

*Shepherd.* I dinna care what he wou'd say, though I grant he's a capital theatrical critic, and writes a hantle better on a play-bill than on the Bill o' Reform.\*

*North.* Unsay these words this instant, James, for there was a tacit agreement that we were to have no politics.

*Shepherd.* "What's writ is writ," quoth Byron. "What's said is said," quoth Hogg. I'll eat in my words for nae man—but back again to John Kemble actin' the babby. He pronounced the word "mewlin", wi' a sort o' mew like that o' a wean or a kitlin, shuein' his arms up and doon as if nursin'; and if that was richt, than I manteen that it was incumbent on him, in common consistency, to have gien us the "pukin" too, or, at a' events, the sort o' face and gulp the play-actor made in the barn—for what reason in the nature of things, or the art o' actin', cou'd there possibly be for stoppin' short at the "mewin'?"

*North.* But, my dear James, the question is not about John Kemble, but William Shakspeare.

*Shepherd.* Weel then, the verra first squeak or skirl o' a new born wean in the house, that, though little louder nor that o' a ratten, fills the entire tenement frae grun'-work to diggin', was far better for the purposes o' poetry than the mewlin' and pukin'—for besides being ony thing but disgustfu', though sometimes, I alloo, as alarmin' as unexpected, it is the sound the young Roscius utters on his first appearance on any stage; and on that latter account, if on no ither, shou'd hae been selected by Shakspeare.

*North.* Ingenious, James.

*Shepherd.* Or the moment when it is first pitten', trig as a bit burdie, intil its father's arms.

*Tickler.* A man child—the imp.

*Shepherd.* Though noo sax feet fowre, you were then, yoursell, Tickler, but a span lang—little mair nor the length o' your present nose.

*Tickler.* 'Twas a snub.

*Shepherd.* As weel tell me that a pawrot, when it chips the shell, has a strecht neb.

\* James Ballantyne was a good theatrical critic. He offended Scott, and his other Tory friends, by devoting his paper (*The Edinburgh Weekly Journal*) to the advocacy of 'The Reform Bill.—M.

*Tickler.* Or that a hog does not show the cloven foot till he has learnt to grunt.

*Shepherd.* Neither he does—for he grunts the instant he's farrow'd—like ony Christian—sae you're out again, there, and that envenomed shaft o' satire fa's to the grun'.

*North.* No bad blood, gents!

*Shepherd.* Weel then—or, when yet unchristened, it lies awake in the creddle—and as its wee dim een meets yours, as you're lookin' doon to kiss't, there comes strangely over its bit fair face a something joyfu', that love construes intil a smile.

*Tickler.* "Beautiful exceedingly." Hem.

*Shepherd.* Or, for the first time o' its life in lang claes, held up in the hush o' the kirk, to be baptized—while——

*Tickler.* The moment the water touches its face, it falls into a fit of fear and rage——

*Shepherd.* Sune stilled, ye callous carle, in the bosom o' ane o' the bonny lasses sittin' on a furm in the trance, a' dressed in white, wha' wi' mony a silent hushaby, lulls the lamb, noo ane o' the flock, into haly sleep.

*Tickler.* Your hand, my dear James.

*Shepherd.* There. Tak a gude grupp, sir, for in spite o' that sneering, you've a real gude heart.

*North.* This is the second or third time, my dear James, that we have been cheated by some chance or other out of your Seven Ages. But hark! the timepiece strikes nine—and we must away to the Library. Two hours for dinner in the Saloon—two for wine and walnuts in the Snuggery—then two for tea-tea, and coffee-tea in the Library—and finally, two in the blue-parlour for supper. Such was the arrangement for the evening. So lend me your support, my dear boys—we shall leave our curricles behind us—and start pedestrians. I am the lad to show a toe.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*The Library. Tea, coffee, chocolate, &c. Enter the Trio on foot—NORTH in medio tutissimus. SHEPHERD President of the Pots.*

*Shepherd.* Wha drinks tea, wha drinks coffee, and wha drinks chocklat?

*Tickler.* I care na with which I commence—so that I end with a cup of congou and therein a caulker.

*North.* I feel the influence of the Genius Loci, and long for some literary conversation. How quickly, James, is the character of a book known to——

*Shepherd.* Veterans like us in the fields o' literature. It's just the same to the experienced wi' the character o' a man or a woman. In

five minutes the likes o' you and me see through their faces intil their hearts. Twa, three words, if they shou'd be but about the weather, the sound o' the vice itsel', a certain look about the een, their way o' walkin', the mainner they draw in a chair, ony the meeest trifle in short, maks us acquainted wi' the inner man, in ilka sex alike, as weel as if we had kent them for a thousan' years. An' is't no preceesely ane and the same thing wi' byeuks? Open a poem at ony pairt, and let the ee rin doon the line o' prent atween the margins, and you hae na glanced along a page till ye ken whether or no the owther be a free and accepted mason among the Muses. No that you may hae seen ony verra uncommon eemage, or extraordinar thoct, for the lad in that particular passage may hae been haudin' the even tenor o' his way along an easy level; but still you fin' as if your feet werena on the beaten road, but on the bonny greensward, wi' here and there a pretty unpresuming wild-flower, primrose, daisy, or violet, and that you're gettin' in amang the mazes o' the plesant sheep-paths on the braes.

*North.* Or the sumph is seen in a single sentence——

*Shepherd.* And the amiable man o' mediocrity is apparent at the full pint o' the first paragraph.

*Tickler.* A compendious canon in criticism.

*Shepherd.* And ane that I never kent err. No but that ye may hate a man or woman at first sicht, and afterwards come to regard *him* wi' muckle amity, and gang mad for *her* in verra infatuation—but then in a' sic cases they hae been inconsistent and contradictory characters; fierce fallows ae day, sulky chieles anither—on a third, to your astonishment, free and familiar—on a fourth flatterin'—freely on a fifth—comical and wutty beyond a' endurance on a sixth—on the seventh, for that's the Sabbath, serious and solemn, as is fittin a' mortal beings to be on the haly day o' rest—and on Monday nicht, they break and burst out on ye, diamonds o' the first water, some ouch, and some polished, as ye get glorious thegither in the feast o' reason and the flow o' sowle, owre a barrel o' eisters and a gallon o' Glenlivet.

*North.* Heads of chapters for the Natural History of Friendship.

*Shepherd.* Sic too is sometimes the origin and growth o' Love. The first time ye saw her, cockettin' perhaps wi' some insignificant puppy, and either seemin' no to ken that you're in the room, or giein' you occasionally a supercilious glance frae the curled tail o' her ee, as if she thoct you had mistaken the parlour for the servants'-ha', ye pairtly pity, pairtly despise, and rather hate, and think her mair nor ordinary ugly; neist time ye foregather, she's sittin' on a bunker by her lane, and droppin' doon aside her, you attempt to talk, but she luks strecht-forrit, as if expectin' the door to open, and seems stane deaf, at least on ae side o' the head, only she's no sulky, and about her mouth ye see a sort o' a struggle to haud in a smile, that makes her look, though



—somewhat prim, certainly—rather bonnie; on the third meetin', at a freen's house, you sit aside her at denner, and try to fin' out the things she likes best, nor mind a rebuff or twa, till ye get first a sole on her plate, and syne a veal cutlet, and after that the breist o' a chicken, and feenally, an appletart wi' coostard; and sae muckle the better, if afore that a jeely and a bit blumange, takin' tent to ask her to drink wine wi' you, and even facetiously pretennin' to gie her a caulker, wi' an expression that shows your thinkin' o' far ither dew atween the openin' o' her lips, that noo, for the first time, can be fairly said to lauch alang wi' the licht that seems safter and safter in her heaven-blue een; the mornin' after, of coorse you gie her a ca', and you fin' her at the work-table, in a gauze gown, and braided hair, wi' her wee foot on a stool, peepin' out like a moose—tak her on the whole, as she sits, as lovely-lookin' a lassie as a shepherd may see on a summer's-day—and what's your delicht, when layin' aside her work, a purple silk purse interwoven wi' gold, she rises a' at ance like some bricht bird frae the grun', and comes floatin' towards ye with an outstretched arm, terminating in a haun' o' which the back and the fingers are white as the driven snaw! And as for the pawm—if a sweet shock o' electricity na gangs to your heart as you touch it, then either are your nerves non-conductors, or you're a chiel chisel'd out o' the whinstane rock. Your fifth meetin', we shall say, is a' by chance, though in a lane a mile ayont the sooburbs, that was ance the avenue to a ha' noo dilapidated, and that is shaded in its solitariness wi' a hummin' arch o' umbrawgeous auld limetrees. Hoo sweet the unexpected recognition! For there was nae tryst—for, believe me, there was nae tryst—I was takin' a poetical dauner awa' from the smoky city's stir, and she, like an angel o' charity, was returnin' frae a poor widow's hovel where she had been drappin', as if frae heaven, her weekly alma. The sixth time you see her—for you hae keepit count o' every ane, and they're a' written on your heart—is on the Saturday nicht in the house o' her ain parents, nane at hame but themsells—a family party—and the front-door locked again' a' intruders, that may ring the bell as they like; for entrance is there nane, except through the key-hole to the domestic fairies. What'n a wife, thinks your heart, would be sic a dochter! What'n a mother to the weans! The sweet thoct, but half supprest, accompanies her, as she moves about through the room, in footsteps Fine-ear himsell could hardly hear; and showerin' aroun' her the cheerfu' beauty o' her innocence,

"Sic as virtue ever wears  
When gay good-nature dresses her in smiles!"

Hark! at a look frae her father the virgin sings! An auld Scottish sang—and then a hymn—but whilk is the maist haly it wou'd be hard to tell, for if the hymn be fu' o' a humble and a contrite heart, sae is

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the sang o' a heart overflowing wi' truth and pity, and in its ain happiness tenderly alive to a' human grief! The seventh meetin's at the kirk on the Sabbath—and we sit thegither in the same pew, havin' walked a' by our lanes across the silent braes; and never never in this warld can love be love, until the twa mortal creatures, wha' may hae pledged their troth in voiceless promises, hae assurance gi'en them, as they join in prayer within the House o' God, that it is hallowed by Religion.

*North.* My dear James! happy for ever be your hearth.

*Shepherd.* Bless you, sir. But let's be crouse as weel's canty That's ri:h chocklat.

*North.* “And thus I won my Genevieve,  
My bright and beauteous bride!”

*Tickler.* And call you that, James, literary conversation!

*Shepherd.* Hoots. I'm no sure, gentlemen, if an age is the better o' bein' especially caractereesed by an inclination for literatur.

*North.* Nor am I. Among the pleasures and pursuits of our ordinary life, there are none which take stronger hold on minds of intelligence and sensibility than those of literature; nor is it possible to look without pleasure and approbation upon the application of a young in genuous mind to such avocations. Yet a suspicion will often steal in among such reflections, that there is some secret peril lurking in this path of flowers, which may make it necessary for the mind in the midst of its delights, to be jealous of its safety.

*Shepherd.* You're nae gaun to thraw cauld water, sir, on Poetry!

*North.* Hear me out, my dear James. Literature brings back to the mind, in a kind of softened reflection, those emotions which belong in nature to the agitating scenes of reality. From the storms of society—from the agony of forlorn hope—from the might of heroism,—from the transport of all passions—there is brought to us in our own still seclusion the image of life; our intelligence and sensibility are awakened, and with delight and admiration, with a shadowy representation to ourselves of that which has been absolutely acted, we consider the imaginary world.

*Shepherd.* Nae harm sure in that, sir.

*North.* Love, and hope, and fear, and sorrow, shadowy resemblances of great passions, pass through our hearts; and in the secret haunts of imagination we indulge in contemplating for our mere pleasure that which has consumed the strength and the whole being of our kind. We sever ourselves for a moment from the world to become sympathizing and applauding spectators of that very drama in which our own part awaits us. We turn the dread reality of existence into a show for indolent delight.

*Shepherd.* That's beautifu' language, sir.

*North.* Indeed we can scarcely describe, James, the pleasures which our imagination seeks in works of literature, without indicating the twofold and various tendency of its pleasures. As the image of our condition warms our heart towards our kind, as it enlarges our conception of our own or their nature, it tends, by raising our minds, to fit us more nobly for the discharge of its duties. But as it gives us without reality the emotions we need,—as it indulges the sensibility which it is flattering to ourselves to feel,—as it separates for our gratification the grandeur of heroic strength from its endurance,—and gives us the consciousness of all that is good in our own nature, without the pain or peril which puts its strength to the proof,—it tends to soothe and beguile us with illusory complacency in our own virtue,—to sever our spirits from that hard and fearful strife, in which alone we ought to think that we can rightly know ourselves—and therewithal it tends in the effect to sever us from our kind, to whom it seems, nevertheless, to unite us in our dreams and visions.

*Shepherd.* Listenin' to you, sir, is like lookin' into a well : at first ye think it clear, but no verra deep ; but ye let drop in a peeble, and what a length o' time ere the air-bells come up to the surface frae the profoond !

*North.* To the young mind, therefore, James, the indulgence in the pleasures which imagination finds in the silent companionship of books, may be regarded as often very dangerous. It is unconsciously training itself to a separation from men during the very years which should train it to the performance of the work in which it must mingle with them. It is learning to withdraw itself from men, to retire into itself, to love and prefer itself, to be its own delight and its own world. And yet a course meanwhile awaits it, in which the greater part of time, strength, thought, desire, must be given up to avocations which demand it from itself to others ; in which it must forego its own delight, or rather must find its delight in service which abstracts it from itself wholly, and chains it to this weary world.

*Shepherd.* True as holy writ.

*North.* Life allows only lowly virtue. Its discipline requires of us the humblest pleasures and the humblest service ; and only from these by degrees does it permit us to ascend to great emotions and high duties. It is a perpetual denial to ambition, and requital of humility.

*Shepherd.* For mony a lang year did I feel that, sir. An' I'll continue to feel't to the hour I close my een on sun, moon, and stars.

*North.* But imagination is ambitious, and not humble. It leaps at once to the highest, and forms us to overlook the humble possibilities, and to scorn the lowly service of earth. Not measuring ourselves with reality, we grow giants in imagination ; but the dreamed giant has vanished with the first sun-ray that strikes on our eyes and awakes us.

*Shepherd.* Yet wha will say that the pleasures o' imagination are to be withheld frae youth?

*North.* They cannot be withheld, James, for the spirit is full of imagination, and has power within itself for its own delusion. But bad education may withhold from imagination the nobler objects of its delight, and leave it fettered to life, a spirit of power, struggling and consuming itself in vain efforts.

*Shepherd.* What, then, in plain words, is the bona-feedy truth o' the soobjeck?

*North.* I conceive that it is the habitual indulgence that is injurious, and not the knowledge by imagination of its greatest objects; and I should conceive that if we are to do any thing with reference to imagination, it should be, as the years of youth rise upon the mind, to connect its pleasure with the severest action of intellect, by never offering to the mind in books the unrestrained wild delight of imagination; but indulging to it the consciousness of that faculty only in the midst of true and philosophical knowledge.

*Shepherd.* In science, art, history, men, and nature. Eh?

*North.* The pleasures of literature are thought to make the mind effeminate, which they do, inasmuch as the cultivation of letters is at variance with the service of life. The service of life strengthens the mind, by calling upon it always to labour for a present or definite purpose,—to submit its desires, its pleasures, rigidly to an object. It does not deny pleasure—it yields it; but only in subordination or subservience to a purpose. It requires and teaches it to frame its whole action by its will, and to become master of itself. And whether the purposes of life are good and honourable, or debasing, it has the effect of strengthening the mind for action. It is the part of imagination to raise the mind, and to nourish its sensibility; but it must not be allowed to unnerve and disorder its force of action.

*Shepherd.* You're beginnin' to tawk like the Pedlar in the *Excursion*.

*North.* I do not know that you could pay me a higher compliment, James.

*Shepherd.* Darkenin counsel wi' the multiplication o' vain words. A' the great moral philosophical writers that I hae read, baith in prose and in verse, are in expression simple, and say, in fact, far mair than they seem to do; whereas Wordsworth amaisht aye, and no unfrequently yoursell, are ower gorgeous in your apparel, and say, in fact, less than you seem to do, though it's but seldom you dinna baith utter, even amang your vapidest verbosity, a gey hantle o' invaluable truth.

*Tickler.* Let us exchange such indefinite generalities for a few pointed particulars, if you please; else, depend on't, fancy will be fallin' asleep. What is your opinion, North, of Croker's Edition of Boswell's Johnson?

*North.* The same—generally—as that of the Westminster Reviewer.

*Tickler.* Aye! And pray what is that?

*North.* That it is the best variorum edition since the revival of letters.

*Tickler.* Croker is certainly one of the cleverest and acutest of living men.\*

*Shepherd.* No unlike yourself, sir, I jalouse.

*North.* He is—and much more—He is a man of great abilities, and an admirable scholar. But he is much more than that—he is a political writer of the highest order, as many of his essays in the Quarterly Review prove—which are full of the Philosophy of History.

*Tickler.* Pray, what have you got to say of the charges brought against him, in the last number of the Blue and Yellow, of pitiable imbecility and scandalous ignorance?

*North.* James, have the goodness to hand me over the seven volumes lying yonder on the small table.

*Shepherd.* You in the east nyeuck? There. And here's the Blue and Yellow sittin' on the top o' them like an Incubus.

*North.* Having paid some little attention to the literary history of the period to which they refer, perhaps I may be able to amuse you for half an hour by an exposure of some of the *betises* of this prick-mad dainty Reviewer.

*Shepherd.* Prick-my-denty—that's ane o' ma words. I've been alloo'd the length o' my tether, the nicht on ither topics—and shall be glad noo to listen to you and Mr. Tickler.

*North.* Of course I cannot now go over the whole of the Reviewer's ten pages of conceited and calumnious cavilling, but must restrict myself to specimens.

*Shepherd.* Aye—on wi' the specs. Oh! Tickler! does na he look awfu' gleg?

*North.* The Reviewer says:—"In one place we are told that Allan Ramsay the painter was born in 1709, and died in 1784; in another that he died in 1784, in the 71st year of his age. If the latter statement be correct, he must have been born in or about 1713."

*Shepherd.* Hoo's that, sir? That maun be a blunner o' Crocker's.

*North.* No, James; it is but a dishonest trick of his Reviewer. The age is stated differently in the two notes; but one note is Mr. Croker's, and one is Mr. Boswell's. Mr. Boswell states colloquially that "Allan Ramsay died in 1784, in his 71st year;" Mr. Croker states, with more precision, that "he was born in 1709; and died in 1784," and Mr. Croker is right—see, if you choose, Biographical Dictionary, voce

\* John Wilson Croker, ex-secretary of the Admiralty, one of the principal writers in the *Quarterly Review*, and editor of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. The hostile critique in the *Edinburg* commented upon at the *Noctes*, was written by Macaulay.—M.

Ramsay—and thus, because Mr. Croker corrects an error, the Reviewer accuses him of making one.

*Shepherd.* Puppy!

*North.* Tickler, lend me your ears. The Reviewer says, "Mr. Croker says, that at the commencement of the intimacy between Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, in 1765, the lady was twenty-five years old."

*Shepherd.* Wha the deevil cares hoo auld she was?

*Tickler.* Well, North, what then?

*North.* Why, Mr. Croker says no such thing. He says, "Mrs. Thrale was twenty-five years of age when the *acquaintance* commenced," but *he* does not say *when* it commenced, nor when it became *intimacy*. It is *Mr. Boswell* who states, that in 1765 Mr. Johnson was introduced into the family of Mrs. Thrale; but in the very next page, we find Mrs. Thrale herself stating that the *acquaintance* began in 1764, and the more strict intimacy might be dated from 1766. So that the discrepancy of two or three years which, by a *double falsification* of Mr. Croker's words the Reviewer attributes to him, belongs really to Mr. Boswell and Mrs. Thrale themselves!

*Tickler.* Proceed. I was prepared for misrepresentation.

*North.* The Reviewer adds—"In another place he says that Mrs. Thrale's 35th year coincided with Johnson's 70th. Johnson was born in 1709; if, therefore, Mrs. Thrale's 35th coincided with Johnson's 70th, she could have been but twenty-one years old in 1765." Now, I find, James—

*Shepherd.* Address yoursell to Tickler.

*North.* I find, Tickler, that Mr. Croker states, that from a passage in one of Johnson's letters, "*he suspects*" and "*it may be surmised*," that Mrs. Thrale's 35th and Johnson's 70th years coincided. The Reviewer says, that "the reasons given by Mr. Croker for this notion are utterly frivolous." I shall look to *that* instantly; but is it not an absolute misrepresentation to call an opinion, advanced in the cautious terms of *surmise* and *suspicion*, as a *statement* of a fact?

*Tickler.* Gross.

*North.* The creature continues—"But this is not all: Mr. Croker in another place assigns the year 1777 as the date of the complimentary lines which Johnson made on Mrs. Thrale's 35th birthday. If this date be correct, Mrs. Thrale must have been born in 1742, and could have been only twenty-three when her acquaintance with Johnson commenced."

*Shepherd.* What the deevil can be the meanin' o' a' this bairnly botheration about the gae of Mrs. Thrawl, that is, Peeosy?

*Tickler.* Literary history, James.

*North.* Exposure of a small malignant, James. I observe, my dear Timothy, that Mr. Croker does no such thing. He inserted, I presume,

the lines under the year 1777, because he must needs place them somewhere; and, in the doubt of two or three years, which, as I have already shown, may exist between Mr. Boswell's account and Mrs. Thrale's own, he placed them under 1777; but, so far from positively assigning them to that particular year, he cautiously premises, "*It was about this time* that these verses were written;" and he distinctly states, in two other notes, that he *doubts* whether that was the precise date. Here again, therefore, his Reviewer is dishonest.

*Shepherd.* The man that'll tell ae lee will tell twunty.

*North.* The critic adds, "Two of Mr. Croker's three statements must be false." But I add, Mr. Croker has made but *one statement*, and *that is not impugned*; the two discrepancies belong to Mr. Boswell and Mrs. Thrale, and the falsehood to the Reviewer.

*Shepherd.* Sherp words.

*North.* The critic then claps his wings and crows. "We will not decide between them; we will only say, that the reasons he gives for thinking that Mrs. Thrale was exactly 35 years old when Johnson was 70, appear to us utterly frivolous."

*Tickler.* What are they?

*North.* Mr. Croker's reason is this: Mrs. Thrale had offended Johnson, by supposing him to be 72 when he was only 70. Of this Johnson complains, at first, somewhat seriously, but he then gaily adds, "If you try to plague me (*on the subject of age*), I shall tell you that life begins to decline at 35." Mr. Croker's note upon this passage, which the Reviewer has misrepresented as an *assertion*, is, "It may be *surmised*, that Mrs. Thrale, at her last birthday, was 35." *Surmise* appears to me too dubious an expression. The meaning seems indisputable.

*Tickler.* Why, if Mr. Croker has not hit the point of Johnson's retort, what is it?

*North.* The deponent sayeth not.

*Tickler.* Any more of these same sort of peevish impotence?

*North.* Lots. Thus—"Mr. Croker informs his readers, that Lord Mansfield survived Johnson full ten years. Lord Mansfield survived Dr. Johnson just eight years and a quarter."

*Shepherd.* What a wonnerfu' clever fallow, to be able to mak siccan a correction o' a date! Does ony thing depend on't?

*North.* Nothing. But the Reviewer is right. Doctor Johnson died in 1784, and Lord Mansfield in 1793. But the occasion on which Mr. Croker used the inaccurate colloquial phrase of *full ten years*, makes the inaccuracy of no consequence at all. He is noticing an anecdote of a gentleman's having stated that he called on Dr. Johnson soon after Lord Mansfield's death, and that Johnson said, "Ah, sir, *there* was little learning, and less virtue." This cruel anecdote Mr. Croker's natural indignation refutes from his general recollection, and, without waiting to consult the printed obituaries, he exclaims, "It

cannot be true, for Lord Mansfield survived Johnson *full ten years!*" whereas he ought to have said, "It cannot be true, because Lord Mansfield survived Johnson 'eight years and three months!'" or, what would have been still more accurate, "eight years, three months, and seven days!"

*Shepherd.* What a bairn!

*Tickler.* A sumph, James.

*Shepherd.* A sumph, indeed, Timothy.

*North.* And something worse. Listen. "Mr. Croker tells us that the great Marquis of Montrose was beheaded at Edinburgh in 1650. There is not a forward boy at any school in England, who does not know that the Marquis was *hanged*. The account of the execution is one of the finest passages in Lord Clarendon's history. We can scarcely suppose that Mr. Croker has never read the passage, and yet we can scarcely suppose that any one who has ever perused so noble and pathetic a story, can have utterly forgotten all its most striking circumstances."

*Shepherd.* I never read Clarendon; but for a' that, I ken weel the details o' the dismal story; they're weel gien by my frien' Robert Chambers.\*

*North.* Beg your pardon, James, for a moment. I really almost suspect that the Reviewer has not read the passage to which he refers, or he could hardly have accused Mr. Croker of showing—by having said that Montrose was *beheaded*, when the Reviewer thinks he should have said *hanged*—that he had forgotten the most "*striking passage*" of Clarendon's noble "account of the execution." It is not on the *execution* itself that Lord Clarendon dwells with the most pathos and effect, but on the previous indignities at and after his trial, which Montrose so magnanimously endured. Clarendon, with scrupulous delicacy, avoids all mention of the peculiar mode of death, and is wholly silent as to any of the horrible circumstances that attended it, leaving the reader's imagination to supply, from the terms of the sentence, the odious details; but the Reviewer, if he had really known or felt the true pathos of the story, would have remembered that the sentence was, that the Marquis should be *hanged and beheaded*, and that his head should "be stuck on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh;" and it was this very circumstance of the *beheading*, which excited in Montrose that burst of eloquence which is the *most striking* beauty of the whole of the "noble and pathetic story." "I am prouder," said he to his persecutors, "to have *my head* set upon the place it is appointed to be, than I should be to have my picture hung in the King's bedchamber!" And this was the incident which the Reviewer imagines that Mr. Croker may have forgotten, because he does not tell us drily that Montrose was *hanged*.

\* In his History of the Rebellions in Scotland.—M.



*Shepherd.* Sma' sma' spite! Mr. Croker would scorn to crawl ower sic an impident bantam.

*North.* You know well the story of Byng,\* Tickler?

*Tickler.* I do.

*North.* So does Mr. Croker; but the Reviewer thinks not, as you shall now hear. "Nothing," says Mr. Croker, "can be more unfounded than the assertion that Byng fell a martyr to political party. By a strange coincidence of circumstances, it happened that there was a total change of administration between his condemnation and death, so that one party presided at his trial, and another at his execution. There can be no stronger proof that he was not a political martyr." On this passage, the Reviewer says,—“Now, what will our readers think of this writer, when we assure them that this statement, so confidently made respecting events so notorious, is absolutely untrue? One and the same administration was in office when the court-martial on Byng commenced its sittings, through the whole trial, at the condemnation, and at the execution. In the month of November, 1756, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke resigned; the Duke of Devonshire became First Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. Pitt Secretary of State. This administration lasted till the month of April, 1757. Byng's court-martial began to sit on the 28th of December, 1756. He was shot on the 14th of March, 1757. There is something at once diverting and provoking in the cool and authoritative manner in which Mr. Croker makes these random assertions.”

*Tickler.* Enlighten my weak mind, sir, on these conflicting statements.

*Shepherd.* Confoun' a' questions o' dates!

*North.* Now, what do you think, sir, when I assure you, that this contradiction to Mr. Croker, “so confidently made with respect to events so notorious,” is absolutely untrue! But so it is. The Reviewer catches at what may be a verbal inaccuracy, (I doubt whether it be one, but at worst it is no more,) and is himself guilty of the most direct and substantial falsehood. Of all the audacities of which this Reviewer has been guilty, this is the greatest, not merely because it is the most important as an historical question, but because it is an instance of—to use his own expression—“the most *scandalous inaccuracy*.”

*Shepherd.* Ma head's confused. What's the question?

*North.* The question between Mr. Croker and the Reviewer is this—whether *one* Ministry did not *prosecute* Byng, and a *succeeding* Mi-

\* Admiral John Byng, fourth son of Viscount Torrington, had repeatedly distinguished himself, but having been dispatched to the relief of Minorca, at that time blockaded by a French fleet, he hesitated to engage an enemy of superior force, (as to men, but not as to metal) when Admiral West had broken the French line on another point, and the enemy escaped, and the relief of Minorca was impossible. Byng was tried for cowardice, convicted of an error of judgment, recommended to mercy, and shot—sacrificed, it has always been thought, by a feeble ministry as a scape-goat to draw attention from their own imbecility.—M.

nistry execute him. Mr. Croker says aye—the Reviewer says no. I declare that the ayes have it.

*Tickler.* As how!

*North.* Byng's action was in May, 1756, at which time the Duke of Newcastle was Minister, and Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple in violent opposition; and when the account of the action arrived in England, "the Ministers," (I quote from Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*—here it is)—"the *Ministers* determined to turn, if possible, the popular clamour and indignation from *themselves*, upon the Admiral." And again, "the hired writers in the pay of the *Ministry*, were set to work to censure his conduct in the most violent and inflammatory manner;" and it is then called, "a nefarious business." And again, "The popular clamour and indignation were so extremely violent that *Ministers* were under the necessity of making known *their intention to try Byng*, in a singular, unprecedented, and not very decorous or fair manner. Orders were sent to all the out-ports to put him, on his arrival, into close arrest. The facts seem to have been, that *Ministers* had roused the public to such a state of irritation that it would be directed against themselves, unless *they proceeded against Byng in the most rigorous manner.*"

*Shepherd.* I like to hear the readin' o' dockiments.

*North.* On the 26th July, Byng arrived at Portsmouth, and was committed to *close custody*, and removed thence "to Greenwich, where he was to remain till his trial, and where he was guarded, as if he had been guilty of the most heinous crimes. The part of the hospital in which he was confined was most scrupulously and carefully fortified; and what marked most decidedly the feeling of the *Ministers*, they took care that all these precautions should be made known."

*Tickler.* In short, if we are to believe the writers of the day, and above all, Byng's own friends and advocates, the *Ministers had already condemned him*, and had predestined him to execution to save themselves.

*North.* Just so. "The Ministers," says Charnock, (*Naval Biog.* vol. iv. p. 159,) "treated him like a criminal *already condemned.*" The resolution to *try* Byng was, as I have shown you, taken at least as early as July; but the absence of witnesses, and other formalities, delayed the actual assembling of the court-martial for some months, during which the controversy between the partisans of Byng, and those of the Ministry, was maintained with the greatest rancour and animosity. In these circumstances, and while Byng was on the brink of his trial, about the 20th November 1756, his inveterate enemies, the Ministers, resigned, and a total change of administration took place. The new administration, however, resolved to execute the instructions of the former—the proceedings instituted against Byng by the Duke of Newcastle's administration, were followed up by Mr. Pitt's; and the

imprisonment of Byng, which was ordered by Lord Alton, was terminated by his execution, the warrant for which was signed by Lord Semples, six months after!

*Tickler.* Poz.

*North.* Aye, poz. Now, if Mr. Croker had been writing history, or even a review, he probably might not have said that "the change of Ministers took place between the *condemnation* and death," if by *condemnation* the actual *sentence* of the court were to be understood. Certainly the actual trial happened to be held a few days after the accession of the new ministry, but the prosecution, and alleged persecution, the *official condemnation* of Byng, and the indictment, if I may borrow the common law expression, and the collection of the evidence in support of it, and every step preparatory to the actual swearing of the court, were all perpetrated under the auspices of the old Ministry. The new Ministry had no real share nor responsibility in the transaction, till after the sentence was pronounced, and then (without, as it would seem, any hesitation on their part, though delays from other causes arose,) *they* executed the sentence.

*Tickler.* Thank you, sir. After that, nobody can have any doubt in deciding which speaks the historic truth—he, to be sure, who says that one set of Ministers conducted the prosecution, and the *other* ordered the execution.

*North.* Is the editor of the Life of Johnson, or the Edinburgh Reviewer, "*scandalously inaccurate?*"

*Tickler.* The prig.

*North.* The truth seems to be, that the Reviewer knows nothing more of the history of the transaction, than its *dates*—the *skeleton of history*;—and because he saw in some chronological work that Mr. Pitt became Minister some days before the court-martial upon Byng was opened, he imagined that Mr. Pitt's Ministry were the responsible prosecutors in that court-martial. Mr. Croker on this occasion, as on many others, has looked to the *spirit* of the proceeding, as well as the *letter*—to the *design* as well as the *date*—and has contributed to trace historic truth by the motives and causes of events, rather than by the day of the month on which the event happens to explode.

*Tickler.* The rectification and refutation are complete.

*Shepherd.* At him again, sir.

*North.* Don't be impatient, James. The critic says chucklingly, "but we must proceed. These volumes contain mistakes more gross, if possible, than any that we have yet mentioned. Boswell has recorded some observations made by Johnson on the changes which took place in Gibbon's religious opinions. 'It is said,' cried the Doctor, laughing, 'that he has been a Mahometan.' 'This sarcasm,' says the editor 'probably alludes to the tenderness with which Gibbon's malevolence to Christianity induced him to treat Mahometanism in his his-

tory.' Now the sarcasm was uttered in 1776; and that part of the history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire which relates to Mahomedanism, was not published till 1788, twelve years after the date of this conversation, and nearly four years after the death of Johnson."

*Tickler.* What, does the Reviewer doubt that Mr. Croker is right; and that Gibbon was the person intended?

*North.* Certainly not. He adopts, without acknowledgement, Mr. Croker's interpretation, but then turns round and says, "you have given a bad reason for a just conclusion." Then why does the Reviewer not give a better, and state why he adopts Mr. Croker's opinion, if he is not satisfied with Mr. Croker's reason? The fact is, the poor creature is at his *skeleton* work again. He found that the origin of Mahometanism, which sprung up about the year 600, could not be chronologically included in the first volume of Gibbon, which ends about the year 300. And he kindly informs Mr. Croker, that Gibbon's account of Mahometanism was not published till after Johnson's death; but he chooses to forget, that in every page of his *first* volume, as of his last, Gibbon takes or makes opportunities of sneering at, and depreciating Christianity; while, on the other hand, he shows every where remarkable "tenderness" for Paganism and Mahometanism.

*Tickler.* These insinuations and innuendos are to be found as through the work, and are indeed the great peculiarity of his style.

*North.* It is evident, too, from the concluding part of Mr. Croker's note, *which the Reviewer has suppressed*, that this was his meaning; for Mr. Croker adds, "*something of this sort* must have been in Johnson's mind on this occasion."

*Tickler.* He says so—does he?

*North.* Yes. If Mr. Croker had meant to allude to the *professed* history of Mahometanism, published in Gibbon's latter volumes—he could not have spoken dubiously about it, as "*something of this sort*" for *there* the bias is clear and certain. It is therefore evident that Mr. Croker meant to allude to Gibbon's numerous insinuations against Christianity in the first volumes, and if Johnson did not mean "*something of this sort*," I wish the Reviewer would tell us what he meant.

*Tickler.* Convicted.

*Shepherd.* It's sometimes no unpleasant to listen to discussion and but verra imperfectly understaun's—especially owre sic tippie. Somebody's gettin' his licks.

*North.* James—read aloud, in your best manner, that passage.

*Shepherd.* Tak awa' your thoomb. (*Reuds.*) "'It was in the year 1761,' says Mr. Croker, 'that Goldsmith published his Vicar of Wakefield. This leads the editor to observe a more serious inaccuracy of Mrs. Piozzi than Mr. Boswell notices, when he says Johnson left her table to go and sell the Vicar of Wakefield for Goldsmith. Now Dr.

Johnson was not acquainted with the *Thrales* till 1765, four years after the book had been published.' Mr. Croker, in reprehending the fancied inaccuracy of Mrs. Thrale, has himself shown a degree of inaccuracy, or to speak more properly, a degree of ignorance, hardly credible. The *Traveller* was not published till 1765; and it is a fact as notorious as any in literary history, that the *Vicar of Wakefield*, though written before the *Traveller*, was published after it. It is a fact which Mr. Croker may find in any common *Life of Goldsmith*; in that written by Mr. Chalmers, for example. It is a fact which, as Boswell tells us, was distinctly stated by Johnson, in a conversation with Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is therefore quite possible and probable, that the celebrated scene of the landlady, the sheriff's-officer, and the bottle of Madeira, may have taken place in 1765. Now Mrs. Thrale expressly says that it was near the beginning of her acquaintance with Johnson, in 1765, or, at all events, not later than 1766, that he left her table to succour his friend. Her accuracy is therefore completely vindicated."

*North.* Thank ye, James.

*Shepherd.* You canna do less—for sic a peck o' trashy havers never, I sincerely hope, na devoutly believe, never left ma lips afore. I think it mention'd a bottle o' Madeira. Here's ane. Sir, your health.

*North.* Here again the Reviewer, in attempting to correct a verbal inaccuracy, displays "the error or the ignorance" of which he unjustly accuses Mr. Croker. It would, indeed, have been more accurate if Mr. Croker had said that Goldsmith had, in 1761, "*sold the work to the publisher*," for it was not actually published to the world till after the *Traveller*; but this fact has nothing to do with the point in question, which is the time when Goldsmith *sold* the work, and whether Johnson could have left Thrale's table to sell it for him. In other words, whether the sale took place prior to 1765. Mr. Croker says aye—the Reviewer says no—and the Reviewer is decidedly in the wrong, and Mr. Croker is clearly right, according to the very authority to which the Reviewer refers us. Chalmers tell us, indeed, that the novel was published after the poem—but he also tell us, to the utter discomfiture of the Reviewer, that, "the novel was sold, and the money paid for it, some time before!" So that the sale took place, even according to the Reviewer's own admission, before 1765.

*Tickler.* Q. E. D.

*North.* But this is not all. The Reviewer states that the *Traveller* was published in 1765, but even in this fact he is wrong. The *Traveller* was published in 1764, and if he will open the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1764, he will find extracts in it from that poem. This fact corroborates Mr. Croker's inference. Mrs. Piozzi had said that Johnson was called away from her table, either in 1765 or 1766, to sell the novel. Mr. Croker says this must be inaccurate, because the book was sold long before that date. Now it is proved that it was sold before the

publication of the Traveller, and it is also proved that the Traveller was published in 1764; and finally, the Reviewer's *assertion*, that, "it is quite *possible* and *probable* that the sale took place in 1765," is thus shown to be a "*monstrous blunder*."

*Shepherd.* O, sir! but you're a terrible tyke, when you lay your mouth on a messin' to gie him a bit worryin' for your ain amusement! *North.* Read on, James.

*Shepherd.* Ae paragraph, and nae mair. If you ask me again, I'll rebel. "The very page which contains this monstrous blunder, contains another blunder, if possible, more monstrous still. Sir Joseph Mawbey, a foolish member of Parliament, at whose speeches and whose pig-styes the wits of Brookes's were, fifty years ago, in the habit of laughing most unmercifully, stated, on the authority of Garrick, that Johnson, while sitting in a coffee-house at Oxford, about the time of his doctor's degree, used some contemptuous expressions respecting Home's play and Macpherson's Ossian. 'Many men,' he said, 'many women, and many children, might have written Douglas.' Mr. Croker conceives that he has detected an inaccuracy, and glories over poor Sir Joseph, in a most characteristic manner. 'I have quoted this anecdote solely with the view of showing to how little credit hearsay anecdotes are in general entitled. Here is a story published by Sir Joseph Mawbey, a member of the House of Commons, and a person every way worthy of credit, who says he had it from Garrick. Now mark:—Johnson's visit to Oxford, about the time of his doctor's degree, was in 1754, the first time he had been there since he left the university. But Douglas was not acted till 1756, and Ossian not published till 1760. All, therefore, that is new in Sir Joseph Mawbey's story is false.' Assuredly we need not go far to find ample proof that a member of the House of Commons may commit a very gross error. Now mark, say we, in the language of Mr. Croker. The fact is, that Johnson took his *master's* degree in 1754, and his *doctor's* degree in 1775. In the spring of 1776, he paid a visit to Oxford, and at this visit a conversation respecting the Works of Home and Macpherson might have taken place, and, in all probability did take place. The only real objection to the story Mr. Croker has missed. Boswell states, apparently on the best authority, that as early at least as the year 1763, Johnson, in conversation with Blair, used the same expressions respecting Ossian, which Sir Joseph represents him as having used respecting Douglas. Sir Joseph, or Garrick, confounded, we suspect, the two stories. But their error is venial, compared with that of Mr. Croker."

*North.* Now, this is a tissue of misrepresentation. The words "*about the time of his doctor's degree*," which the Reviewer attributes to Mr. Croker, are Sir Joseph Mawbey's own, and distinguished by Mr. Croker with marks of quotations (omitted by the Reviewer) to call the reader's attention to the mistake, which Mr. Croker supposes Sir Joseph

to have made as to the date of the anecdote. But, says the Reviewer, "Mr. Croker has *missed* the only real objection to the story, namely, that Johnson had used, as early as 1763, respecting Ossian, the same expressions which Sir Joseph represents him as having used respecting Douglas." This is really too bad. The Reviewer says, Mr. Croker has *missed*, because he himself has chosen to *suppress*! Mr. Croker's note distinctly states the very fact which he is accused of *missing*! "Every one knows," says Mr. Croker, "that Dr. Johnson said of Ossian that 'many men, many women, and many children, might have written it;'" and Mr. Croker concludes by inferring exactly what the Reviewer does, that Sir Joseph Mawbey was inaccurate in thus applying to *Douglas* what had been really said of *Ossian*! But the Reviewer, in addition to suppressing Mr. Croker's statement, blunders his own facts; for he tells us, that Johnson's visit to Oxford, about the time of his doctor's degree, was "in the spring of 1776." I beg to inform him it was in the latter end of May, 1775. (Let him see Boswell, viii. p. 254.) The matter is of no moment at all, but shows, that the Reviewer falls into the same inaccuracies, for which he arraigns Mr. Croker, and which he politely calls in this very instance "*scandalous*."

*Shepherd.* I'll be hang'd gin I read out anither word. There's the Blue and Yellow. Read it yourself. Sir, your health again I wus.

*North, (reads.)* "Boswell has preserved a poor epigram by Johnson, inscribed 'ad Lauram parituram.' Mr. Croker censures the poet for applying the word *puella* to a lady in Laura's situation, and for talking of the beauty of Lucina. 'Lucina,' he says, 'was never famed for her beauty.' If Sir Robert Peel had seen his note, he possibly would again have refuted Mr. Croker's criticism by an appeal to Horace. In the secular ode, Lucina is used as one of the names of Diana, and the beauty of Diana is extolled by all the most orthodox doctors of ancient mythology, from Homer, in his *Odysey*, to Claudian, in his *Rape of Proserpine*. In another ode, Horace describes Diana as the goddess who assists the '*laborantes utero puellas*.'"

*Shepherd.* It's the same in the Forest.

*North.* Euge! by this rule, the Reviewer would prove that *HECATE* was famed for her *beauty*, for "Hecate is one of the names of Diana; and the beauty of Diana," and *consequently*, of *Hecate*,—"is extolled by all the most orthodox doctors of heathen mythology."

*Shepherd.* Hecate a beauty! I aye thocht she had been a furious fricht—black-a-vised, pockey-ort, wi' a great stool o' a beard.

*North.* Mr. Croker does not, as the Reviewer says he does, *censure* the poet for the application of the word *puella* to a lady in Laura's situation; but he says, that the designation in the first line, which was proposed as a *thesis* of the lady as *pulcherrima puella*, would lead us to expect any thing rather than the turn which the latter lines of the epigram take, of representing her as about to lie in. It needs not the

authority either of Horace or the Shepherd to prove that "*puella*" will sometimes be found "*laborantes utero*." But it will take more than the authority of the Reviewer to persuade me, that Mr. Croker was wrong in saying that it seems a very strange mode of complimenting an English beauty.

*Shepherd.* And has the cretur failed in pintin' out ony inaccuracies ava in Mr. Crocker?

*North.* I have shown, my boy, that he has charged Mr. Croker, in some instances ignorantly, and in others falsely, of ignorance and falsehood; and such being the Reviewer's own sins in the course of half a sheet of the Blue and Yellow, manifestly got up with much assiduity, for he quotes, I perceive, from all the five volumes, is it not contemptible to hear his chuckle over Mr. Croker, who, in the course of between two and three thousand additions to Boswell, has been shown to have fallen, perhaps, into some half dozen errors or inaccuracies, one of them evidently a misprint—one an expression apparently incorrect, because elliptical—and the others——

*Shepherd.* Mere trifles if like the alleged lave o' them ye hae quoted.

*North.* Mr. Croker has been convicted of the "gross and scandalous" inaccuracy of having assigned wrong dates to the deaths of Derick, Sir Herbert Croft, and the amiable Sir William Forbes, biographer of Beattie.

*Shepherd.* What'n enormities! He maun drie penance by a pilgrimage to Loch Derg. What other crimes has Mr. Croker committed.

*North.* He has, moreover, attributed to Henry Bate Dudley, the Fighting Parson, the editorship of the old Morning Herald, instead of the old Morning Post.

*Shepherd.* What a sinner!

*North.* And he has erroneously said, that Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga took place in March 1778 instead of October 1777. He is mistaken, too, in saying that Lord Townshend was not Secretary of State till 1720.

*Shepherd.* In short, the seven deadly sins!

*North.* The perpetration of which has so incensed the immaculate and infallible Reviewer, that he has not scrupled to assert that the whole of Mr. Croker's part of the work is ill compiled, ill arranged, ill expressed, and ill printed.

*Shepherd.* Fee! faw! fum! I smell the blood o' a pairty man.

*North.* Fetid in faction.

*Tickler.* Can this be the same Pseudo-Sampson who supposes he slew Southey and Sadler—and that he has now smitten Croker under the fifth rib?

*North.* The same; and I lament to see a young man of his endow-



ments a prey to such pitiful impulses of malice, which, impotent as are the fumbings they excite, cannot fail to weaken the intellect they degrade down to such paltry work, and will make one who is now not unjustly the object of partial admiration, ere long that of general contempt.

*Shepherd.* Thank heaven, sir, that I'm out o' the stoure o' pairty in the Forest! In cities, towns, and villages, frae Lunnon down to Petty-cour, it keeps drivin' in your face, till in angry blin'ness you stoitter again' your fellow-creturs borin' along in the opposite direction, or rin yoursel' wi' a dunsh again the wa'. But a's sweet and serene oot by yonner, sir, and natur follows her ain way in obedience to the everlasting laws that bring ae season in beauty oot o' the bosom o' the ither, the shady simmer broonin' awa' by imperceptible gradations o' colour intil the gorgeous autumn—the autumn fadin' awa' in fire intil the silent snaws o' winter—and the winter in gude time layin' aside her white mantle, and in green symar changin' afore the gratefu' gaze intil the warld worshipped spring.

*North.* No Reform needed there, James.

*Shepherd.* Weel said, sir—nae Reform—accept in oor ain hearts—and there it'll be needed as lang's St. Mary's rows the silver waters o' the Yarrow, wi' a' their eemaged clouds, hills, and trees, to join her Sister Ettrick, ere the twa melt their name and natur in the sea-seeking Tweed.

*Tickler.* In spite of all that has been said, Mr. North, James, is the only critic of the age, that in his judgments on literature is unbiassed by his political predilections.

*Shepherd.* I canna gang just that length along wi' ye, Mr. Tickler; for noo and then the tae o' the Tory wull peep oot frae aneath the robes o' Rhadamanthus. In soomin' up the evidence again the prisoner at the bar (and every author's a panel), his eloquence I've sometimes thocht has had rather a little leanin' towards the culprit that had the gude fortun' no to be a Whig, although there cou'd be nae doot o' his guilt. An' sure I am, that in cases I cou'd mention, he has induced the jury to acquit the criminal, wi' a verdict o' "no proven," when everybody in the court, includin' those in the box and on the bench, kent that there was a thief afore them, as certainly as if they had grupp'd the plagiary wi' his haun' in the man's breeks.

*Tickler.* Every judge should lean to the side of mercy.

*Shepherd.* That's true. But then again, sir, on the ither haun', when the accused has happened to be a Whig, and the evidence, though strong again' him, admittin' o' some doot, I've thocht that I've sometimes seen a deevil darkenin' in his een, and heard a deevil thunderin' frae his lips, death to the sinner wha itherwise micht hae been allow'd to get aff wi' banishment to Botany Bay for the term o' his natural life. This is scarcely justice.

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*Tickler.* Yet, granting all that to be true, what does it prove but that our friend is human?

*Shepherd.* Say rather inhuman.

*North.* Let me be impeached. But pray particularize.

*Shepherd.* No—I won't—for I've nae wish to be personal. Suffeece it to say, that twa three leeterary Tories are trottin' up and doon baith toon and kintra the noo unca croose, wha, if the High Court o' Justiciary had dune their duty, o' which you are the Lord Justice Clerk, woud' hae been knappin stanes across the water, and that a wheen Whigs are, awin' to you, established in sma' shops in Hoobart's Toon, wha micht hae been tryin to pick up a no very dishonest livelihood in their ain kintra o' Cockayne, say by sellin' saloop.

*North.* This much I must say in my own vindication, James, that I have never known an instance of one such delinquent, on his return from transportation, after expiry of his term, conducting himself in such a way as to leave any doubt on my mind that he should originally have been hanged.

*Shepherd.* Safe us! What do you mean by being hanged originally? You haena invented, I howp, a mair savage style o' strangulation? You'r no for layin' aside the rape, and for garrin' the executioner do his duty wi' the finger and thoom?

*North.* I have now my eye on some delinquents, who, if tried before me—

*Shepherd.* Wull be convicket—

*North.* And if convicted, put to death in the way you mention—

*Shepherd.* But for that purpose ye maun bring in a new Bill.

*North.* My Lord Melbourne\* has promised to do so immediately after the prorogation—provided it appears, that during the dark nights spring-guns have worked well—

*Shepherd.* And that Swing has been gruppit in a man-trap.

*North.* Look, James, at the Lord Chancellor—

*Shepherd.* I do. An' in that mane o' his, he looks like a lion-ape—

\* William Lamb (Viscount Melbourne) was educated for and called to the bar, but, on the death of his elder brother in 1805, he became the representative of his family, and entered Parliament, advocating liberal or whig principles. In 1827, he was made Secretary of Ireland, and resigned that office in 1828, when the Wellington Administration was formed. In the same year, he succeeded to his father's title, and sat in the House of Lords. In 1830, he became Home Secretary, on the formation of Lord Grey's Government, and held this office (during all the Reform Bill excitement), until 1834, when he became Premier on Lord Grey's retirement. In the November following he was dismissed, to be succeeded by Peel, but returned to office in April, 1835. He was a sort of *pocourante* statesman, able and easy, gifted and lazy, and however popular personally, wanted energy. His government was fast sinking in public opinion, when the accession of Queen Victoria, in June, 1837, strengthened him, for he attached himself, in capacity of daily diner at the royal table, to the Queen, and exercised much influence on her mind. In 1839, beaten in the Commons by a small majority, he resigned office, and was succeeded by Peel, who objected, very properly, to the Queen's female household being exclusively composed of the wives and daughters of his political opponents. On Melbourne's advice, the Queen insisted on not changing her daily companions, the Ladies of the Bedchamber. Peel then retired, and Melbourne resumed office, from which he was finally driven in 1841, by the hostile majority in Parliament. He died in 1848. His wife, Lady Caroline Lamb, notorious for her *Isis* with and strong passion for, Byron wrote "Glenarvon," and other novels, and died in 1828.—M.

despised, or forgotten, or perverted, or desecrated, while people, possessed by the paltriest passions, proclaim themselves patriots, and liberty loathes to hear her name shouted by the basest of slaves.

*Shepherd.* Dinna froon sae fiercely, sir. I canna thole that face.

*North.* Now it is Parga—Parga—Parga! Now the Poles—the Poles—the Poles!

*Shepherd.* Noo daft about the glorious Three Days—and noo routin' like a field o' disturbed stirks for Reform.

*North.* Speak to them about their hobby of the year before, and they have no recollection of ever having bestriden his back.

*Shepherd.* They're superficial shallow brawlers, sir, just like thae commonplace burns without ony character, that hae nae banks and nae scenery, and, as it wou'd seem, nae soorce, but that every wat day contrive to get up a desperate brattle amang the loose stanes, carryin' awa perhaps some wee wooden brig, and neist mornin' sae entirely dried up that you mistak the disconsolate channel for an unco coorse road, and pity the putr cattle.

*North.* But Poetry, which is the light of passion and imagination, and Philosophy, which is the resolution of the Prismatic colours—

*Shepherd.* Stap that eemage lest you spoil't—are holy and eternal—and only in holiness and in truth can they be worshipped.

*Tickler.* Hark!

*Shepherd.* The Timepiece! The Timepiece! I heard it gie warnin', but said naething. Noo it has dune chappin'. Let's aff to the Blue Parlour—sooper—sooper—hurraw—hurraw—hurraw!

(*They vanish.*)

END OF VOL. IV.

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